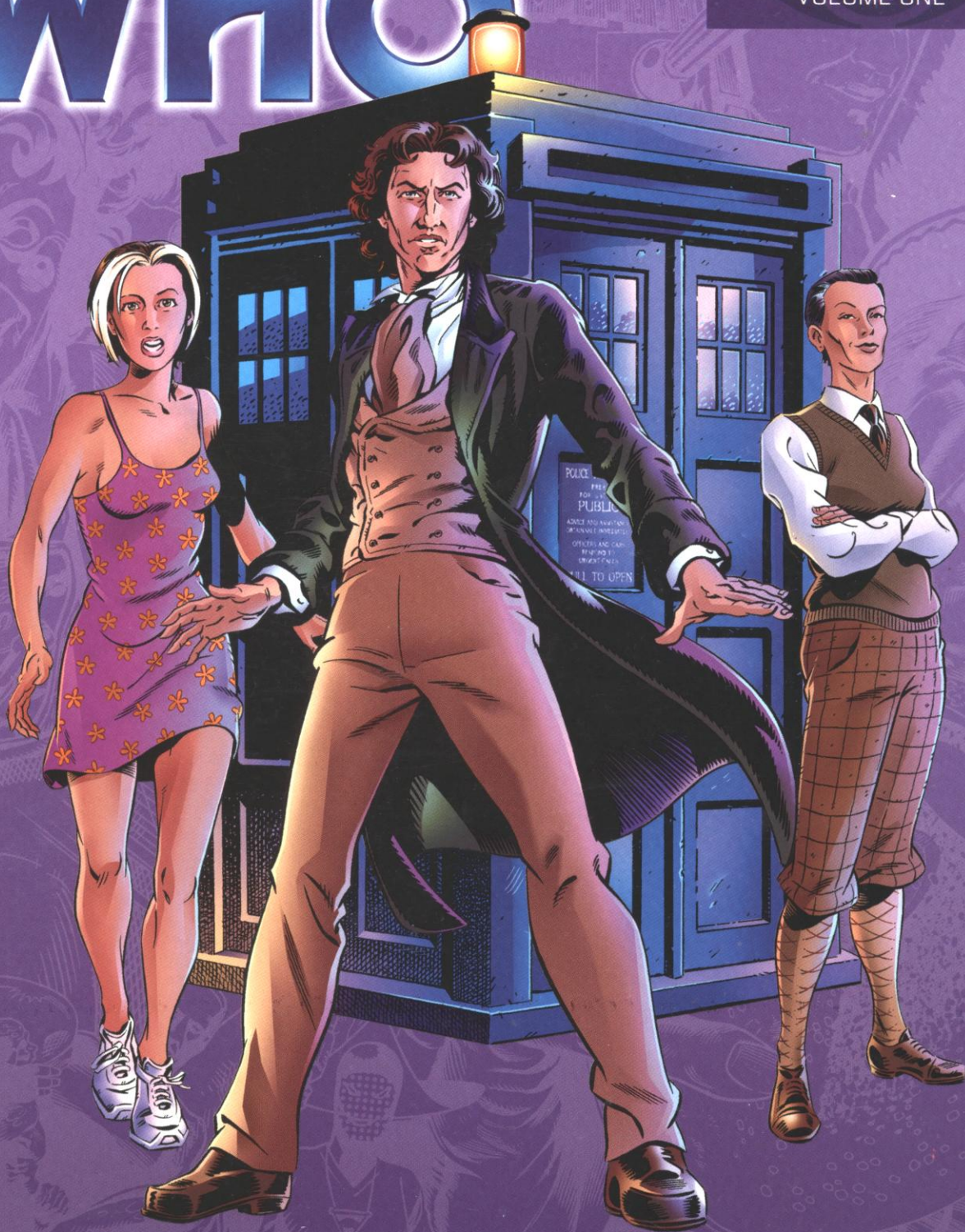


# DOCTOR WHO

THE COMPLETE  
**EIGHTH  
DOCTOR**  
COMIC STRIPS

VOLUME ONE



**E N D G A M E**

A **panini** BOOKS GRAPHIC NOVEL



**E N D G A M E**

**COLLECTED COMIC STRIPS  
FROM THE PAGES OF**



**PANINI BOOKS**





# DOCTOR WHO™

## ENDGAME

A **PANINI BOOKS** GRAPHIC NOVEL

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**CLAYTON HICKMAN**

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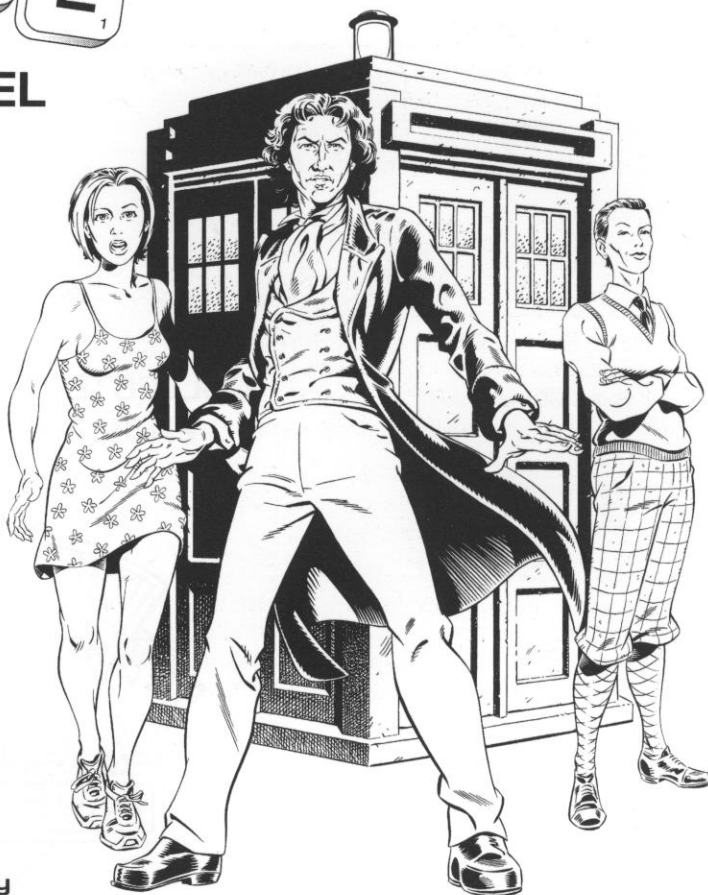
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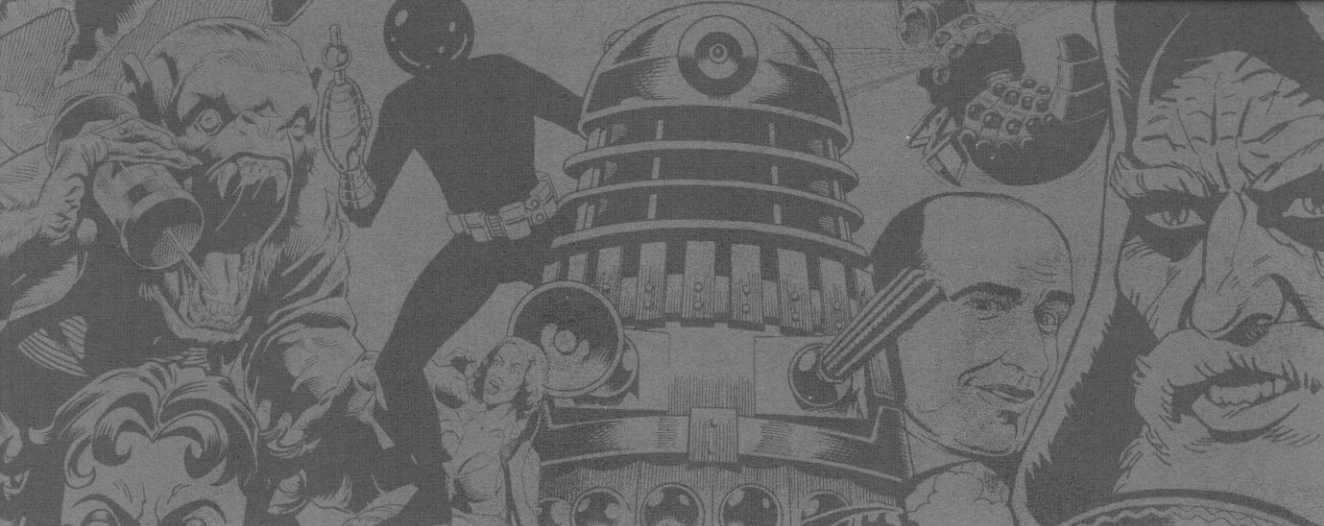
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Special thanks to  
**ALAN BARNES. MARTIN GERAGHTY. GARY GILLATT.**  
**SCOTT GRAY. ROSEMARIE HARRISON. TOM SPILSBURY**



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## END GAME 9

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Editors **GARY GILLATT** and **SCOTT GRAY**  
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## A LIFE OF MATTER & DEATH 192

Story **ALAN BARNES** Art **SEAN LONGCROFT**  
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## By hook OR by Crook 200

Story **SCOTT GRAY** Art **ADRIAN SALMON**  
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## BONUS FEATURES:

### THE THRESHOLD 6

Written by **SCOTT GRAY** Art by **MARTIN GERAGHTY**  
and **BAMBOS GEORGIU** from the comic strip  
**GROUND ZERO** originally printed in **DWM #238 - 242**

### COMMENTARY 208

Written by **ALAN BARNES** and **SCOTT GRAY**  
Artwork by **MARTIN GERAGHTY**, **ADRIAN SALMON**,  
**ALAN BARNES** and **SCOTT GRAY**



# THE THRESHOLD

Written by **SCOTT GRAY**



**T**heir name is legend, whispered across the universe. They are assassins; guardians; architects; thieves. They are anything you want them to be – for a price. They offer their services to dawning empires and higher evolutionary forms. No door can bar their way. Their bodies appear to be gaps in reality; white holes punctured in the fabric of space-time. Their birthplace is unmapped, their ultimate goal – if they even have one – a mystery. They are the Threshold.

ON A TINY, FRAGILE WORLD CALLED EARTH, THE human race has evolved a rare gift – a form of empathic union. Their inner, dreaming minds are linked together on a plane of ethereal existence known as the Collective Unconscious. But the darkness of a billion nightmares

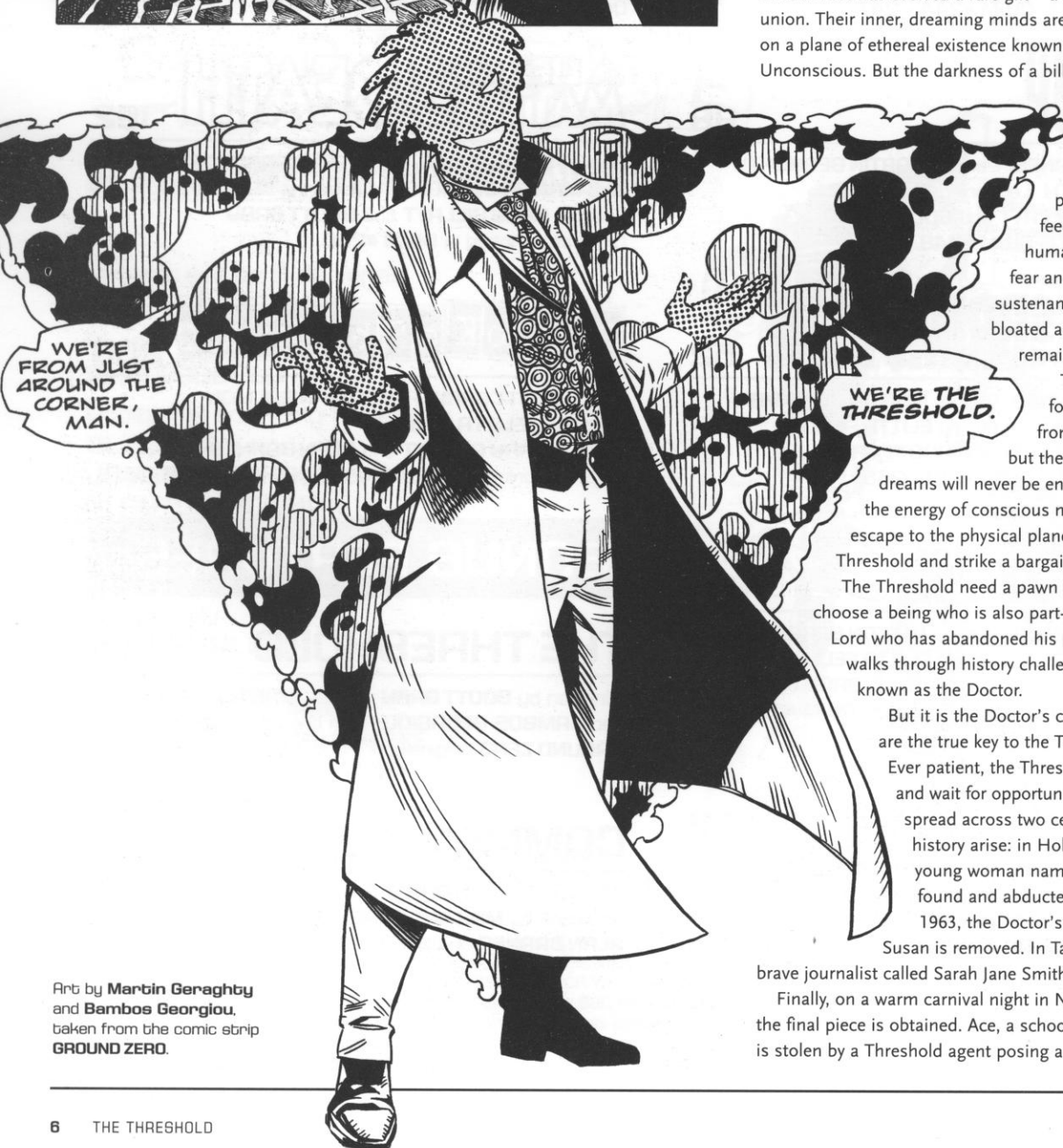
has spawned three terrible creatures: the Lobri. They are parasites. The Lobri feed on the worst of humanity's desires – fear and hatred are their sustenance. They grow bloated and strong but remain unsated...

The Lobri hunger for their freedom from the Collective, but the power of mere dreams will never be enough – they need the energy of conscious minds to fuel their escape to the physical plane. They seek out the Threshold and strike a bargain.

The Threshold need a pawn for their plan. They choose a being who is also part-legend; a Time Lord who has abandoned his people's beliefs and walks through history challenging evil. He is known as the Doctor.

But it is the Doctor's companions who are the true key to the Threshold's scheme. Ever patient, the Threshold agents watch and wait for opportunities. Tiny moments spread across two centuries of human history arise: in Hollywood, 1938, a young woman named Peri Brown is found and abducted. In London, 1963, the Doctor's granddaughter Susan is removed. In Takhail, 2086, a brave journalist called Sarah Jane Smith is taken.

Finally, on a warm carnival night in Notting Hill in 2092, the final piece is obtained. Ace, a schoolgirl turned warrior, is stolen by a Threshold agent posing as a policeman.



Art by **Martin Geraghty** and **Bambos Georgiou**, taken from the comic strip **GROUND ZERO**.





She is projected, along with Peri and Sarah, into a new, chaotic reality. The three women are plunged into the depths of the Collective Unconscious.

A Threshold agent named Isaac makes contact with the Doctor and Susan. He explains what has been done to the Doctor's friends and the end result: when the Lobri have drained their minds, they will have the power to not only leave the Collective but destroy it. The Doctor knows what this will mean for humanity. With their empathic link gone, human beings will be reduced to mindless monsters, killing each other in a blind orgy of destruction. The Lobri are preparing to feed off the raw fury of a planet gone mad.

**ACE, SARAH AND PERI MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH** the ever-shifting landscape of the Collective. The Lobri pursue and capture them. Peri is the one they choose to feed on first – her fear is the strongest and sweetest to them. The Lobri's power grows. The Collective begins to shatter.

All Threshold agents carry with them rings which can create windows in space. The Doctor steals Isaac's and takes Susan to the TARDIS. The Doctor attempts to travel into the Collective Unconscious but it is a creation of humanity – it rejects anything it perceives as alien. Even so, the TARDIS bravely weathers the fury of a hostile dimension and arrives.

Ace frees herself from the Lobri's trap as the Doctor confronts the creatures. He uses Isaac's ring to kill one. Isaac watches from Earth, satisfied. He disintegrates the ring, paralysing the Doctor. Ace is the Doctor's only defence against the two remaining Lobri. She fights with passion and skill but is overcome. With no other option left to her, Ace ignites an explosive and kills another of the Lobri – but she is also caught in the blast. ►







◀ The final Lobri escapes to Earth as the Doctor staggers to the fallen Ace. He cradles her gently in his arms. They have seen so much together, overcome so many trials and heartbreaks. Ace whispers a goodbye. The Doctor feels the life leave her body.

The TARDIS, badly wounded by its journey, manages to return to Notting Hill. The Doctor coldly watches the Lobri causing havoc among the carnival-goers. He confronts the monstrous entity and uses the TARDIS to destroy it, materialising his ship inside the creature's body. The threat is over.

Morning follows the long night. The Doctor finds Isaac on a rooftop. The Time Lord knows that, for some reason,

the Threshold betrayed the Lobri, using him as their weapon. He promises a reckoning but Isaac laughs at the thought. The Threshold are everywhere; untouchable and inviolate. He fades into the air.

**THE DOCTOR RETURNS SARAH, PERI AND SUSAN** to their own times and travels on alone. Slowly, painfully, the TARDIS heals itself. The Doctor's time-ship becomes dark and empty, as if to reflect his solitude.

But before the Doctor can uncover the Threshold's secrets, he finds himself in the city of San Francisco, battling with an ancient enemy. The Doctor is forced to give up one of his precious lives in order to survive. He changes his outer form and then journeys on with a new face and a new outlook – he casts aside his former manipulative nature. From now on, he will be neither player nor pawn.

And perhaps, because of this change, the Doctor grieves a little less for his lost friend. Perhaps her face begins to fade slightly from his memory.

But no Time Lord ever truly forgets his history... ■







BENEATH THE MEADOW WAS  
A VALLEY. IN THE VALLEY  
STOOD A VILLAGE. AND IN  
THE VILLAGE...

FRESHLY-  
MOWN GRASS. LINSEED OIL.  
SEPTEMBER HAY AND  
BLACKBERRIES...

THE CHIRRP  
OF CRICKETS AND A MURMUR  
OF APPLAUSE IN THE AFTERNOON  
SUN...

...STOCKBRIDGE.  
DEFINITELY  
CIVILIZATION!

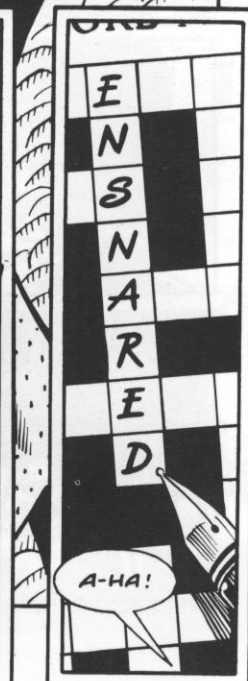
"Great princes have  
great playthings."  
- William Cowper,  
*The Winter Morning Walk.*

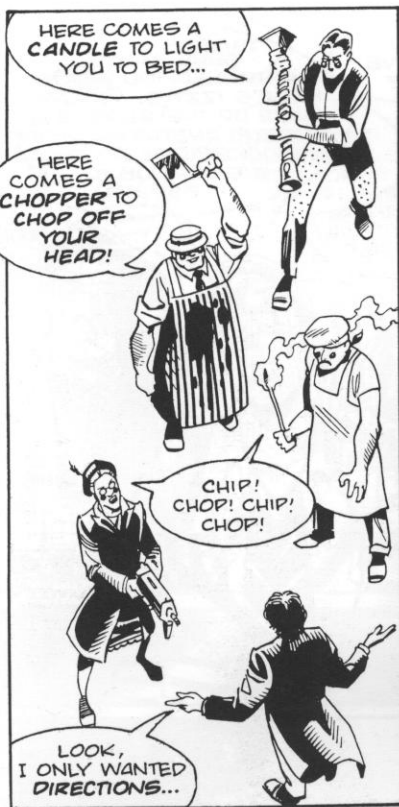
END  
GAME

Part  
One

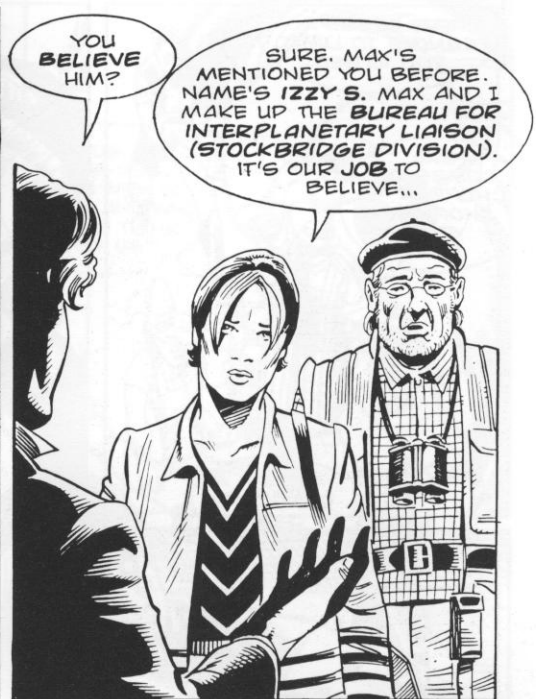


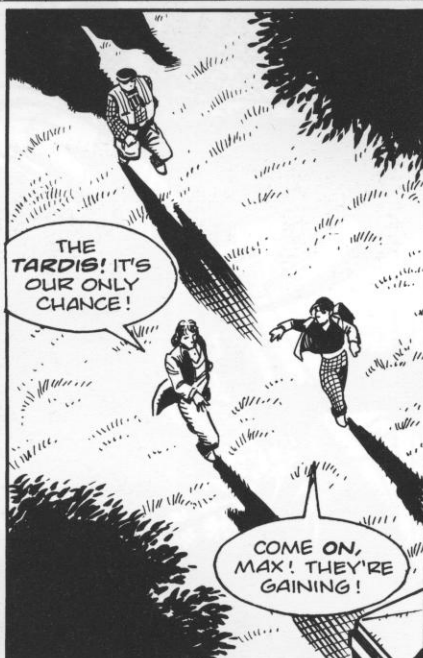
















"YET, O MARK  
REVEALS A  
VILLAIN."

EIGHT LETTERS...

GOING  
SOMEWHERE,  
DOCTOR?

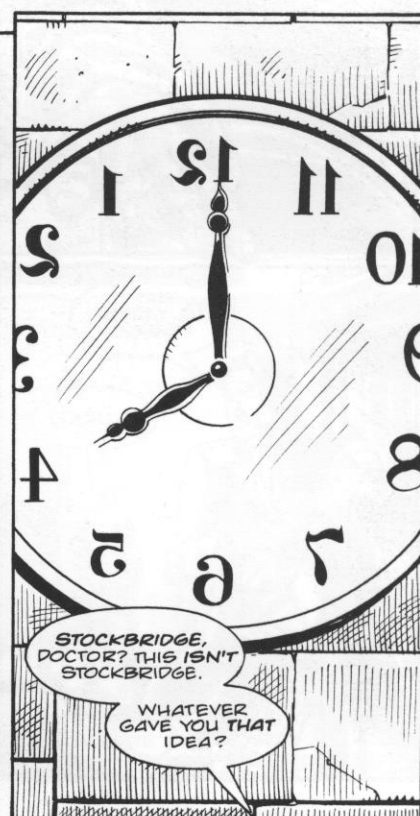
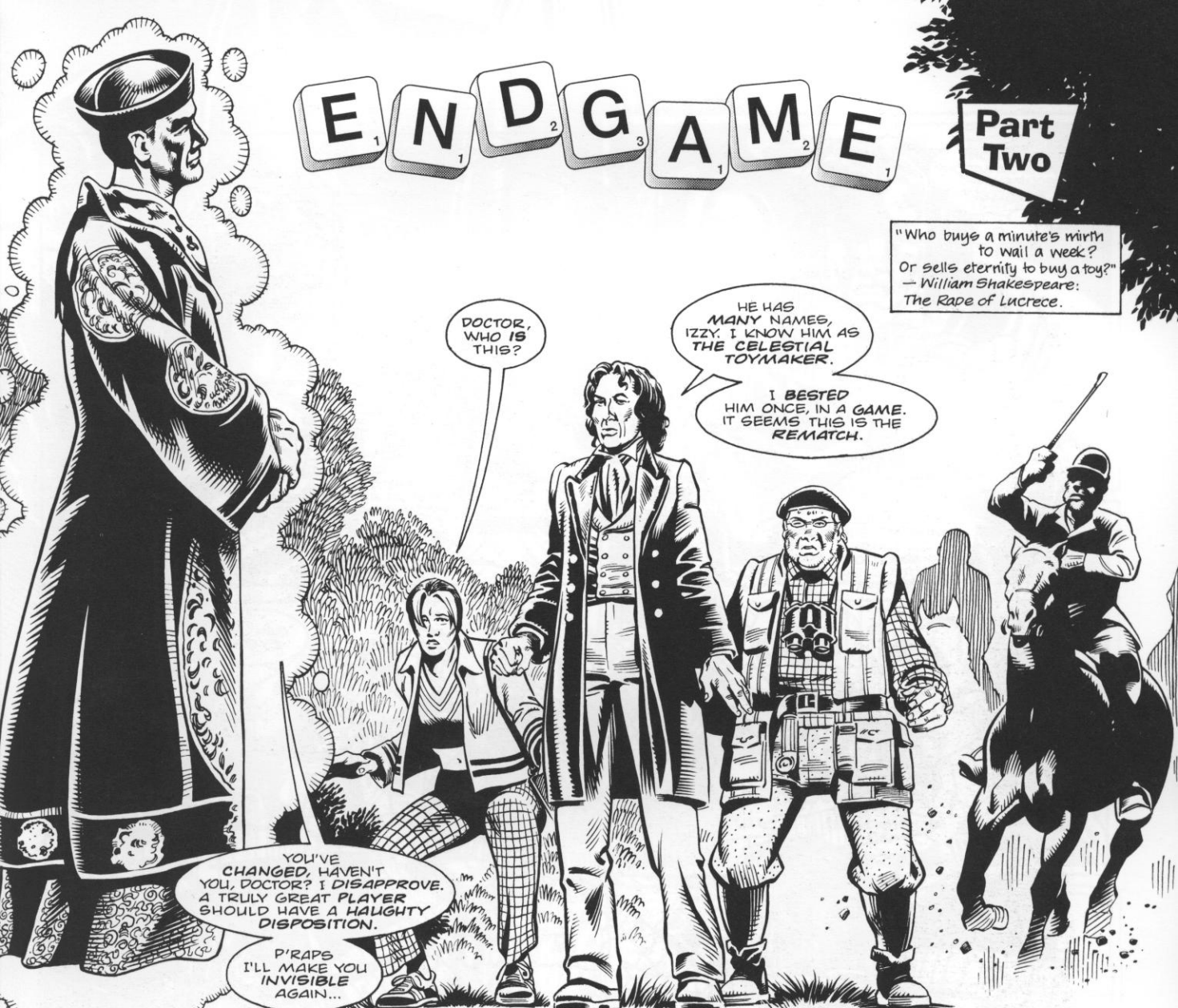
DON'T  
YOU WANT  
TO PLAY MY  
GAMES?

TO BE CONTINUED...

# ENDGAME

## Part Two

"Who buys a minute's mirth to wait a week?  
Or sells eternity to buy a toy?"  
— William Shakespeare:  
The Rape of Lucrece.





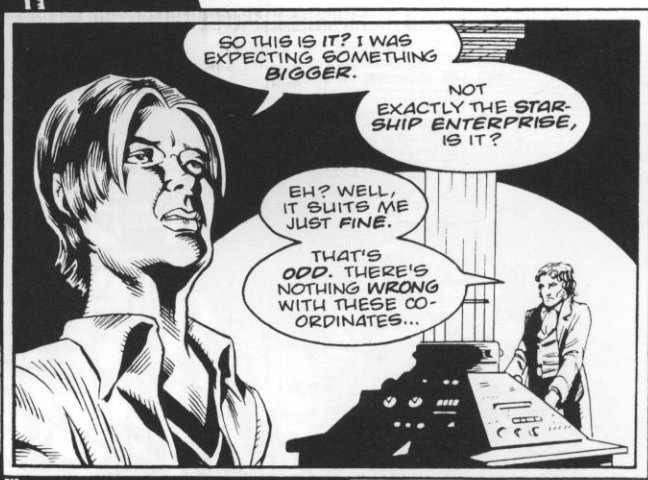




MAX!  
THEY'VE GOT  
MAX!

AND  
WE'LL RETURN  
FOR HIM SOON.  
DON'T WORRY,  
IZZY--

THE  
TOYMAKER KNOWS  
THE RULES. HE'LL PLAY  
BY THEM, OR ELSE HE'S  
NOTHING.



SO THIS IS IT? I WAS  
EXPECTING SOMETHING  
BIGGER.

NOT  
EXACTLY THE STAR-  
SHIP ENTERPRISE,  
IS IT?

EH? WELL,  
IT SUITS ME  
JUST FINE.

THAT'S  
ODD. THERE'S  
NOTHING WRONG  
WITH THESE CO-  
ORDINATES...



SO?

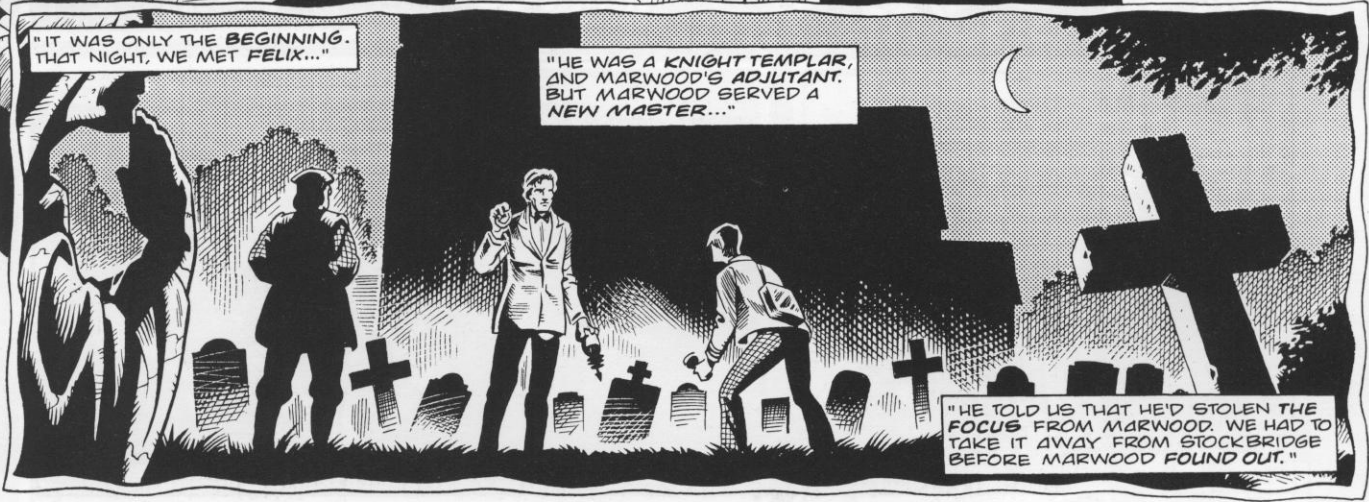
RIGHT  
PLACE, RIGHT TIME,  
WRONG STOCK-  
BRIDGE.

WHERE'D  
THE REAL  
STOCKBRIDGE  
GO?



"I DON'T KNOW. TWO DAYS AGO,  
MAX AND I RETURNED FROM A  
SKYWATCH IN WELLS WOOD TO  
FIND THE PLACE CHANGED. THE  
SAME, BUT DIFFERENT..."

"IT WAS SUDDENLY SUMMER, AND  
EVERYONE WE KNEW HAD VANISHED,  
OR BEEN TAKEN OVER-POSSESSED!"

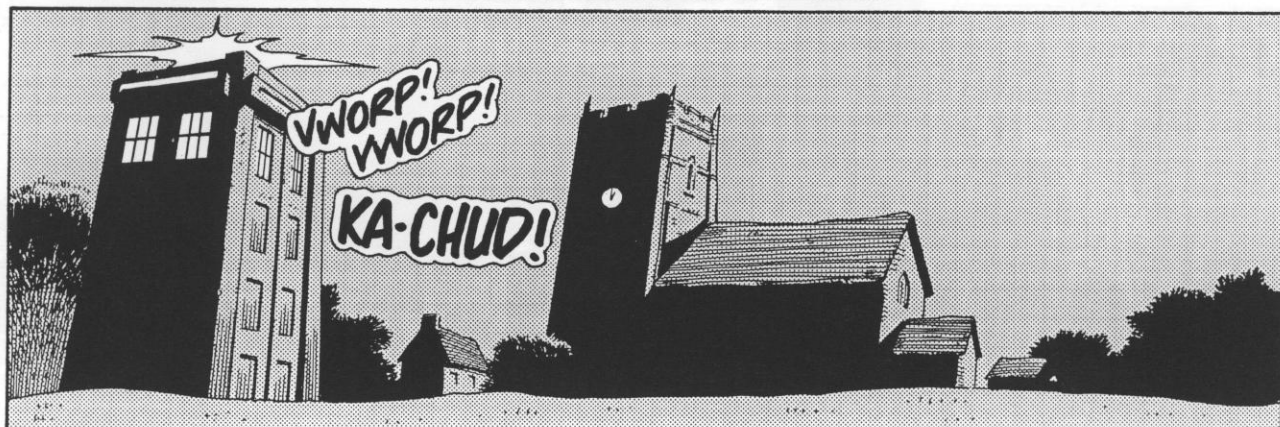
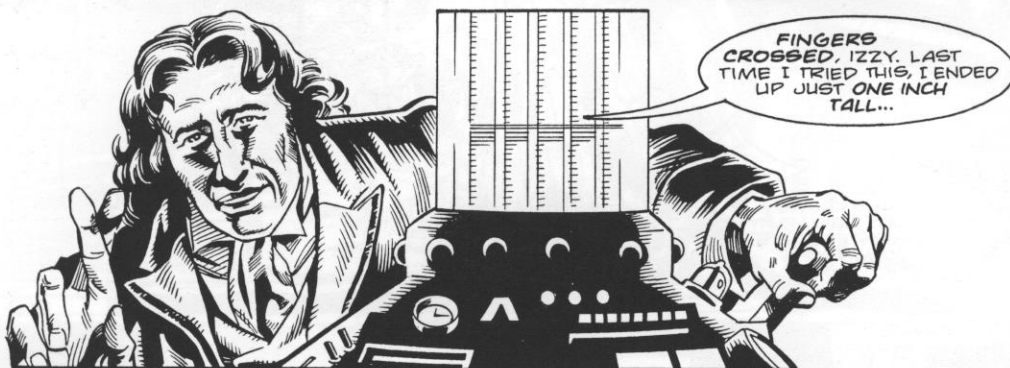


"IT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING.  
THAT NIGHT, WE MET FELIX..."

"HE WAS A KNIGHT TEMPLAR,  
AND MARWOOD'S ADJUTANT.  
BUT MARWOOD SERVED A  
NEW MASTER..."

"HE TOLD US THAT HE'D STOLEN THE  
FOCUS FROM MARWOOD. WE HAD TO  
TAKE IT AWAY FROM STOCKBRIDGE  
BEFORE MARWOOD FOUND OUT."







ELSEWHERE...

YOU  
SENT FOR ME,  
SIR?

OH, THE VICAR,  
IN THE LIBRARY,  
WITH THE LEAD  
PIPING?

INDEED,  
MARWOOD. KINDLY  
CLEAR UP THAT DEAD  
CLERIC.



THE  
BEAST IS  
CAGED, BUT  
DOES IT  
SING?

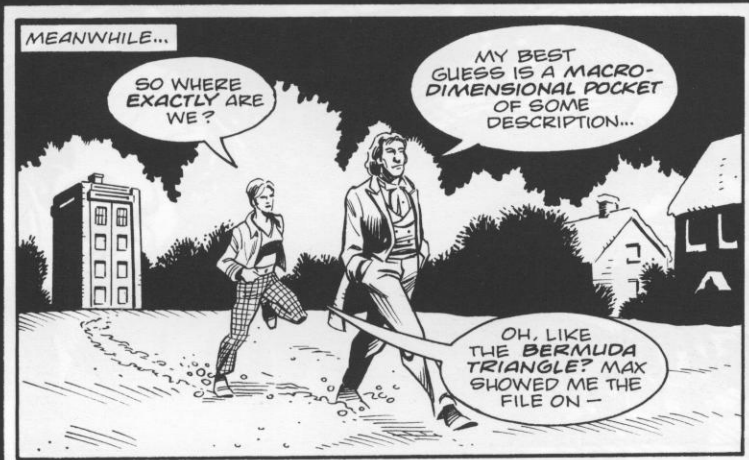
NO, BUT  
IT TWITCHES A LOT,  
AND GIBBERS, TOO.  
I WENT INSIDE ITS  
MIND...

IT'S  
EITHER FANTASTICALLY  
COMPLEX OR ASTOUNDINGLY  
SIMPLE, I CAN'T DECIDE  
WHICH.



LEAVE  
NOW, MARWOOD.  
I TIRE OF  
THE WAITING  
GAME...

TIME,  
METHINKS, TO  
SHAKE THE  
DOCTOR  
UP.



MEANWHILE...

SO WHERE  
EXACTLY ARE  
WE?

MY BEST  
GUESS IS A MACRO-  
DIMENSIONAL POCKET  
OF SOME  
DESCRIPTION...

OH, LIKE  
THE BERMUDA  
TRIANGLE? MAX  
SHOWED ME THE  
FILE ON —



OH.







COME ON  
OUT, LITTLE  
DOCTOR...

I'VE GOT  
YOU IN THE  
PALM OF MY  
HAND.

TO BE CONTINUED...





I HAVE STOCKBRIDGE IN MY HAND, DOCTOR- AND I CAN BREAK IT IF I CHOOSE. SO COME TO MY HOUSE...



...COME TO MY HOUSE AND PLAY MY GAMES.



WE'RE GOING BACK?

WE ARE. THE TOYMAKER HAS BOTH MAX AND THE VILLAGE. IZZY. THERE'S EVERYTHING TO PLAY FOR...

AND OUR LIVES IF WE LOSE.



CASTLES IN THE AIR - THEY'RE SO EASY TO TAKE REFUGE IN. SO EASY TO BUILD, TOO...

"The chess-board is the world..."  
-T.H. Huxley,  
Lay Sermons.

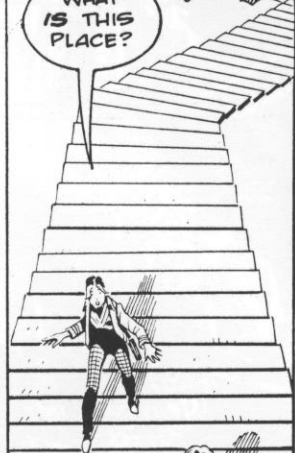
ENDGAME

Part Three

STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ELITTA FELL  
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY



WHAT IS THIS PLACE?



THE CELESTIAL TOYROOM. HIS LAIR. WE'RE IN A CONDUIT TO THE SOURCE OF HIS POWER...

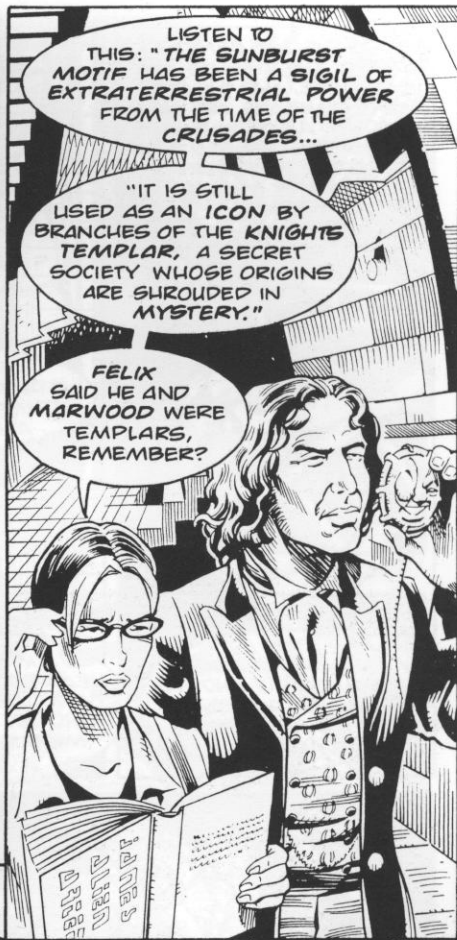
A SHADOW REALM OVER WHICH HE HAS ABSOLUTE ELEMENTAL CONTROL.



WE'RE TRAPPED!

THE DIE IS CAST. THERE'S NO TURNING BACK.

THE FOCUS, THAT'S THE KEY. DID YOU BRING THAT COPY OF JANE'S?



LISTEN TO THIS: "THE SUNBURST MOTIF HAS BEEN A SIGIL OF EXTRATERRESTRIAL POWER FROM THE TIME OF THE CRUSADES..."

"IT IS STILL USED AS AN ICON BY BRANCHES OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR, A SECRET SOCIETY WHOSE ORIGINS ARE SHROUDED IN MYSTERY."

FELIX SAID HE AND MARWOOD WERE TEMPLARS, REMEMBER?



QUITE RIGHT, MY DEAR...



...BUT NOW I AM DEDICATED TO A DIFFERENT CAUSE.

YOU'RE NO TEMPLAR, MARWOOD. I RODE WITH THEM IN PALESTINE...

THEY CONSIDERED IT COWARDLY TO FIGHT UNLESS OUTNUMBERED THREE-TO-ONE. YOU HIDE YOUR SWORD IN A TOYBOX!



THIS IS THE 20TH CENTURY, DOCTOR. THE KNIGHTS ARE LONG-GONE, AND THE ONCE-NOBLE TEMPLARS ARE NOW ACCOUNTANTS. WHEN THE TREASURES PASSED TO ME BY BLOOD, THEY WERE RIGHTLY MINE TO WAGER--

THE MANDARIN WON BOTH MYSELF AND THE TEMPLAR HOARD IN A HAND OF CANASTA.

AND FELIX?

FELIX STOLE THE FOCUS FOR THE TEMPLARS. THAT WAS A BETRAYAL.

I'M NO FAINT-HEART, BUT I UNDERSTAND THE VALUE OF ALLEGIANCE - AND MY MASTER'S GIVEN ME SUCH FABULOUS TOYS...

CAREFUL, MARWOOD. YOU MIGHT BE THE TOYMAKER'S FAVOURITE, BUT YOU'RE NO MORE THAN A PLAY-THING YOURSELF...

I DON'T THINK SO, DOCTOR.

COME, MY DARLINGS--

BZZZT!

--TAKE THEM.

MA-MA!

MA-MA! MA-MA!

MA-MA!

MA-MA!

MA-MA!

DOCTOR, HELP!

IZZY, I--

WATCH OUT, DOCTOR...







THE GAME, DOCTOR, IS 'HANG-MAN'. THE SCAFFOLD HOLDING YOUNG ISABELLE IS CURRENTLY INSUBSTANTIAL. IT WILL REAPPEAR, PIECE-BY-PIECE, UNTIL MISTRESS GRAVITY DOES HER WORST.



A FIVE-LETTER WORD; YOU HAVE FIVE GUESSES.

CHOOSE CAREFULLY. IF YOU FAIL, THE FOCUS IS FORFEIT FOR HER LIFE.

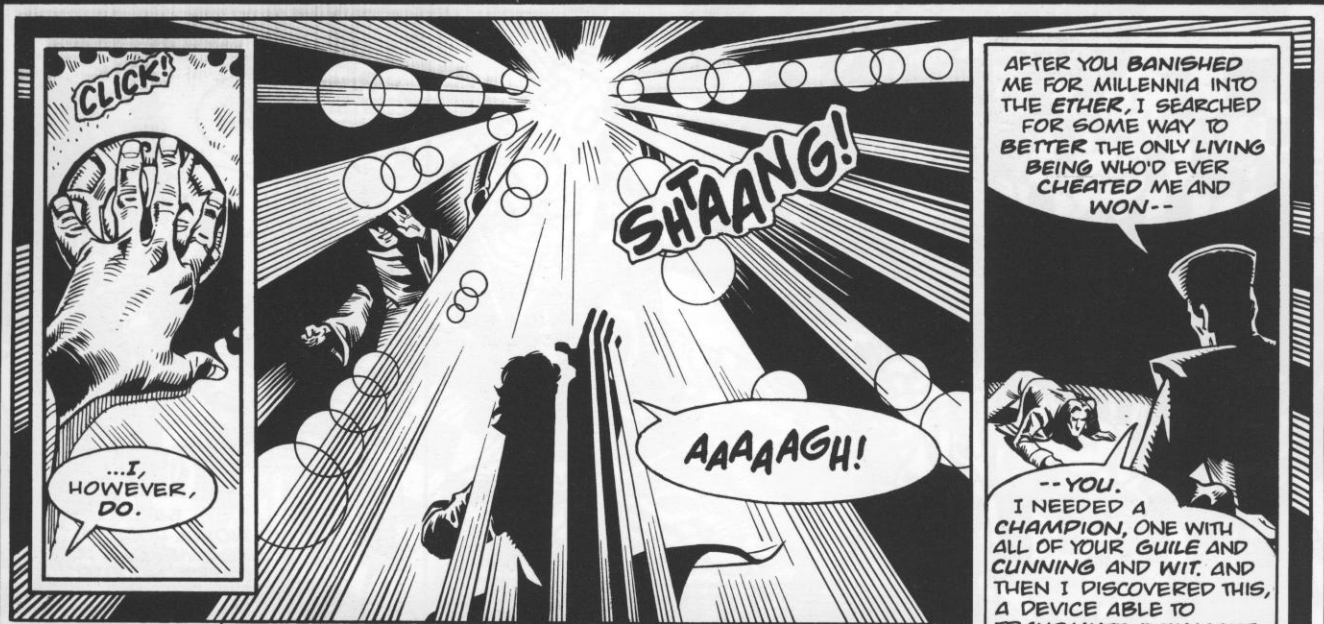
I CHOOSE "A".



WRONG. YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT...







CLICK!

SHAAANG!

AAAAAGH!

...I,  
HOWEVER,  
DO.

AFTER YOU BANISHED  
ME FOR MILLENNIA INTO  
THE ETHER, I SEARCHED  
FOR SOME WAY TO  
BETTER THE ONLY LIVING  
BEING WHO'D EVER  
CHEATED ME AND  
WON--



-- YOU.  
I NEEDED A  
CHAMPION, ONE WITH  
ALL OF YOUR GUILE AND  
CUNNING AND WIT. AND  
THEN I DISCOVERED THIS,  
A DEVICE ABLE TO  
TRANSMUTE RAW LIGHT  
INTO MATTER ITSELF...

MEET  
MY CHAMPION,  
DOCTOR.

YOUR  
NEMESIS.

YOURSELF!



TO BE CONCLUDED...

LET'S TAKE A PEEK THROUGH THE ROUND WINDOW, CHILDREN. I WONDER WHAT WE'LL SEE?

OH MY! IT'S MAX AND IZZY, CAUGHT IN A GIANT MOUSE-TRAP GAME!

HURRY, MAX! THEY'RE JUST BEHIND!

PUFF! PANT!

BUT-HEAVENS!-WHAT'S THIS IN THE ARCHED WINDOW?

IT'S RUFUS, REYNARD, BASIL AND GRUM-SLYBOOTS ALL-AND THEY'VE PICKED UP MAX AND IZZY'S SCENT!

RRROWWLL!

RRRUFFFF!

HERE IN THE SQUARE WINDOW, OUR TIME LORD CHUM, THE DOCTOR, IS A KNIGHT IN GLADIATORIAL CHESS--

AND HE'S UP AGAINST HIMSELF!

ENDGAME Part Four

"Tis an awkward thing to play with souls, And matter enough to save one's own."  
-Robert Browning, A Light Woman.



HOW  
FARES YOUR  
CHAMPION, MY  
LORD?

WELL, MARWOOD.  
THE DOCTOR IS BUT MOMENTS  
FROM DESTRUCTION BY HIS  
OWN HAND. I BEAT LE CHIFFRE  
AT BACCARAT, NAPOLEON  
AT RISK--

BUT  
NEVER HAVE  
I BEEN AS  
EXCITED AS  
THIS!

CONCEDE,  
TIME LORD. YOU CANNOT  
WIN. I AM YOUR DARK  
REFLECTION!

CLANG!

I AM YOU  
WRIT LARGE.  
I'M TEN TIMES  
THE MAN YOU'LL  
EVER BE--

STRONGER.  
HARDER.  
FASTER...

AND  
THAT'S WHY  
I'LL BEAT  
YOU!

HA HA  
HAAA!

CLANG!

UFFF!

ENDGAME,  
DOCTOR! I SHALL  
SKEWER YOU  
THROUGH BOTH YOUR  
HEARTS--

AND  
I WILL BE  
FREE!

FREE? FREE?  
YOU DELUDED  
THING--

YOU'RE THE  
TOYMAKER'S TRINKET.  
HE'LL PLAY WITH YOU AWHILE,  
THEN DESTROY YOU ONCE HE'S  
BORED! YOU'LL NEVER BE  
FREE! NEVER!

HMM...

TELL ME  
MORE.



MEANWHILE, IN THE  
MOUSETRAP --

CAN'T  
KEEP UP,  
IZZY. OUT OF  
SHAPE...

TOO  
MANY LATE NIGHTS  
ALL ALONE WITH A TEST-  
TUBE? THAT'S NO EXCUSE,  
MAXWELL EDISON! NOW  
COME ON!



NEARLY THERE,  
MY DARLINGS! NEARLY  
THERE!

A DEAD  
END! WE'RE DONE  
FOR!



STAY COOL  
MAX, WE'RE NOT  
DEAD YET--

--IN  
THIS GAME, IT  
PAYS TO WATCH  
WHERE YOU'RE  
STANDING.



**KRUMP!**

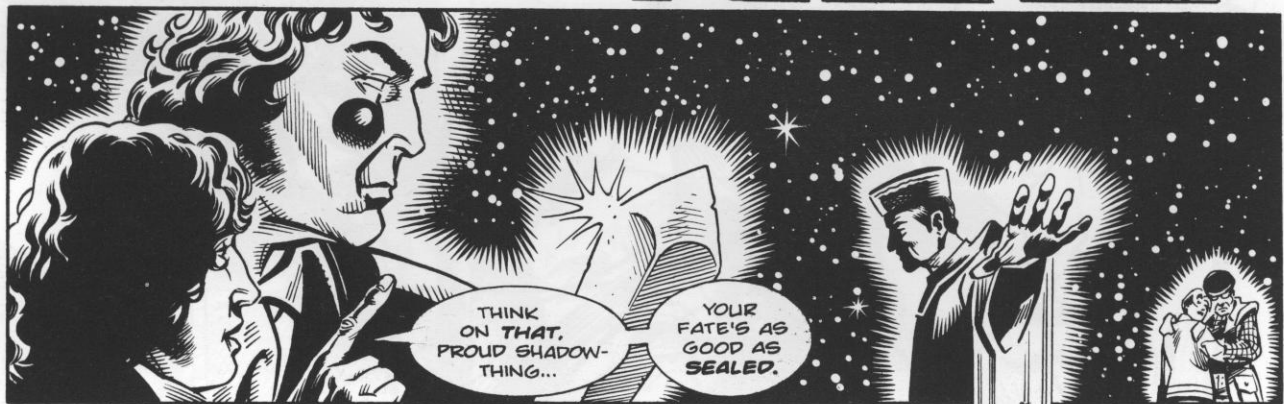
**100  
TONS**

SEE WHAT  
I MEAN?



**NO!!!**





YOU MAY BE BUT A PALE VERSION OF MYSELF, DOCTOR--

BUT I THINK YOU MAY BE RIGHT.

TOY-MAKER!

HOLD HARD, MY CHAMPION INFERNAL! I'LL REWARD YOUR LOYALTY WITH ANY NUMBER OF RICHES, I'LL LET YOU PLAY WITH ALL MY FAVOURITE TOYS...

I'LL EVEN BRING BACK CHRISTMAS!

MY FREEDOM IS ALL I DESIRE--

WHICH I PLAINLY CANNOT HAVE JUST AS LONG AS YOU LIVE.

AHEM...

...ON REFLECTION, I'VE A BETTER IDEA--

GAAAAHHH!

SHHTAAANNGGG!

--I THINK I'LL PLAY MY JOKER!

CURSE YOU, TIME LORD--

WHATEVER HAVE YOU DONE?





I CHALLENGE YOU, TOYMAKER, TO A GAME--

--OF LUDO, FRUSTRATION, BLIND MAN'S BLUFF; AND SHOVE-PIGGY-SHOVE, BATTLESHIPS, MORPHANT TWISTER, SONTARAN BAGATELLE...



I CHALLENGE YOU TO ALL THESE GAMES AND MORE. THROW A SIX TO A START, AND WE'LL PLAY--

WE'LL PLAY FOREVER AND EVER AND EVER AND EVER!!!

NO! NO!!



WHAT'S HAPPENING? THEY'RE FADING AWAY!

RETURNING TO THE DARK PLACES FROM WHERE THE TOYMAKER CAME. THEY'LL BE IN A PERPETUAL STALEMATE--

I CAN'T HONESTLY THINK OF A MORE FITTING END.

NNNOOOOOOOOOOOO??



QUICK! THE TOYROOM IS DISSIPATING! WE'LL BE SUCKED BACK WITH IT IF WE DON'T GET OUT!

EXIT

YOU TOO, DOCTOR! HURRY!

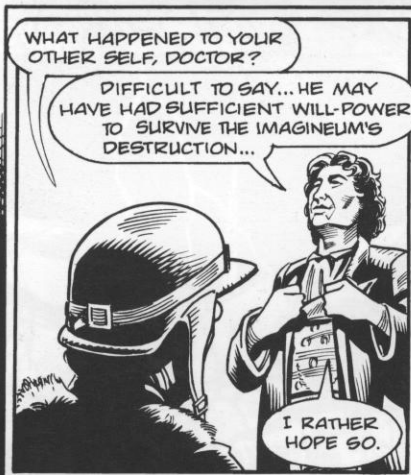
NO, DOCTOR. NOT I--

--FOR I HAVE ONE LAST MOVE TO MAKE!

SMASHH!!

NO! I FORGOT! THIS IS THE VILLAGE BUILT BY THE MIRROR, AND NOW IT'S FALLING APART--

--BUT THE TOYMAKER STILL HAS STOCKBRIDGE ITSELF!





IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD  
AS WE KNOW IT.

WREEP!  
WREEP!

THE  
FIFTY-FIRST CENTURY?  
DOCTOR, YOU CAN'T BE  
SERIOUS--

WHERE  
ARE THE SPACESHIPS,  
THE HOVERCARS, THE  
FABULOUS CITIES OF  
SILVER AND  
GOLD?

THE GREAT METROPOLI FELL  
TEN YEARS AGO, WHEN THE SUN  
BEGAN TO FAIL. THE RICH HAVE LONG  
SINCE DESERTED THE EARTH, GONE TO  
THE STARS IN A FLEET OF  
SPACE ARKS--

THOSE LEFT  
BEHIND ARE DESPERATE,  
SWELTERING UNDER A  
BOILING SMOG. THESE ARE  
THE DYING DAYS,  
IZZY--

IT'S  
ALL OVER  
BAR THE  
SHOUTING.

GREAT.  
I'VE SEEN THE  
FUTURE--

--AND IT'S  
PANTS.

HA! A  
FIX! JUST  
OVER THIS  
RIDGE--

THERE.

WREEP!  
WREEP!

THE  
SIGNAL'S  
COMING FROM  
THERE.

# THE KEEP

PART ONE

STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS: ROBIN SMITH  
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY









--I DETECT  
THE DISTINCT PULL OF A  
MARK VII DOGBOLTER  
CORPORATION SNATCH  
TELEPORTER!

BEAM ME  
UP, SCOTTY.

SMART!

NO!!!

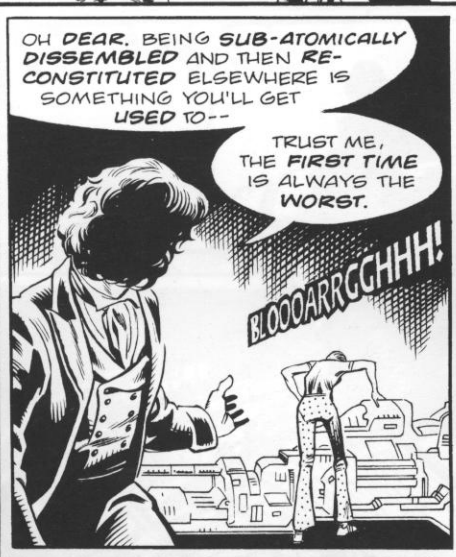
ELSEWHERE...

SAVED! AND  
I CAN HAZARD  
A GUESS BY  
WHOM--

WE SPENT  
JUST MILLISECONDS IN  
SUBSPACE. I THINK THAT  
PUTS US IN THE HEART OF  
THIS OH-SO-MYSTERIOUS  
KEEP!

...IZZY?

mmff



OH DEAR. BEING SUB-ATOMICALLY  
DISSEMBLED AND THEN RE-  
CONSTITUTED ELSEWHERE IS  
SOMETHING YOU'LL GET  
USED TO--

TRUST ME,  
THE FIRST TIME  
IS ALWAYS THE  
WORST.

BLOOOARRCGHHH!



BETTER  
NOW?

GROO.  
FEELS LIKE  
THE TWISTER  
AT ALTON  
TOWERS...

COME ON,  
NOTHING'S THAT  
BAD. HEAD UP,  
IZZY--



--I  
THINK WE'VE GOT  
COMPANY.

MY NAME  
IS MARQUEZ.  
WELCOME,  
FRIENDS--

WELCOME  
TO THE KEEP.





PROPER  
FUTURE STUFF.  
I LIKE IT!

I TAKE  
IT YOU SENT  
OUT THE  
SIGNAL?

INDEED--

THE SPACE/TIME VORTEX,  
ALTHOUGH ONLY A THEORETICAL  
ASSUMPTION, SEEMED THE  
BEST PLACE TO SEARCH FOR  
PEOPLE SUCH AS YOURSELVES--

I AM GRATIFIED THAT  
MY MASTER'S THEORY  
PROVED CORRECT. YOU  
ARE TIME TRAVELLERS,  
I TAKE IT?

YES, BUT--



"GOOD. I APOLOGISE  
FOR YOUR DIFFICULTY  
IN GETTING HERE--

"THE WARS RAGE ON OUTSIDE. THESE  
MANY FACTIONS WOULD PENETRATE  
THE KEEP IF THEY COULD, BUT IT IS T-MAT  
PROTECTED. THE SCOOP WAS THE ONLY  
WAY TO BRING YOU HERE WITHOUT  
COMPROMISING OUR SECURITY.

"THE WARS. A SHAME. THEY  
ARE NOT BAD MEN, BUT SOON  
THE SOLAR FLARES WILL  
CONSUME US ALL. THEIR  
BATTLES ARE A  
COMPREHENSIBLE RESPONSE."



WE HAVE  
ARRIVED. COME,  
DOCTOR--

MEET MY  
MASTER. MEET  
CRIVELLO.

IS HE  
DEAD?

NEARLY. THE NUTRIENTS  
KEEP HIM ALIVE. HE IS THE  
GREATEST SCIENTIST  
OF THE AGE--

YOU WILL HAVE MUCH  
TO TALK ABOUT. I  
SUGGEST YOU TOUCH  
THE GLASS.

"A SYNAPTIC LINK,  
I SEE. HELLO?"

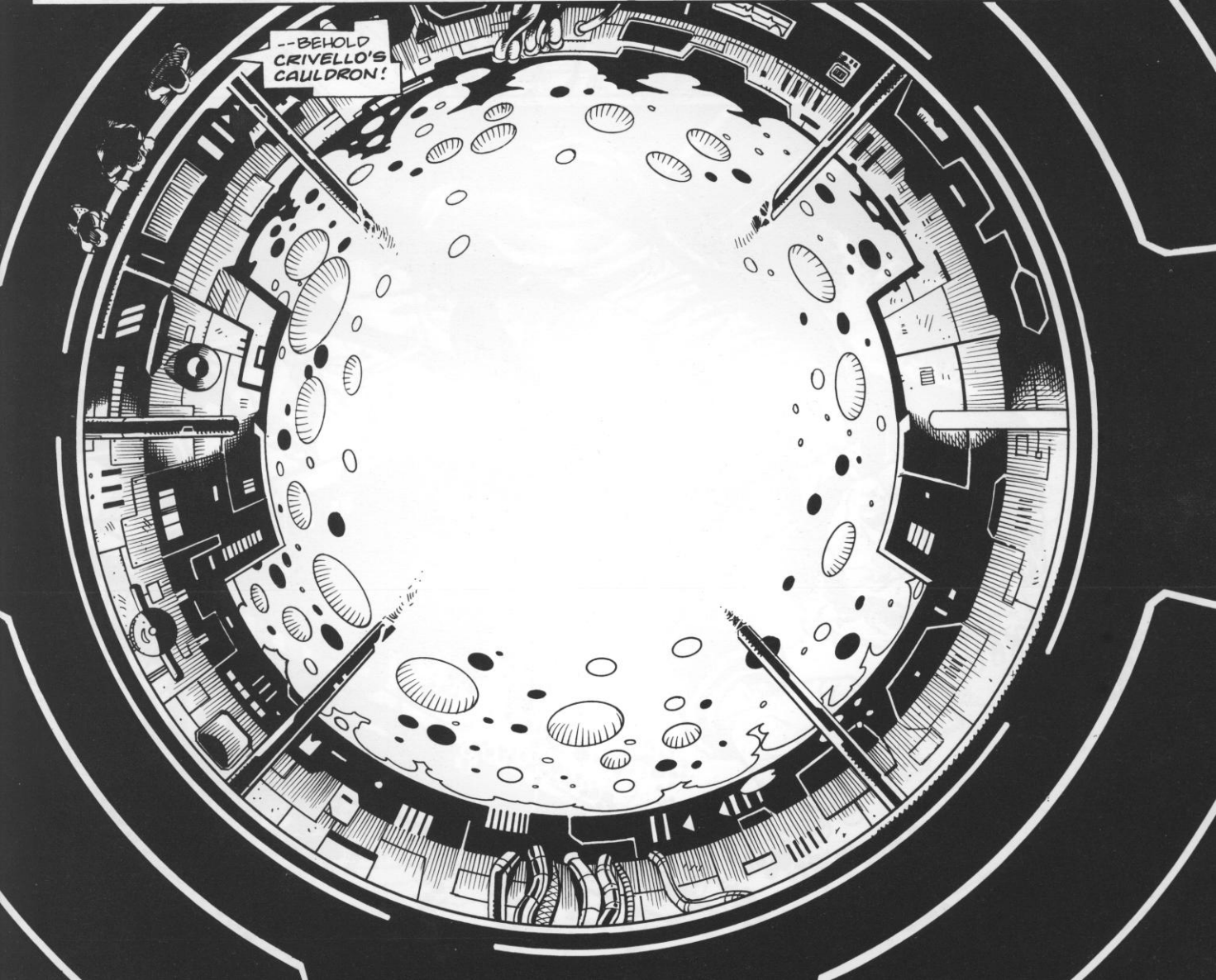
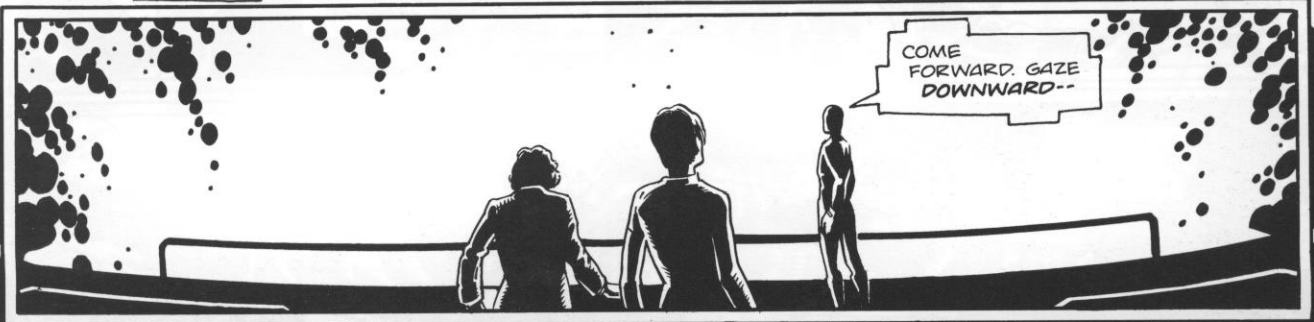
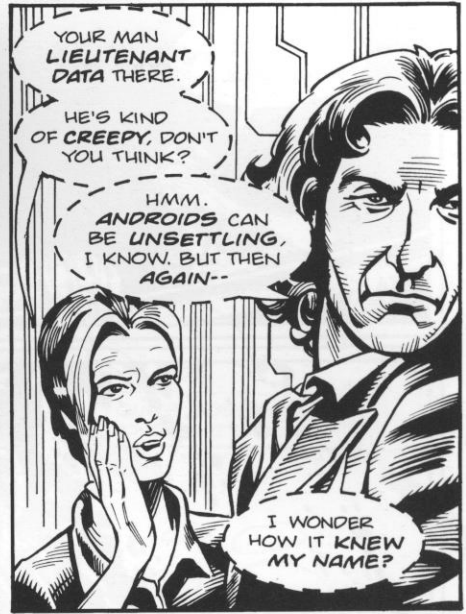
you have come i  
knew you would it is  
good to sense you  
here

"ER, THANK YOU.  
I'M THE DOCTOR..."

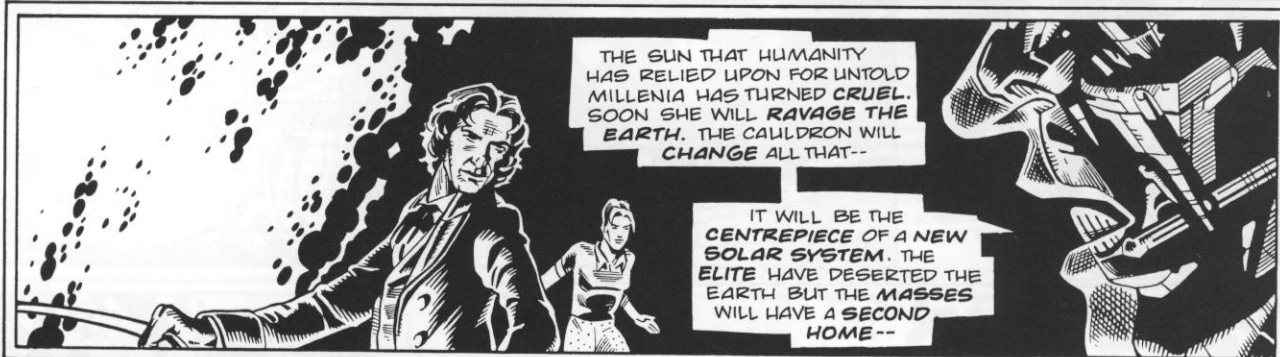
too late for me  
i fear but not for all  
the others

"OTHERS?"

why the human  
race of course i know  
you are a good man







TO BE CONCLUDED...

SHE'S THREE THOUSAND YEARS FROM HOME. TEN MINUTES AGO, HER ONLY WAY BACK WAS THROWN INTO THE HEART OF A FLEDGLING SUN--

IT'S HARDLY SURPRISING SHE'S CRYING.

HE HANGS IN THE HUB OF THE CAULDRON. HE OUGHT TO BE DEAD, BUT IT'S SOFT AND WARM INSIDE--

HE FEELS ATOMS DANCE, HEARS PROTONS SINGING.

QUITE SUDDENLY, HE KNOWS IT'S ALIVE.



# THE KEEP

PART TWO

STORY: ALAN BARNES  
PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY  
INKS: ROBIN SMITH  
LETTERS: ELITTA FELL  
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY



BEYOND THE KEEP--

I TRUST THE  
WORK IS COMPLETE,  
TECHNICIAN  
WOO--

--LEST, OF  
COURSE, YOU WANT  
MY LITTLE FRIEND TO  
RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR  
NOSE.

I-IT'S READY,  
UBERMARSHAL  
LENG,  
I SWEAR!



GOOD. IF THE  
STRANGERS SHOULD  
TRANSPORT AGAIN,  
THE DIVERSION  
CHIPS WE PLACED IN  
THEM WILL BRING  
THEM HERE--

--AND  
WE'LL BE  
WAITING.

HEH!



MEANWHILE...



CLANG!  
CLUNG!

HUH?

DOCTOR!  
YOU'RE  
ALIVE!!

BUT  
HOW...?!



HELLO,  
IZZY...

PHEW!  
IS IT ME, OR  
IS IT HOT IN  
HERE?

SO TELL ME,  
HOW LONG WAS I IN  
THERE FOR?

I DON'T KNOW.  
TEN, TWENTY MINUTES,  
I SUPPOSE...

WOOF,  
JABBA! YOU WEIGH  
A TON!

CORRECT.

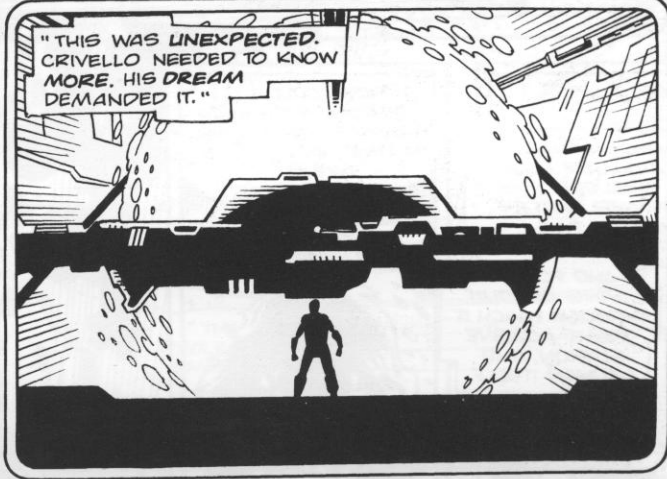
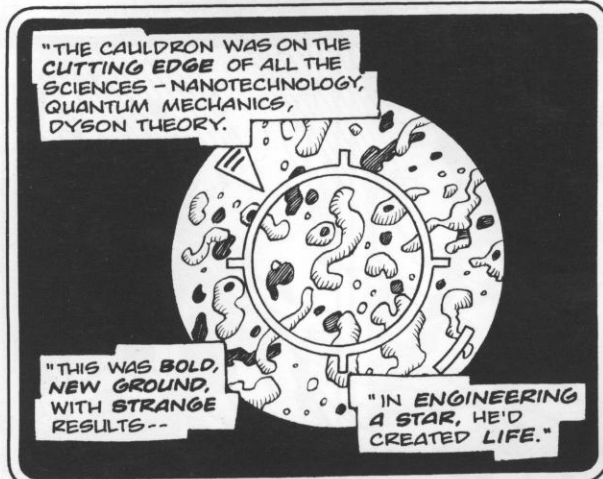
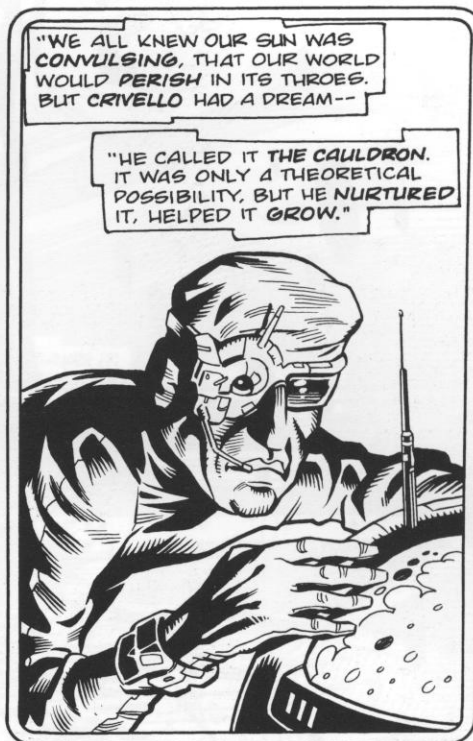
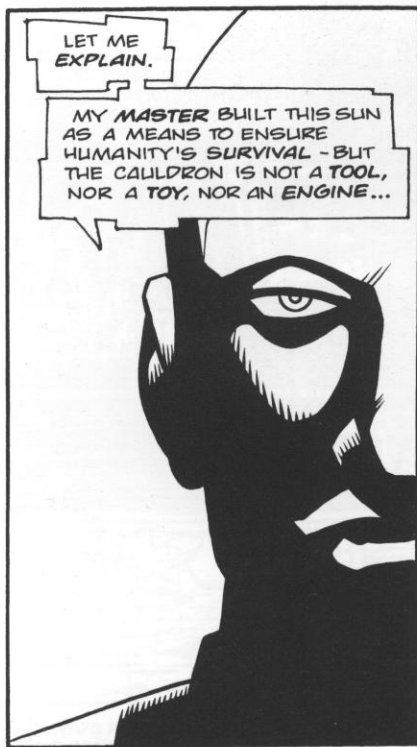


STRANGE.  
I FELT CENTURIES  
PASSING...



MARQUEZ!









"THE CAULDRON WAS HIS CREATURE. IT WAS THE KEY TO HUMANITY'S SURVIVAL. THIS ORGANISM BORE AN AWESOME RESPONSIBILITY--"

"IT WAS COLD THEN - AS NOW, BEFORE FUSION, BEFORE LAUNCHING. IT NEEDED DIRECTION, INSTRUCTION. CRIVELLO HAD NO CHOICE--"

"HE SOUGHT COMMUNION."



"THEY WERE IN ACCORD FOR SIX SECONDS. IT AGED HIM SIXTY YEARS."

"STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN IN A STAR. TIME IS COMPRESSED, SQUASHED BY COSMIC FORCES BEYOND IMAGINING."

TOO MAD.

ONLY A TIME TRAVELLER MIGHT BE SHIELDED, MIGHT SURVIVE PARLEY WITH THIS INTELLIGENCE--

--AND FORM A LIVING CONDUIT THROUGH WHICH IT MIGHT ACHIEVE FUSION, AND LAUNCH ITSELF.

ME?

HOW COULD I COMMUNE WITH SUCH A BEING? I MAY TRAVEL IN TIME, BUT I'M NO GREAT INTERPRETER!



OH, BUT YOU ARE...

--AND YOU'VE SUCCEEDED.

LOOK!









THERE'S A NEW STAR IN HEAVEN. A RAG-TAG FLEET OF SPACE-SHIPS HEADS OUT TO THE CAULDRON. GREEK'S DRAGONS ARE IN FLIGHT, ALONGSIDE OTHER ARMIES--

THESE MORTAL ENEMIES ARE NOW UNITED. EACH WILL ESTABLISH A SATELLITE ABOUT THE SUN. THERE WILL BE LIGHT ENOUGH FOR ALL, AND DIVERSITY, TOO--

A SMALL GALAXY OF LOVE AND HATE, PRIDE AND AMBITION AND JOY. WHEN THE EARTH IS FINALLY SCORCHED AND BURNED BY ITS OWN CRUEL STAR, THE RACE WILL BE SAVED.

ALL HUMAN LIFE IS THERE.

CRIVELLO SMILES. A DREAM OF LIFE HAS BEEN GIVEN SUBSTANCE.

THE FUTURE HAS BEEN SAVED. A FUTURE THAT WILL--

KRACK!

THE WIND HAS PICKED UP.

THERE'S A STORM COMING...

NEXT: A LIFE OF MATTER AND DEATH.

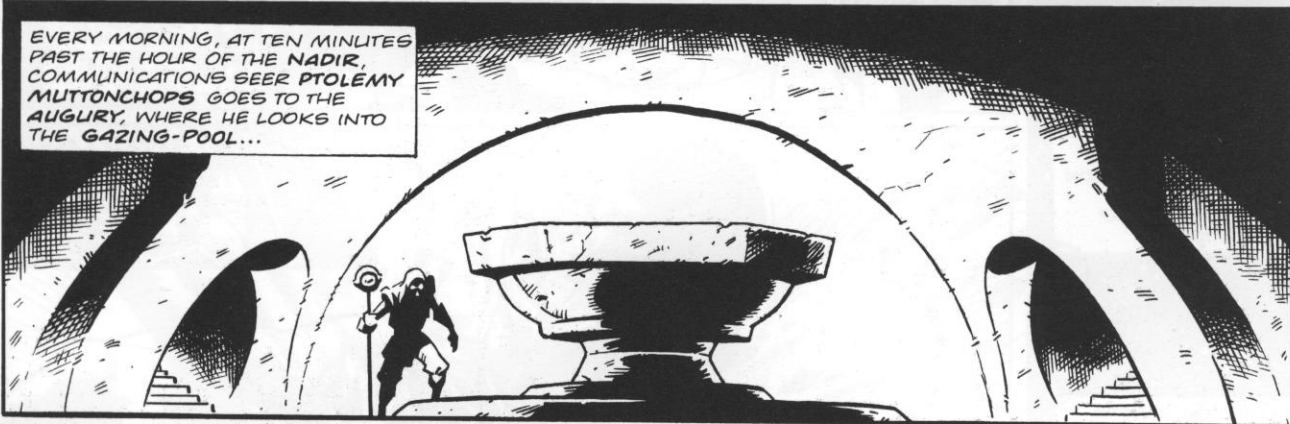




THE SATELLOID ICARUS FALLING, 97 AUDITED PRECESSIONS AFTER THE BREAKOUT.

A TUESDAY.

THE LAST TUESDAY.



EVERY MORNING, AT TEN MINUTES PAST THE HOUR OF THE NADIR, COMMUNICATIONS SEER PTOLEMY MUTTONCHOPS GOES TO THE AUGURY, WHERE HE LOOKS INTO THE GAZING-PPOOL...

THE POOL IS CLOUDY AT FIRST, HAZY. PTOLEMY IS SURPRISED, THE FUTURE IS ALWAYS CLEAR, IMMUTABLE, CERTAIN.

AND THEN THE IMAGE RESOLVES ITSELF.

HE SEES ABADDON, THE ABODE OF THE DAMNED. HE SEES HORDES OF WINGED DEMONS PUTTING YOU AND I TO DEATH BY TOOTH, BY CLAW...

WORSE, HE SEES A BLACK SUN RISING; IT PORTENDS THE END OF EVERYTHING.



HE SEES...

# FIRE AND BRIMSTONE

STORY: ALAN BARNES  
MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS:  
ROBIN SMITH LETTERING:  
ELITA FELL EDITORS:  
GARY GILLATT and  
SCOTT GRAY

WHAT SHOULD HE DO? WHAT SHOULD HE DO?  
MAYBE HE'S GROWING MAD, OR OLD. MAYBE  
HE'S LOSING HIS FAITH...

EVERY MORNING, AT TWENTY  
PAST THE NADIR, PTOLEMY  
MUTTONCHOPS REPORTS A  
BRIGHT AND HAPPY VISION  
TO HIS LEADERENE...

TODAY IS DIFFERENT. TODAY  
HE CALLS UPON HIS PARAGON,  
SISTER CHASTITY--

WRETCHED, HIS HANDS  
STICKY, WET, HE  
CONFESSES ALL.

YOU  
ARE TROUBLED,  
BROTHER MUTTON-  
CHOPS. SUCH IS  
PLAIN.

I--I HAVE SEEN  
SUCH TERRIBLE  
THINGS TODAY.  
AWFUL, TERRIBLE  
THINGS--

THIS DOES  
NOT HAPPEN. AM  
I IMPURE? AM I  
INSANE? WHAT SHOULD  
I TELL THE  
LEADERENE?

SAY  
NOTHING. BAD  
VISIONS MIGHT  
ONLY FULFIL  
THEMSELVES--

LOOK ON  
ME, BROTHER. LOOK  
ON ME. DO I NOT INSPIRE  
YOU? HOW COULD  
CORRUPTION AND FOUL-  
NESS EXIST ALONGSIDE  
ONE SUCH AS I?  
RISE UP--

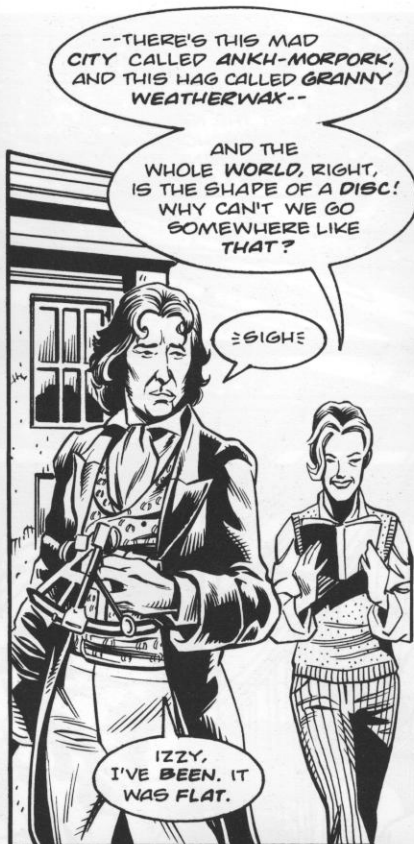
YOU  
MUST REST.  
YOU ARE  
TIRED.

HAVE  
FAITH. ALL WILL  
BE WELL. YOU'LL  
SEE.

PTOLEMY'S VISION  
GOES UNREPORTED.

THIS, THEN, IS  
HOW IT BEGINS.







HERE WE ARE, IZZY...

YOU THERE!

IS THIS MAD ENOUGH FOR YOU?



CERTAINLY.  
I'M THE DOCTOR,  
THIS IS IZZY--

AND  
THIS IS ONE OF  
SIX SATELLITES  
REVOLVING AROUND  
AN ARTIFICIAL  
SUN--

--CRIVELLO'S  
CAULDRON!

A POWERHOUSE  
SUPPLYING ENERGY TO AN AD HOC  
SOLAR SYSTEM - HUMANITY'S LAST  
GREAT HOPE AFTER THE FAILING  
OF THE SUN...

SOME 200  
YEARS AGO I SAW THE  
CAULDRON LAUNCHED.\*  
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, MY  
SHIP LANDS ABOARD ONE OF  
THE SIX GREAT CORNER-  
STONES WHICH MAINTAIN  
IT, HOLD IT IN  
CHECK--

THAT'S QUITE  
A COINCIDENCE.  
AND I DON'T  
BELIEVE IN CO-  
INCIDENCES, DO YOU,  
LEADERENE?

INCOMING!  
UNIDENTIFIED  
OBJECTS CLOSING  
FAST!

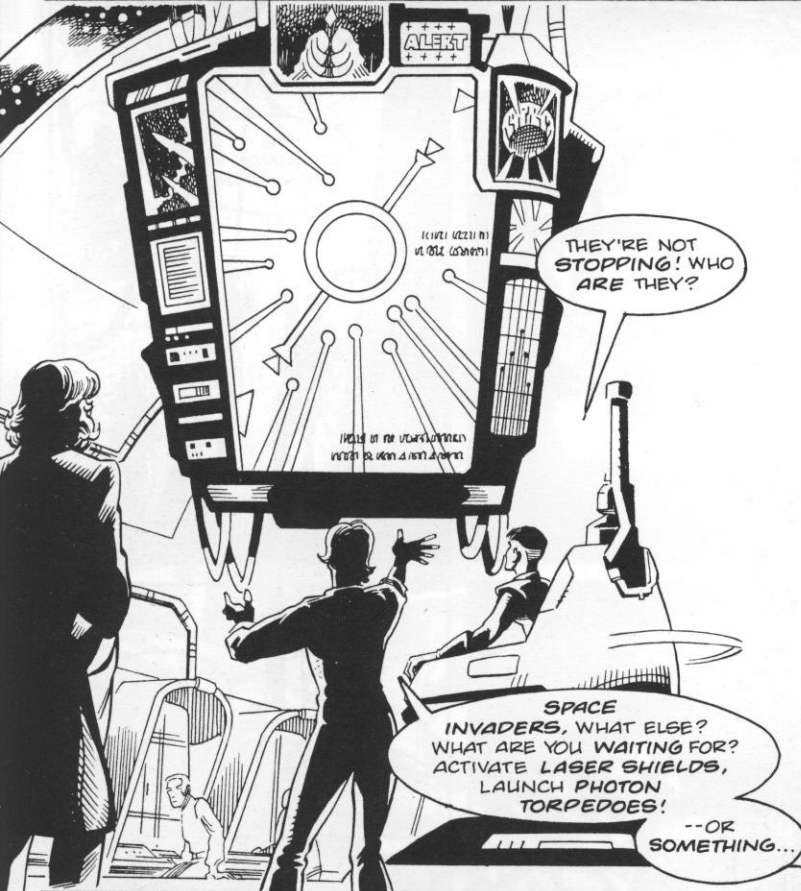
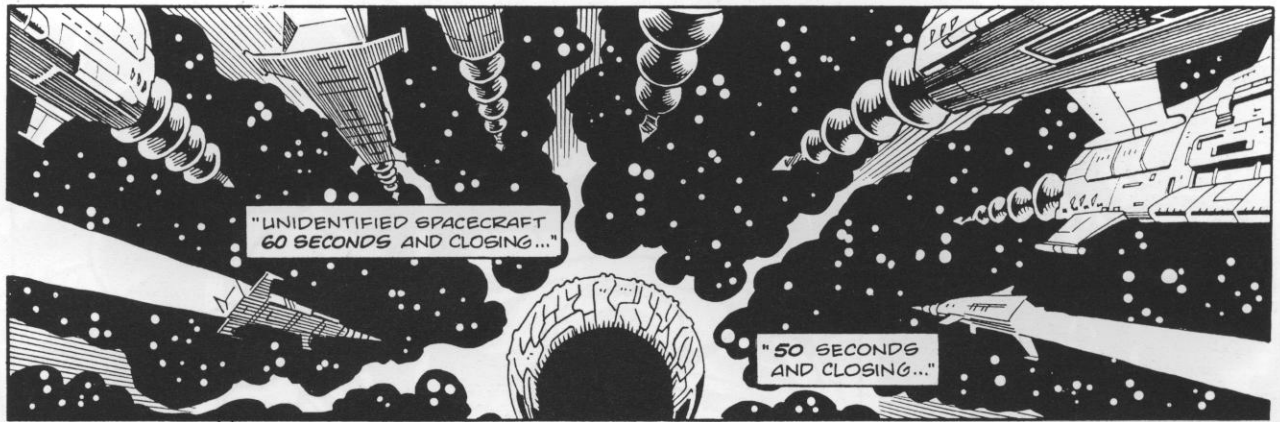
WHAT?

IS  
ALL THAT  
TRUE?

OH YES. THAT  
SEXTANT CALCULATED  
THE POSITION OF BONEY'S  
FLEET AT TRAFALGAR. IT'S  
NEVER WRONG. WE'VE BEEN  
BROUGHT HERE,  
ALRIGHT--

THE ONLY  
QUESTION IS, BY  
WHOM?

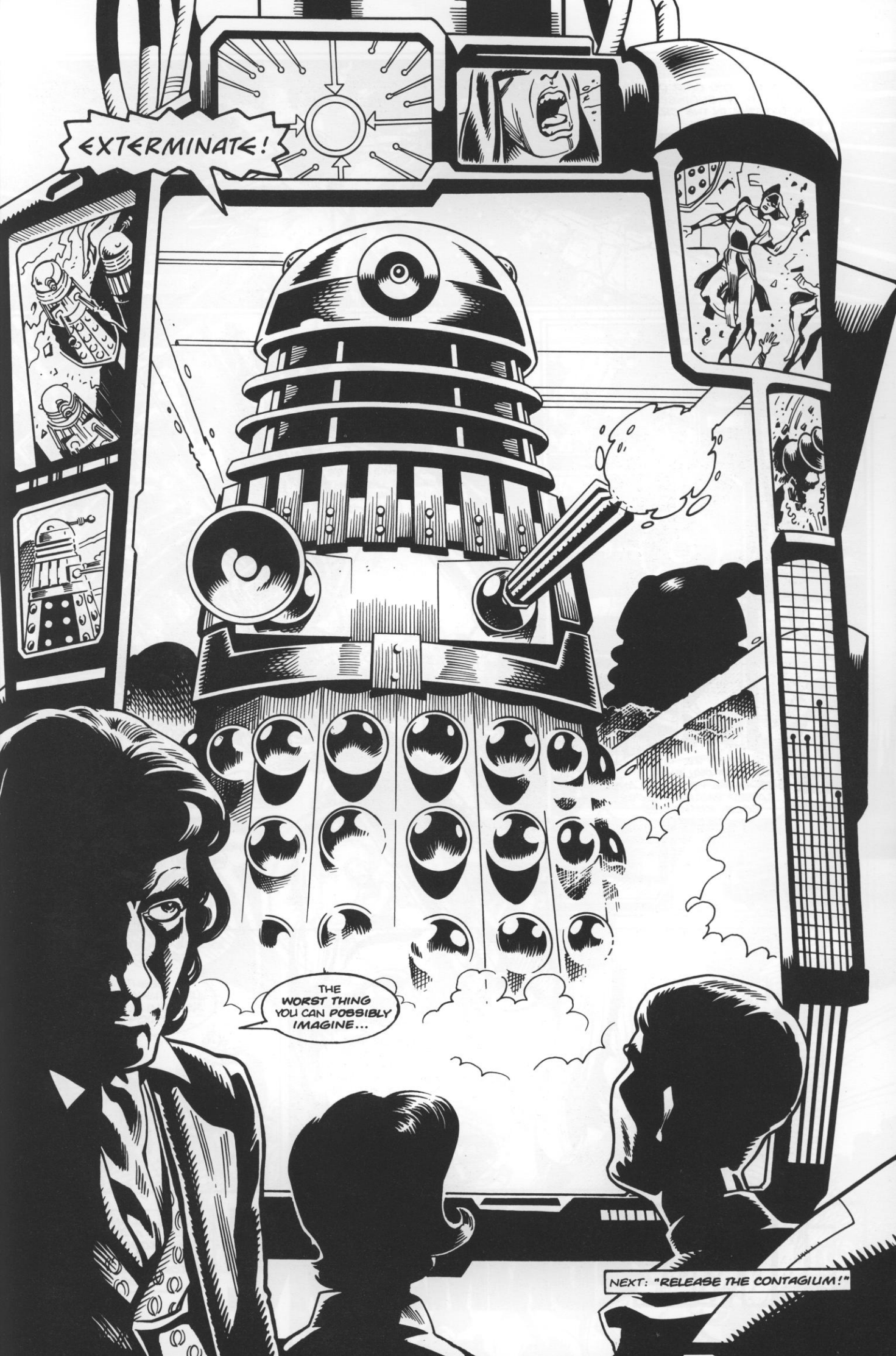
\*SEE THE KEEP,  
DWM 248-249.







EXTERMINATE!



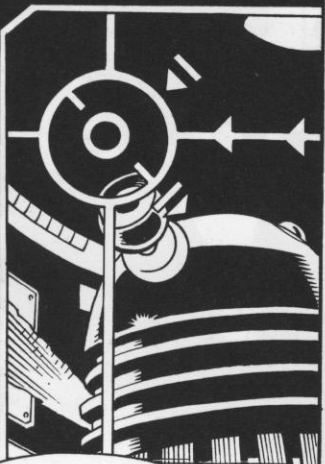
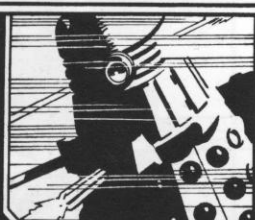
THE  
WORST THING  
YOU CAN POSSIBLY  
IMAGINE...

NEXT: "RELEASE THE CONTAGIUM!"



THIS IS CRIVELLO'S CAULDRON,  
AN ARTIFICIALLY-ENGINEERED  
SOLAR SYSTEM IN THE CRAB  
NEBULA.

THE END IS NIGH.



THEY'RE  
CALLED DALEKS.  
THEY COME FROM A PLANET  
CALLED SKARO. THEY'RE  
COLD, RUTHLESS  
KILLERS--

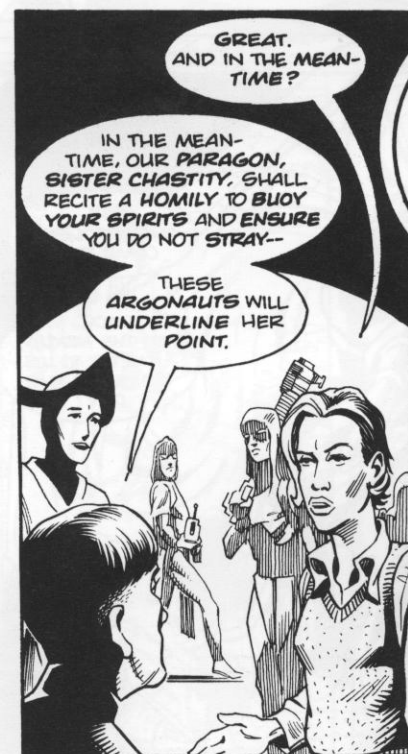


ROBOT  
MONSTERS!

AT  
LAST!

# FIRE AND BRIMSTONE

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INKS: ROBIN SMITH  
LETTERS: ELITTA FELL  
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT +  
SCOTT GRAY







IN THE AUGURY...

THE  
GAZING-POOL, DOCTOR-  
A WINDOW ONTO WORLDS  
AS YET UNSEEN...

IT SHOWS  
VISIONS OF THINGS AS  
YET UNDONE!

OF COURSE.  
I SENSE A CERTAIN  
PRESENCE FLOODING  
THROUGH MY  
NUCLEII--

THE POOL  
COMPRISES MATERIAL FROM  
THE HEART OF THE CAULDRON  
ITSELF. AM I RIGHT, OR AM  
I RIGHT?



YOU ARE  
CORRECT, DOCTOR. THE  
CAULDRON IS A LIVING,  
SENTIENT BEING. HERE, IT  
TALKS TO ME, AND NO-  
ONE ELSE - EXCEPT  
YOU, IT SEEMS. I--

DOCTOR,  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING?

TAKING A  
SAMPLE FOR ANALYSIS.  
I WANT TO SEE IF ITS  
STRUCTURE HAS CHANGED  
SINCE I SAW IT  
LAST--

THERE'S A  
LITTLE BIT OF ME IN  
THERE, YOU SEE\* OH, AND  
INCIDENTALLY--

\*SEE THE KEEP, DWM 248-249.



--THE LAST HUMAN BEING  
TO ATTEMPT COMMUNION WITH  
THE CAULDRON AGED SIXTY YEARS  
IN SIX SECONDS. SO TELL ME,  
MISTER MUTTUNCHOPS--

WHAT MAKES  
YOU SO SPECIAL?



I-I DO  
NOT--

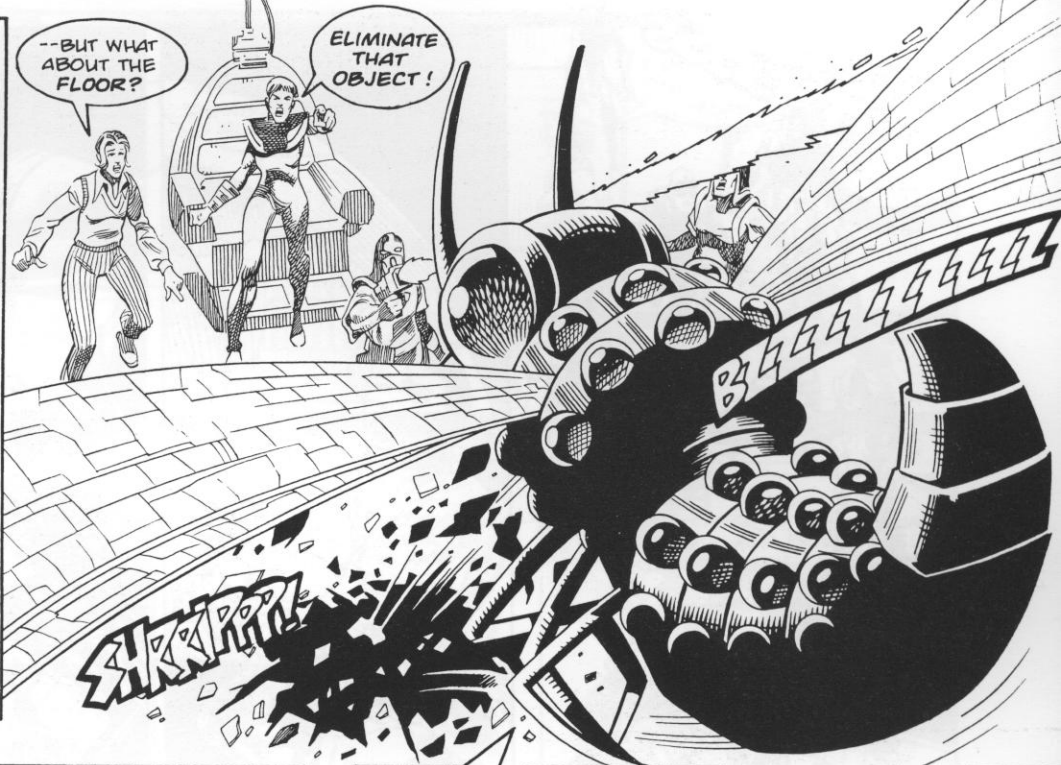
OH,  
NO!



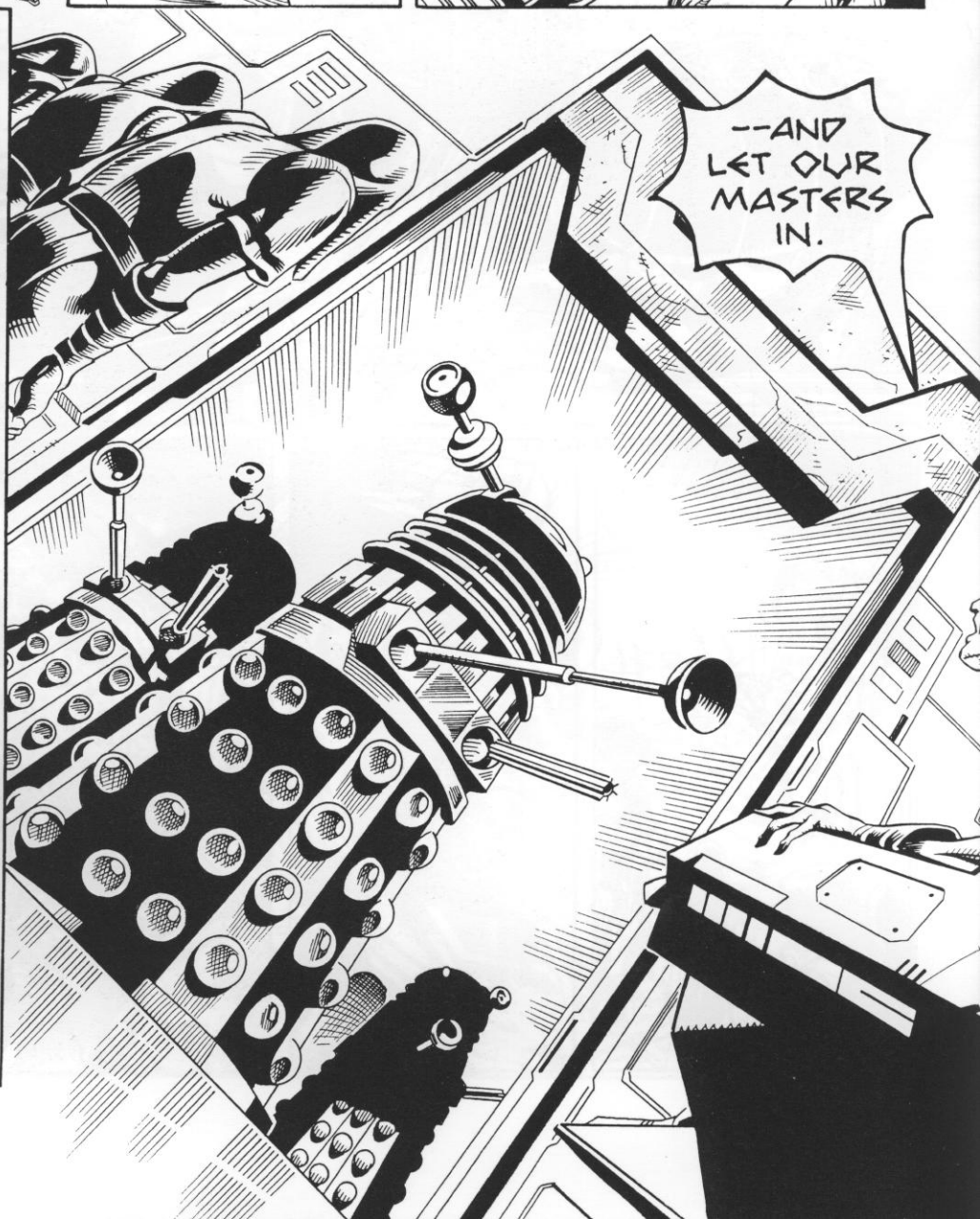
WHAT  
IS IT?

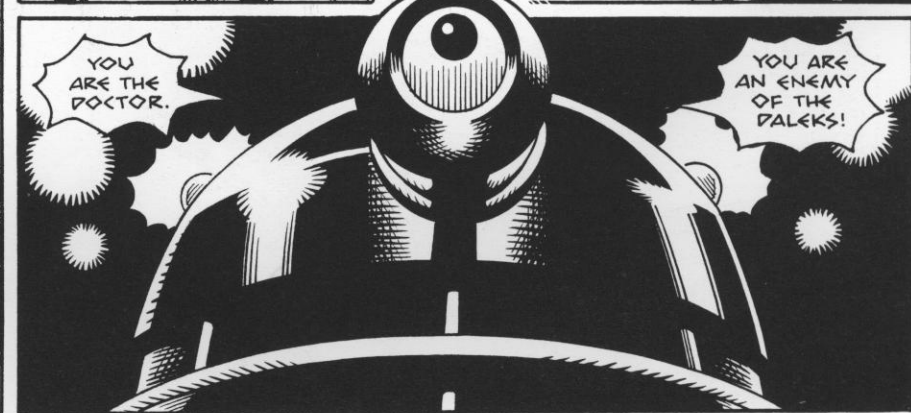
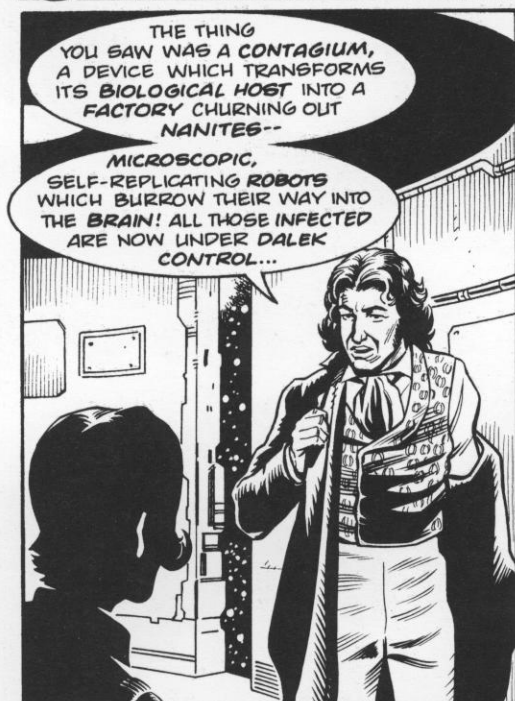
TOIL  
AND TROUBLE.  
COME ON--

BACK  
TO THE NEXUS.  
IT'S UP TO US  
TO SAVE THE  
DAY!













EXTERMINATE!

NEXT: "PROCESS--ANALYSE--  
ANNIHILATE!"





EXTERMINATE!

HMM. THIS  
IS EITHER THE  
AFTERLIFE--

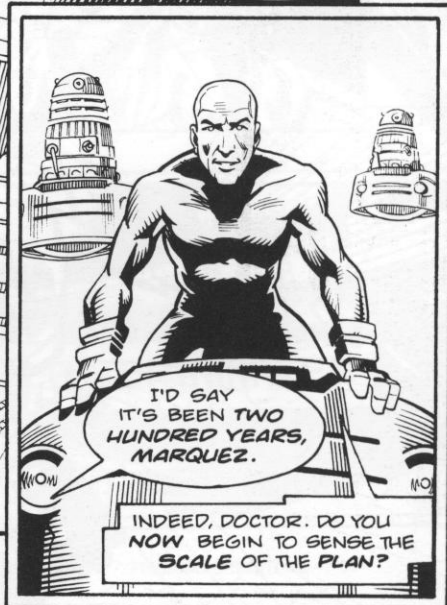
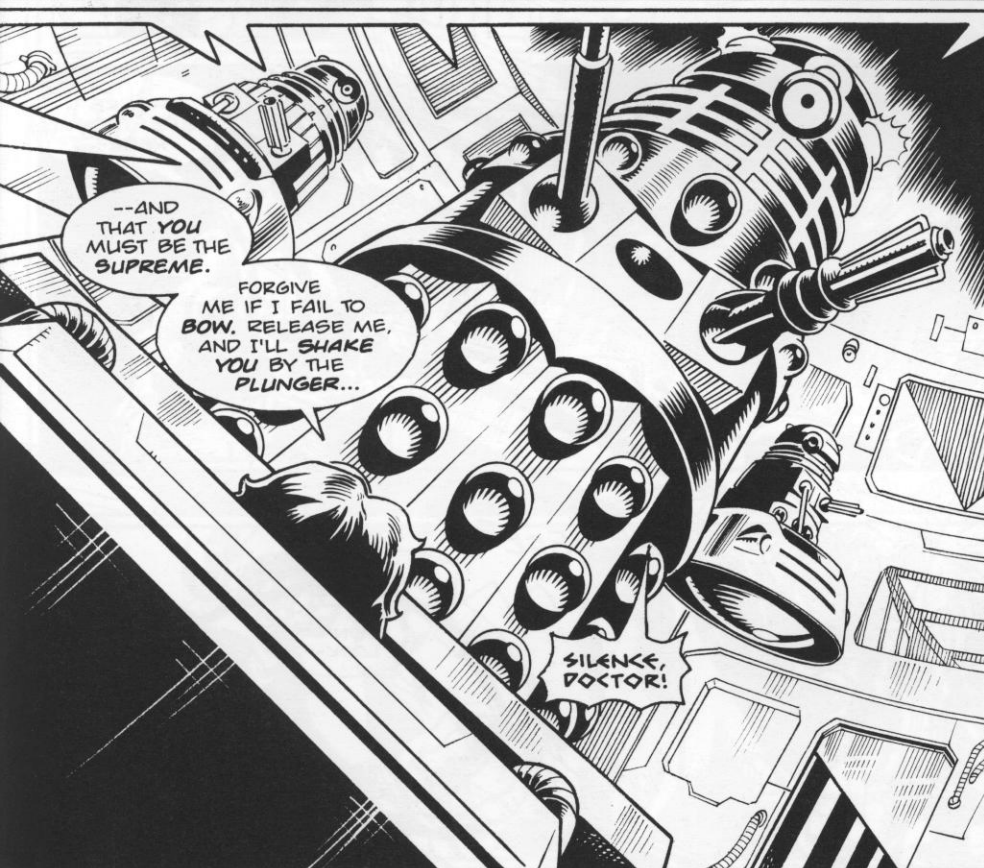
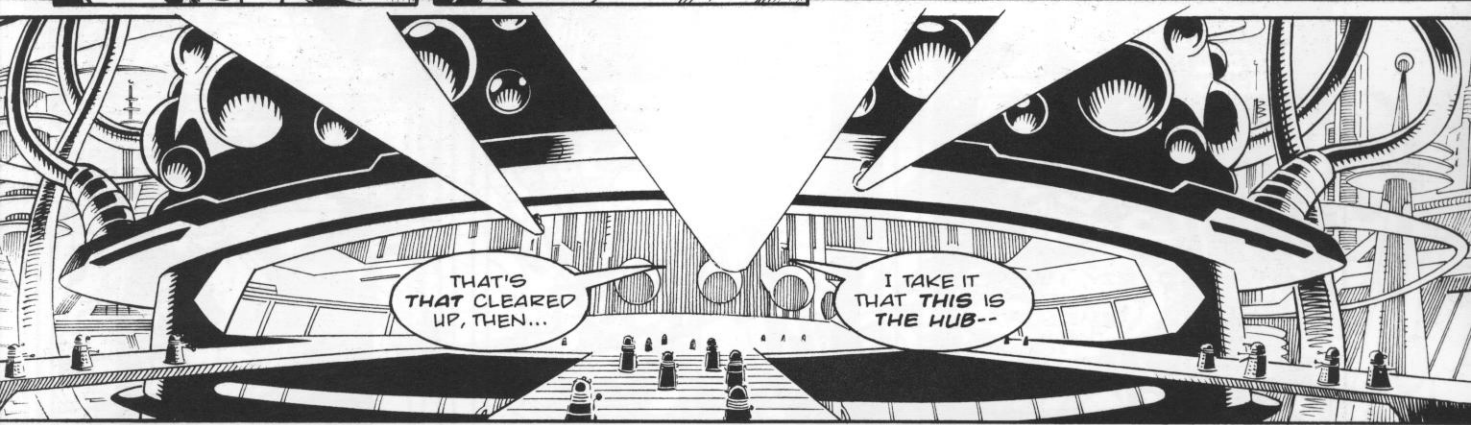
--OR  
THE OTHER END  
OF A MATTER  
TRANSPORTER.

DO NOT  
MOVE!

YOU ARE A  
PRISONER OF THE  
DALEKS!

# FIRE AND BRIMSTONE

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SCOTT GRAY





THE DALEK HIVE  
SLICES THROUGH  
SPACE.

3 BILLION TONNES OF SOLID DALEKANUM  
GIRD ITS HULL. ITS PROPULSION UNITS  
GENERATE FORCE EQUIVALENT TO THAT OF  
600 ERUPTING VOLCANOES--

--AND THE TREMORS  
ARE FELT DOWN ON  
ICARUS FALLING.

THEY  
KILLED HIM. WHY'D THE  
DOCTOR WALK RIGHT IN  
AND LET THEM KILL  
HIM?

DEAR  
IZZY, I WISH  
I KNEW--  
COME NOW,  
DON'T--

THE  
DOCTOR ISN'T  
DEAD.

HE'S  
THERE. I CAN  
FEEL HIM  
THROUGH THE  
CAULDRON--

HE'S  
THERE. HE'S  
ALIVE.

BE SURE,  
BROTHER MUTTCHOPS.  
BE SURE.

THAT'S  
WHERE THE DALEKS  
LIVE, SISTER CHASTITY.  
OH YES, HE'S  
THERE--

AND  
I THINK HE'S  
AFRAID.

IZZY!

WHA-?!

THEY'RE  
HERE! THEY'RE  
HERE!

AIEEEEEEEEE!

DON'T  
LOOK--

RUN!



MEANWHILE...

I SEE AGE HASN'T WITHERED YOU...

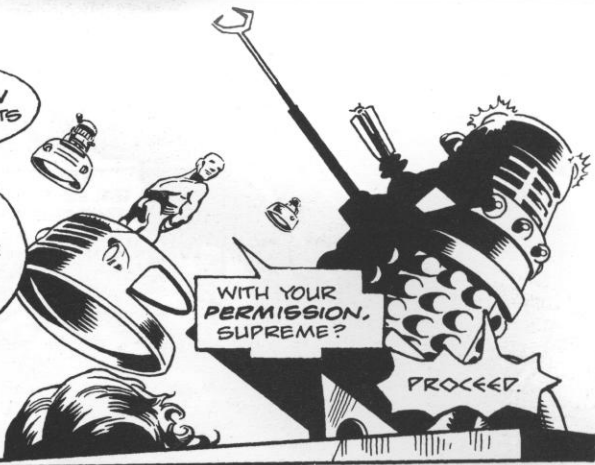
FAR FROM IT, DOCTOR. MY COMPONENT PARTS ARE SUBJECT TO REGULAR MAINTENANCE--

INDEED, MY FUNCTIONS ARE MUCH IMPROVED SINCE WE LAST MET.\*

\*SEE THE KEEP, DWM 248-249.

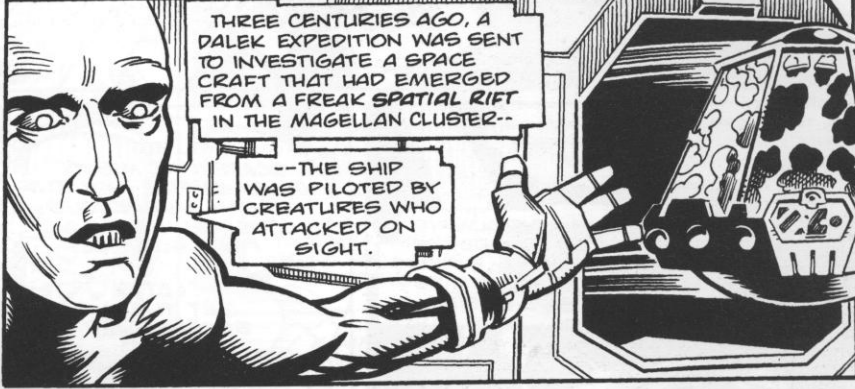
HOW VERY NICE. IT'S ABOUT NOW THAT YOUR SORT STARTS GLOATING--

--SO JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT WITH ME, AND WE CAN GET STRAIGHT DOWN TO THE UNPLEASANTNESS THAT YOU DOUBTLESS HAVE PLANNED...



WITH YOUR PERMISSION, SUPREME?

PROCEED.



THREE CENTURIES AGO, A DALEK EXPEDITION WAS SENT TO INVESTIGATE A SPACE CRAFT THAT HAD EMERGED FROM A FREAK SPATIAL RIFT IN THE MAGELLAN CLUSTER--

--THE SHIP WAS PILOTED BY CREATURES WHO ATTACKED ON SIGHT.



THEIR POWER WAS UNPRECEDENTED. THEY WERE EXTERMINATED, BUT THE BATTLE LASTED MONTHS.

ONLY ONE OF THE CREATURES WAS CAPTURED ALIVE--



--AND NOW I'M GOING TO TURN IT LOOSE ON YOU.

KACHUNK!

PROCESS  
ANALYSE  
ANNIHILATE

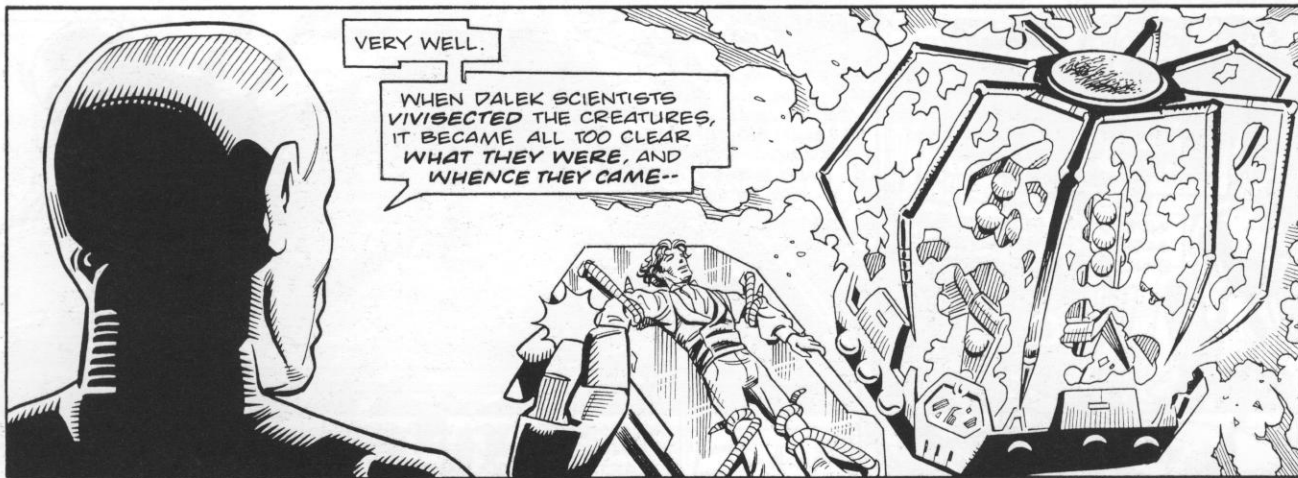
CALL IT OFF, MARQUEZ...



EXTERMINATE!!!

I SAID CALL YOUR CREATURE OFF!





VERY WELL.

WHEN DALEK SCIENTISTS VIVISECTED THE CREATURES, IT BECAME ALL TOO CLEAR WHAT THEY WERE, AND WHENCE THEY CAME--



THEY ARE DALEKS. THEY ARE LIKE US. THEIR EXISTENCE CANNOT BE TOLERATED.

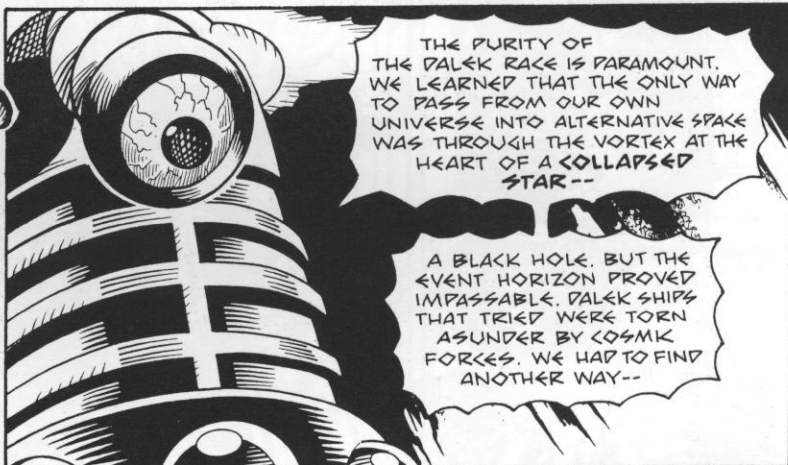
THE DALEKS HAVE ALWAYS UNDERSTOOD THEORIES OF INFINITE PARALLEL- BILLIONS OF ALTERNATE REALITIES EXISTING SIDE-BY-SIDE.

THE POSSIBILITY THAT THESE CREATURES MIGHT CROSS OVER IN FORCE CANNOT BE ENTERTAINED.



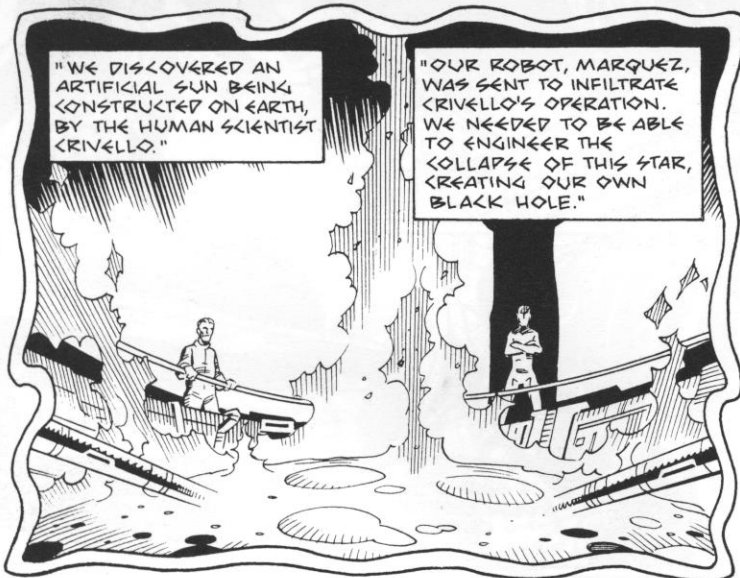
YOU'RE SCARED! THE MIGHTY DALEK EMPIRE - AFRAID OF ITS OWN MURDEROUS COUSINS! WHAT'S THE PLAN, SUPREME?

--"LET'S GET THEM BEFORE THEY GET US?"



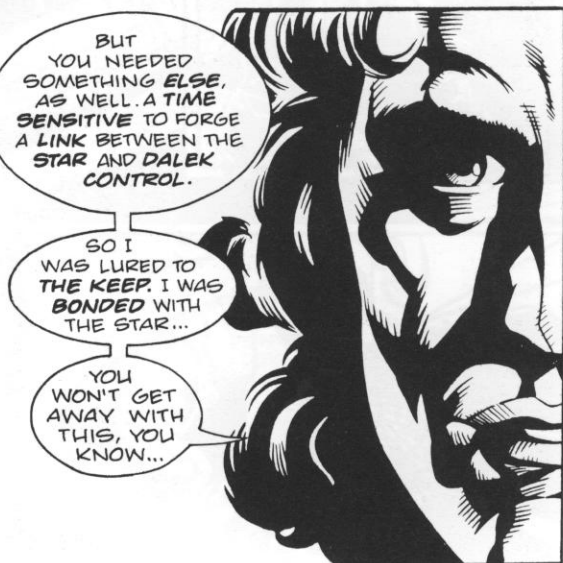
THE PURITY OF THE DALEK RACE IS PARAMOUNT. WE LEARNED THAT THE ONLY WAY TO PASS FROM OUR OWN UNIVERSE INTO ALTERNATIVE SPACE WAS THROUGH THE VORTEX AT THE HEART OF A COLLAPSED STAR --

A BLACK HOLE. BUT THE EVENT HORIZON PROVED IMPASSABLE. DALEK SHIPS THAT TRIED WERE TORN ASUNDER BY COSMIC FORCES. WE HAD TO FIND ANOTHER WAY--



"WE DISCOVERED AN ARTIFICIAL SUN BEING CONSTRUCTED ON EARTH, BY THE HUMAN SCIENTIST CRIVELLO."

"OUR ROBOT, MARQUEZ, WAS SENT TO INFILTRATE CRIVELLO'S OPERATION. WE NEEDED TO BE ABLE TO ENGINEER THE COLLAPSE OF THIS STAR, CREATING OUR OWN BLACK HOLE."



BUT YOU NEEDED SOMETHING ELSE, AS WELL. A TIME SENSITIVE TO FORGE A LINK BETWEEN THE STAR AND DALEK CONTROL.

SO I WAS LURED TO THE KEEP. I WAS BONDED WITH THE STAR...

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, YOU KNOW...







THE  
THRESHOLD  
ARE TAKING CARE  
OF BUSINESS  
HERE--

--AND THE  
MOTION YOU'VE  
PROPOSED JUST  
ISN'T ON THE  
AGENDA.

**ZZZAAAKKK!**

NEXT: "NO MORE DALEKS  
--NO MORE DOCTOR!"

THE PEACE OF THE DISTANT  
NEW EARTH SYSTEM HAS  
BEEN SHATTERED BY THE  
ARRIVAL OF A HUGE BATTLE-  
SHIP--THE DALEK HIVE.

ABOARD THE SATELLOIDS,  
THE ENSLAVED DESCENDANTS  
OF THE PIONEERS WHO MADE  
THE CAULDRON HUMANITY'S  
LAST GREAT HOPE NOW  
SUPERVISE ITS HIJACK--

PREPARING FOR THE MOMENT  
WHEN IT BECOMES NAUGHT  
BUT A GATEWAY, A MEANS  
TO THE DALEKS'  
MONOMANIACAL END--

--AND IN JUST  
989 RELS.

AT THE CREST OF THE HIVE, THE  
SUPREME OVERSEES THE  
DOWNLOADING OF THE STOLEN  
DATA WHICH WILL ENABLE THE  
METAMORPHOSIS OF THIS  
LIVING SUN--

IT WILL BE THE  
DALEKS' GREATEST  
TRIUMPH--

--AND IN JUST  
971 RELS.

AND THE DOCTOR?

THEY'VE TAKEN ALL THEY NEED  
FROM HIM. CUT THE CONNECTION  
THEY REQUIRE FROM HIS LIVING  
BRAIN. IT'S THE END--

YEAR ZERO APPROACHES.  
WHEN THE CAULDRON IS  
COLLAPSED, THE DALEKS  
WILL BEGIN THE RAPE OF  
EACH AND EVERY UNIVERSE.  
HISTORY WILL BEGIN AGAIN--

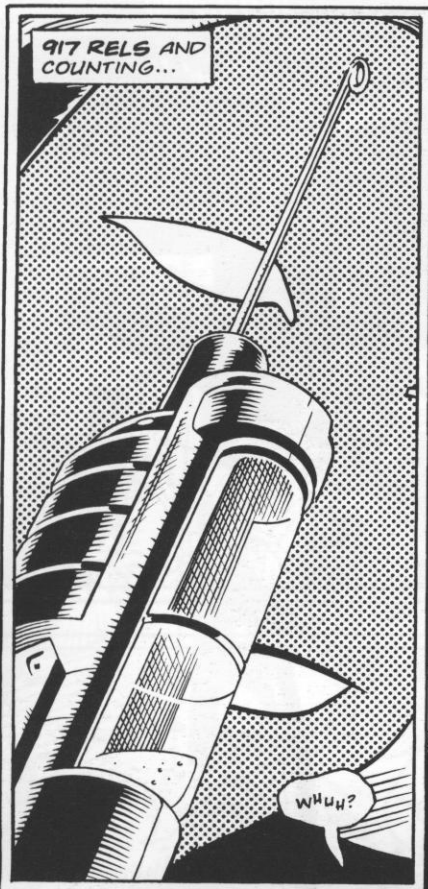
AND HE'S  
LITTERLY  
UNPREPARED.

--AND IN JUST  
1,000 RELS.

**FIRE  
AND  
BRIMSTONE**

STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS: ROBIN SMITH  
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY





917 RELS AND  
COUNTING...

WHUH?



FEEL  
BETTER  
NOW?



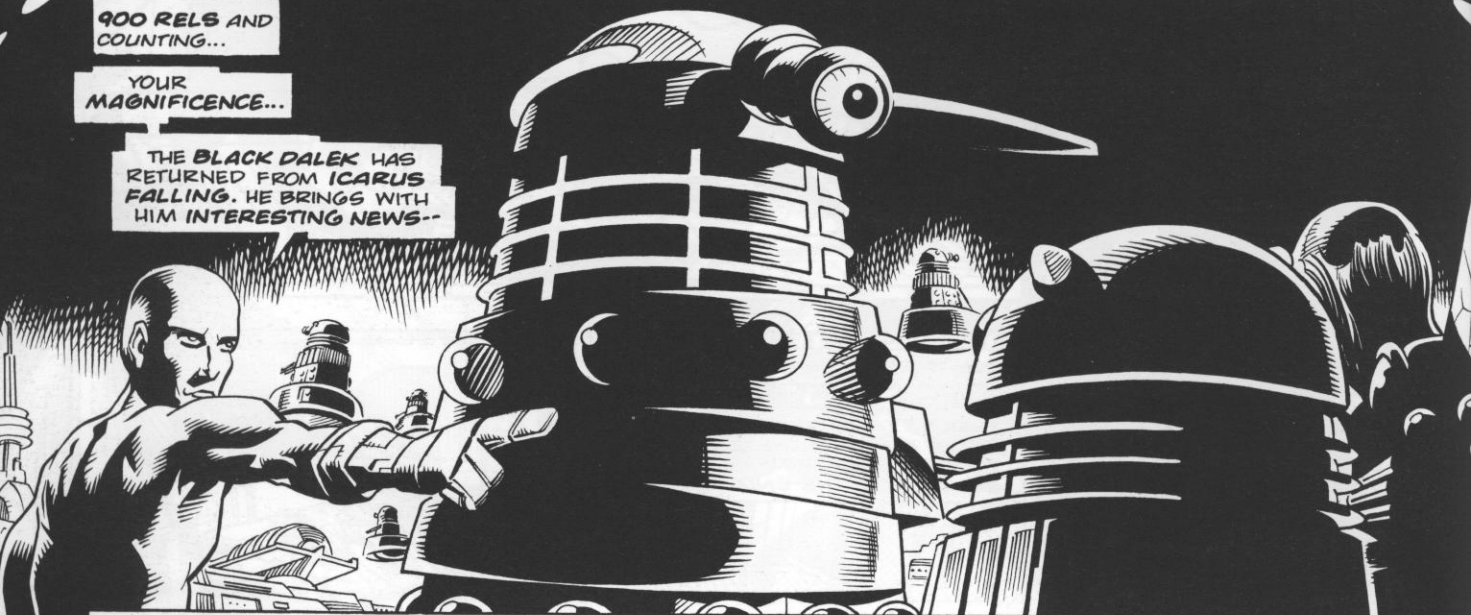
HELLO  
AGAIN. I'M WITH  
THE  
THRESHOLD--

CAN WE  
TALK?

900 RELS AND  
COUNTING...

YOUR  
MAGNIFICENCE...

THE BLACK DALEK HAS  
RETURNED FROM ICARUS  
FALLING. HE BRINGS WITH  
HIM INTERESTING NEWS--



-- ABOUT A  
CERTAIN  
PRISONER.

BLACK SUN  
RISING. TERRIBLE  
THINGS...

FIRE AND  
BRIMSTONE...

FIRE AND  
BRIMSTONE!





764 RELS AND COUNTING...

AHH. THAT'S BETTER. HAVEN'T HAD ONE OF THESE IN NEARLY SIX YEARS--

DEEP COVER IS ALL VERY WELL, BUT ALL THAT PURITY GETS TO A GIRL AFTER A TIME.



TO BUSINESS. WE HAVE A SITUATION. THE DALEKS ARE JUST MINUTES AWAY FROM EXECUTING THEIR PLAN. THIS, NEEDLESS TO SAY, DID NOT FEATURE IN OUR STRATEGY FOR THE FUTURE OF THE UNIVERSE--

WELL, NOT IN THE MEDIUM TERM, AT LEAST.



YOU USED ME. YOU KILLED ACE--

WHATEVER YOU WANT, I REFUSE!

\* SEE GROUND ZERO, DWM 230-242.



WE'VE CHANGED IN THE FEW THOUSAND YEARS SINCE YOU DEALT WITH US LAST. OUR MODUS OPERANDI IS NO LONGER AGGRESSIVELY INTERVENTIONIST--

WE OBSERVE, PROTECT, INFLUENCE. WE FUNDED CRIVELLO. WE FUNDED THE CAULDRON. I'VE SAFEGUARDED THAT INVESTMENT FOR THE PAST SIX YEARS.

IF YOU WANT AN APOLOGY, DOCTOR, YOU'LL GET ONE. BUT IN THE MEANTIME--



HELP US. PLEASE.

"HE'LL NEVER FALL FOR IT."



OH, BUT HE WILL, MISS IZZY, HE WILL. WE'VE RESEARCHED THIS DOCTOR THOROUGHLY--

CHASTITY IS LISSOM, AUBURN-HAIRED AND QUITE A PERFORMER. THERE'S AN 87.6% CHANCE HE'LL PUT HIS FAITH IN HER--

INCREASING TO 94% IF HE HAD SHREDDED WHEAT FOR BREAKFAST.



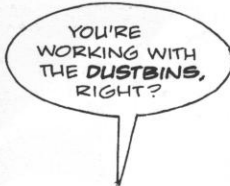


CUT ME FREE.

WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO.

THE TIME LORD FROM GALLIFREY--

HE SAY "YES".



YOU'RE WORKING WITH THE DUSTBINS, RIGHT?

CERTAINLY NOT. WE'VE TRIED. I SAW THE MINUTES: "POINT 1: CONQUER. POINT 2: SUBJUGATE. POINT 3: EXTERMINATE." TOO EXTREME A BUSINESS PLAN, EVEN FOR US. NO, NO--

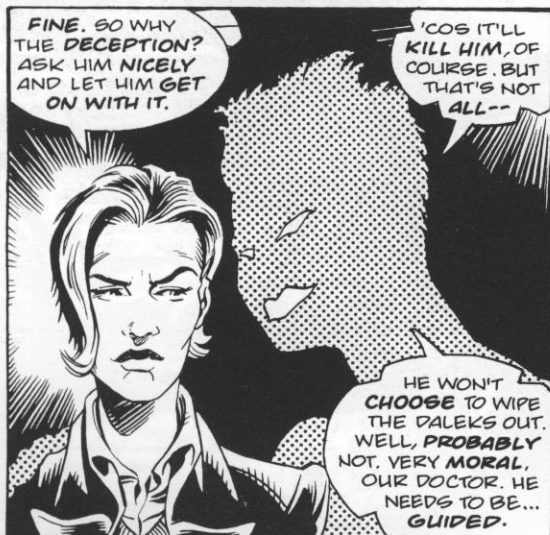
WE'RE GOING TO DESTROY THEM.



WE'VE TAMPERED WITH THE CAULDRON. IT'S A TRAP.

WHEN THE DALEKS TRY TO PASS THROUGH THE WORMHOLE, IT'LL CLOSE AROUND THE HIVE, CONSUME THEM ALL. BUT THERE'S A CATCH--

WE NEED THE DOCTOR. HE'S THE KEY. HE'S PART OF THE CAULDRON. ONLY HE CAN MAKE IT WORK.



FINE. SO WHY THE DECEPTION? ASK HIM NICELY AND LET HIM GET ON WITH IT.

'COS IT'LL KILL HIM, OF COURSE. BUT THAT'S NOT ALL--

HE WON'T CHOOSE TO WIPE THE DALEKS OUT. WELL, PROBABLY NOT. VERY MORAL, OUR DOCTOR. HE NEEDS TO BE... GUIDED.



SO, WHAT DO YOU GET OUT OF ALL THIS?

WHY, OUR COMMISSION, WHAT ELSE? WE'RE ACTING ON BEHALF OF SOME VERY SPECIAL CLIENTS. AND, NO, I'M NOT TELLING YOU WHO. DISCRETION IS OUR WATCHWORD. THAT, AND "SLEAZE"...

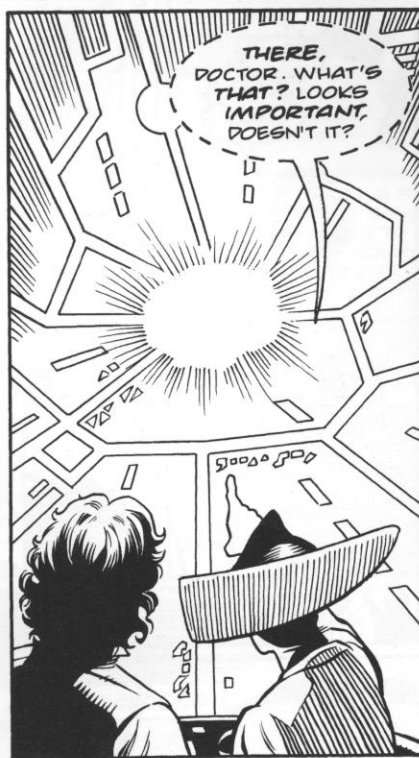
THERE'S OUR REWARD. SEE?



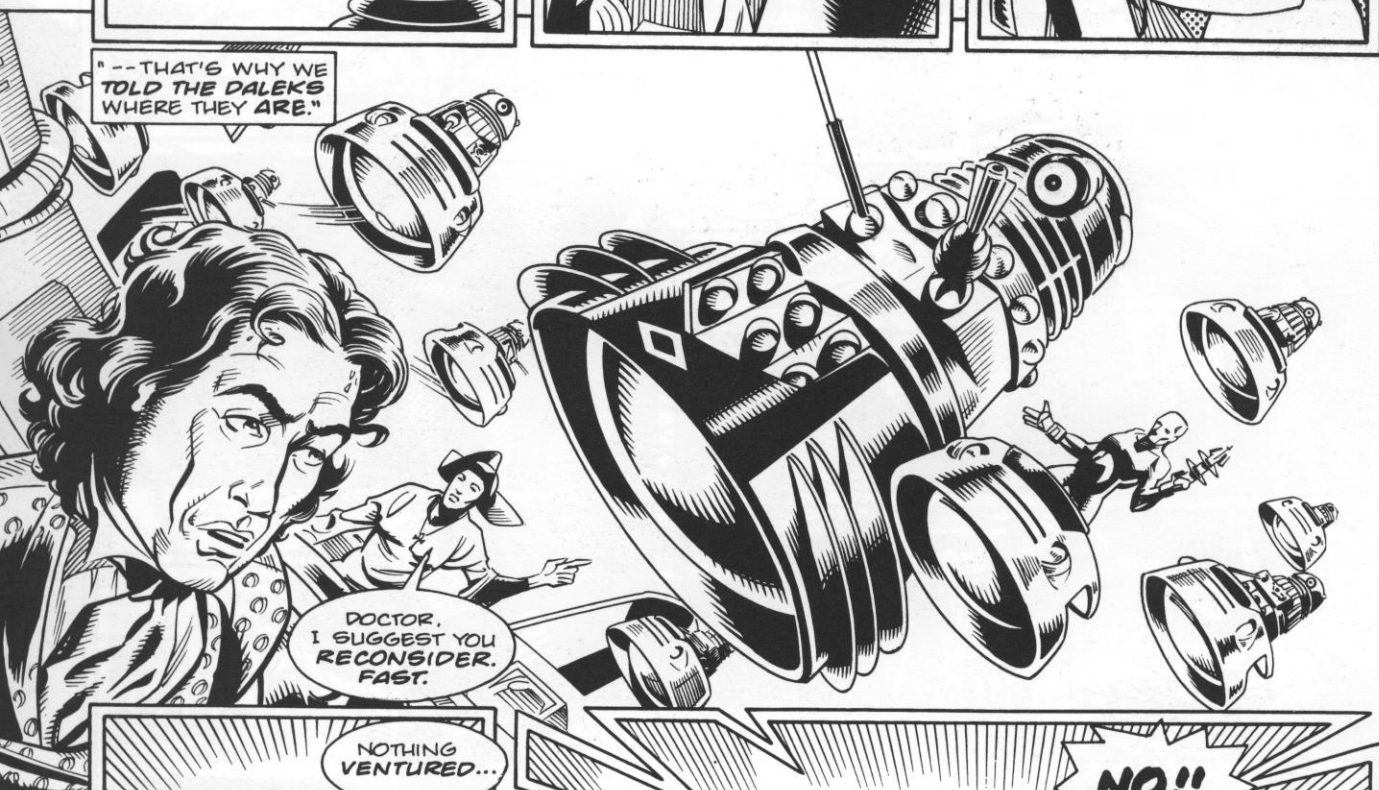
WHAT'S IN IT?

SECRETS. BIG SECRETS. IT'S SEALED NOW. WHEN THE JOB IS DONE, IT'LL OPEN ITSELF. AND THEN--

ENOUGH, ALREADY. 513 RELS TO GO--







28 RELS AND  
COUNTING...

WE NO LONGER  
HAVE NEED OF SUCH  
A CRUDE MECHANISM  
TO ACHIEVE OUR END,  
DOCTOR--

WE HAVE  
ACQUIRED  
A SECOND  
CONTINGENCY!

19 RELS...

THIS  
CREATURE  
IS NO MERE  
HUMAN--

IT IS THE SPAWN OF  
THE CAULDRON! A FLESHY  
SYMBIOTE, ITS SECRET  
UNKNOWN EVEN TO ITSELF!  
THROUGH THE CONTAGIUM,  
IT IS NOW UNDER DALEK  
CONTROL!



COLLAPSE  
THE  
CAULDRON!

I...  
OBEY.

PTOLEMY,  
NO!

STOP ALL THE CLOCKS.

THE STAR IMPLODES,  
BECOMES A SWIRLING  
MAELSTROM OF  
UNIMAGINABLE DESIGN.

THE GATEWAY  
IS OPEN.

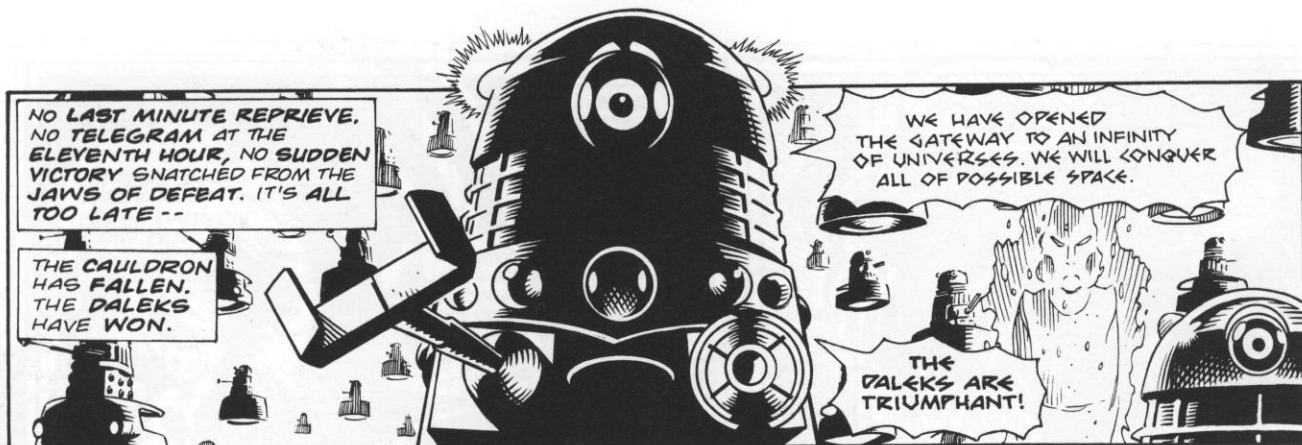
I DON'T UNDER-  
STAND. WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?

THE UN-  
THINKABLE.  
IT'S ALL  
OVER--

THE  
DALEKS  
HAVE  
WON.

NEXT: "ONE WAY OR  
ANOTHER, WE'RE  
ALL DOOMED!"





NO LAST MINUTE REPRIEVE.  
NO TELEGRAM AT THE  
ELEVENTH HOUR, NO SUDDEN  
VICTORY SNATCHED FROM THE  
JAWS OF DEFEAT. IT'S ALL  
TOO LATE--

THE CAULDRON  
HAS FALLEN.  
THE DALEKS  
HAVE WON.

WE HAVE OPENED  
THE GATEWAY TO AN INFINITY  
OF UNIVERSES. WE WILL CONQUER  
ALL OF POSSIBLE SPACE.

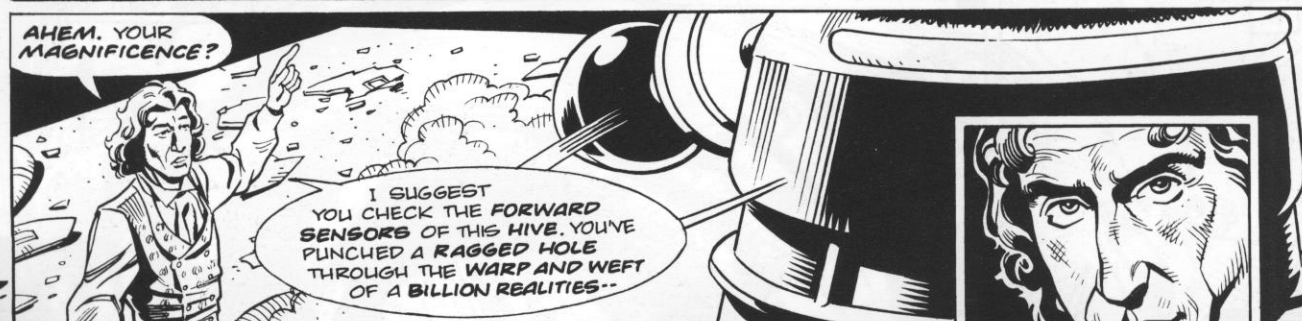
THE  
DALEKS  
ARE  
TRIUMPHANT!



IS THAT IT? IS  
THERE NOTHING  
WE CAN DO?

NEVER  
SAY DIE, CHASTITY.  
THE WORMHOLE WON'T  
BE STABLE FOR--OOH,  
ANOTHER 200 RELS. WE'VE  
GOT THREE-AND-A-BIT  
MINUTES LEFT TO SAVE  
THE DAY--

AND  
WE'RE ALL  
DAMNED IF  
I DON'T  
TRY.



AHEM. YOUR  
MAGNIFICENCE?

I SUGGEST  
YOU CHECK THE FORWARD  
SENSORS OF THIS HIVE. YOU'VE  
PUNCHED A RAGGED HOLE  
THROUGH THE WARP AND WEFT  
OF A BILLION REALITIES--



SUDDENLY UNBOUND, THE VILE  
NIGHTMARES OF INFINITE  
SPACE SPILL OUT ONTO OUR  
OWN SPACE PLANE, SWARMING,  
HEAVING, SEETHING--

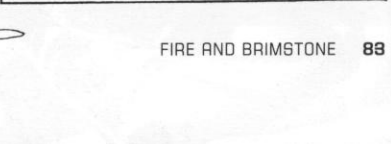
--I WONDER  
WHAT MIGHT BE  
COMING OUT?

A PERPETUITY OF HELL'S BLUR AS ALL  
POSSIBLE UNIVERSES BECOME ONE--  
ABADDON--THE ABODE OF THE DAMNED--

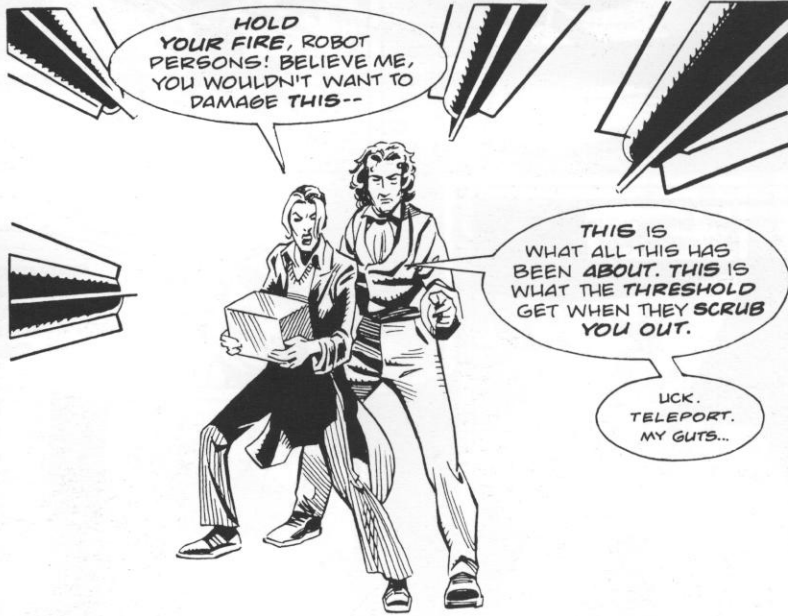
--BECOME, SIMPLY, THE END.

# FIRE AND BRIMSTONE

STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY  
INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ELITTA FELL  
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT+SCOTT GRAY.

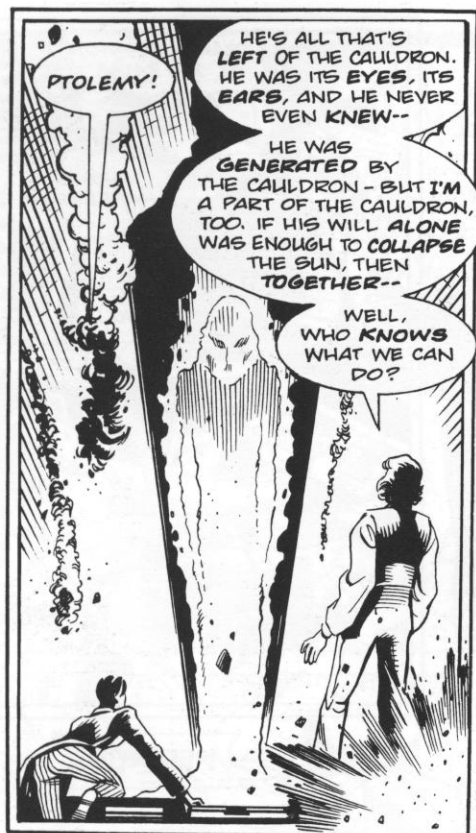












PTOLEMY!

HE'S ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THE CAULDRON. HE WAS ITS EYES, ITS EARS, AND HE NEVER EVEN KNEW--

HE WAS GENERATED BY THE CAULDRON - BUT I'M A PART OF THE CAULDRON, TOO. IF HIS WILL ALONE WAS ENOUGH TO COLLAPSE THE SUN, THEN TOGETHER--

WELL, WHO KNOWS WHAT WE CAN DO?

DOCTOR?

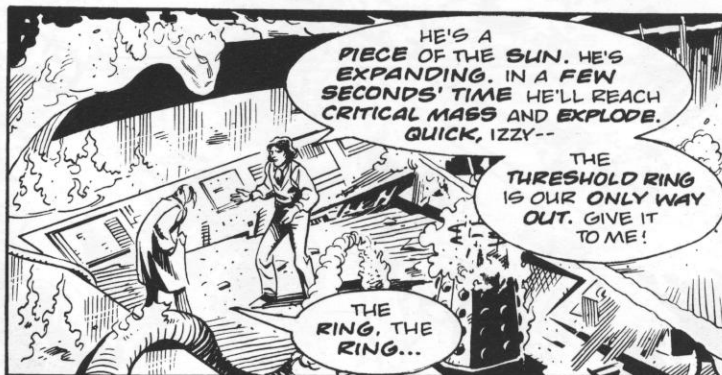
YES. TAKE THE STRENGTH YOU NEED FROM ME. PURGE YOURSELF OF THE DALEKS' CONTROL. YOU KNEW THE STORM WAS COMING. YOU TRIED TO WARN US ALL--

NOW IT'S TIME TO DRAW UPON ALL YOUR RESERVES. TO DO WHAT YOU MUST TO SAVE US. IT'S TIME TO END IT, CAULDRON--

IT'S TIME TO GO NOVA.



I-- AGREE.



HE'S A PIECE OF THE SUN. HE'S EXPANDING. IN A FEW SECONDS' TIME HE'LL REACH CRITICAL MASS AND EXPLODE. QUICK, IZZY--

THE THRESHOLD RING IS OUR ONLY WAY OUT. GIVE IT TO ME!

THE RING, THE RING...



ERADICATE!

NO!!!

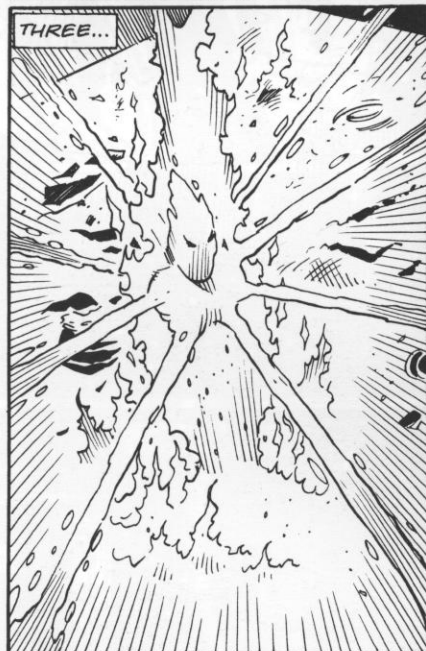


STUPID, STUPID, STUPID--

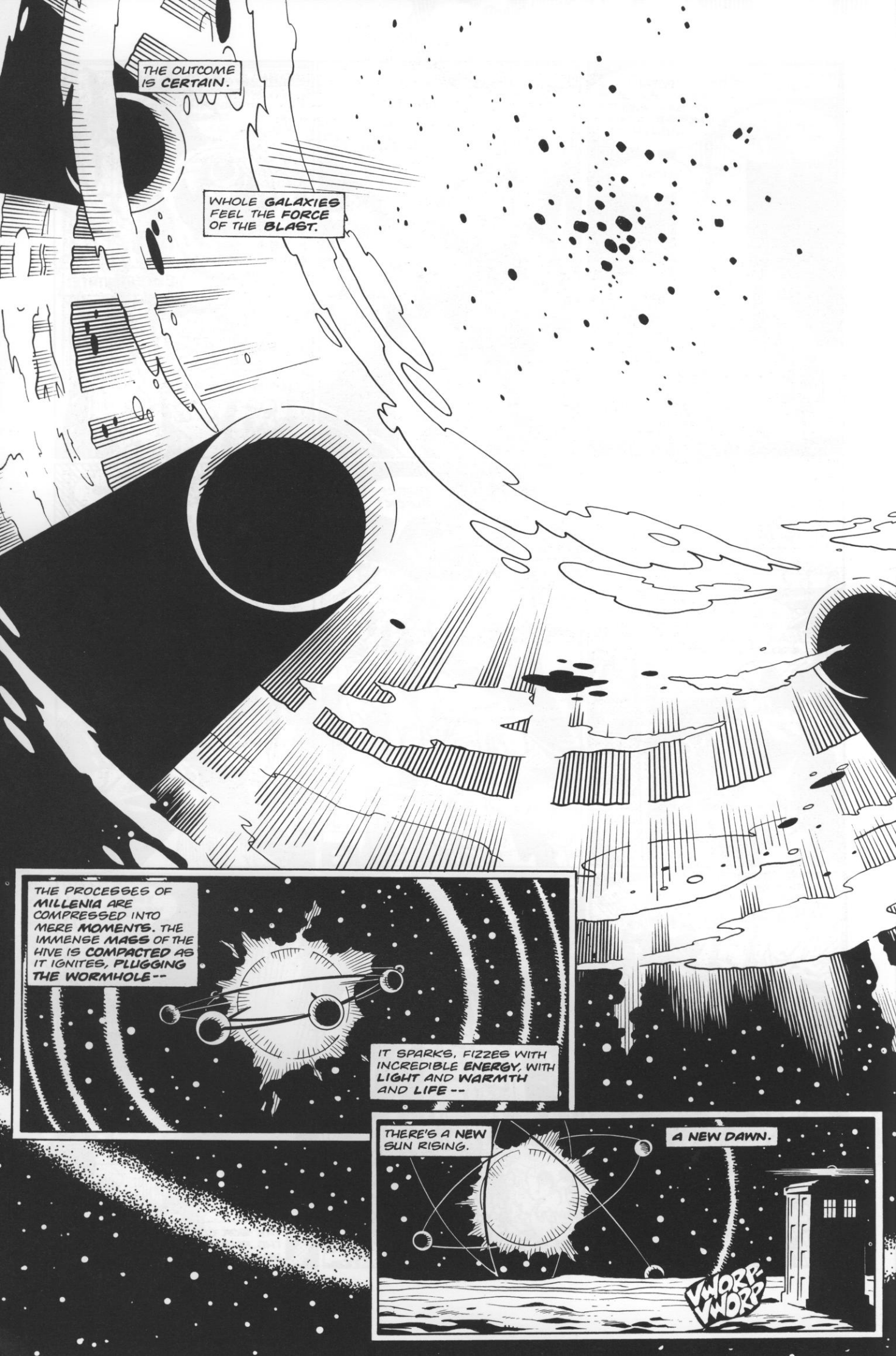
WE'RE DEAD NOW, AREN'T WE?

BUTTER-FINGERS. CAN'T BE HELPED. BUT IT'S ALRIGHT, IZZY--

LOOK!







THE OUTCOME  
IS CERTAIN.

WHOLE GALAXIES  
FEEL THE FORCE  
OF THE BLAST.

THE PROCESSES OF  
MILLENNIA ARE  
COMPRESSED INTO  
MERE MOMENTS. THE  
IMMENSE MASS OF THE  
HIVE IS COMPACTED AS  
IT IGNITES, PLUGGING  
THE WORMHOLE--

IT SPARKS, FIZZES WITH  
INCREDIBLE ENERGY, WITH  
LIGHT AND WARMTH  
AND LIFE--

THERE'S A NEW  
SUN RISING.

A NEW DAWN.

WOWP  
WOWP



FRESH AIR. LUCKY. SO DID THE DALEKS TAKE THE TARDIS TO THE HIVE, OR WHAT?

POSSIBLY. OR MAYBE CERTAIN OTHERS THOUGHT TO TRANSPORT IT FROM AFAR--

OTHERS WHO COULD. I KNOW WHERE TO FIND THE ANSWER, AND, YES, WE'LL GO THERE. NOT YET, BUT SOON.



THEY'LL BE SAFE UP THERE IN THE SATELLOIDS NOW THE DALEKS' CONTROL IS EXTINGUISHED. THE CAULDRON MAY BE DEAD, BUT A SUN IS BORN ANEW--

I WAS PART OF IT, IZZY. I WAS TOUCHED BY IT, BY ITS POWER. IT WAS LIKE NOTHING ELSE I'VE EVER KNOWN. I FELT...

WELL, HUMBLLED.



CHEER UP, DOCTOR. YOU MAY NO LONGER BE A SUN--

--BUT YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A STAR.



AWW. SWEET--



--BUT LET'S REVIEW THE MATCH, SHALL WE?



SO, YOU WON ON PENALTIES IN THE VERY LAST MINUTE OF EXTRA TIME. BUT IF YOU THINK IT'S ALLOVER--

JUST REMEMBER THERE'S THE DECIDER YET TO PLAY. BE SEEING YOU, DOCTOR--



--WE'LL BE JUST AROUND THE CORNER.

The End.



1939. THOSE WHO SAIL THE INDIAN OCEAN KNOW IT ONLY AS 'THE ISLAND'. IT'S SAID THAT THE CARTOGRAPHERS OF ALEXANDRIA ITSELF WERE THE LAST TO PLACE IT ON A MAP--

THAT GREAT AND WONDERFUL REPOSITORY BURNED TO THE GROUND SOON AFTER. (THIS WAS PROBABLY COINCIDENCE.)



MY FRIENDS! O, MY MAGNIFICENT FRIENDS--

--YOU CANNOT IMAGINE HOW GLADDENED, I, VARNEY, AM TO SEE YOU ALL HERE.

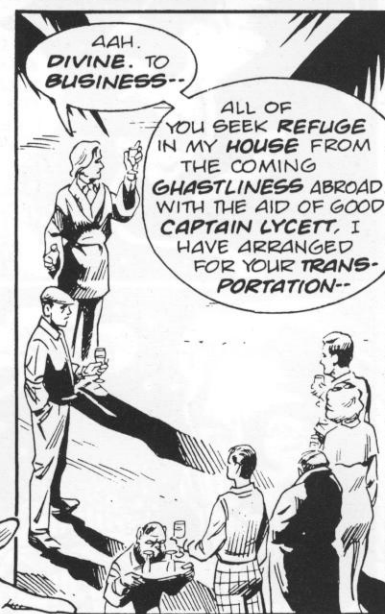
CHAMPAGNE?



STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY  
INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ELITTA FELL  
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY

AAH. DIVINE. TO BUSINESS--

ALL OF YOU SEEK REFUGE IN MY HOUSE FROM THE COMING GHASTLINESS ABROAD. WITH THE AID OF GOOD CAPTAIN LYCETT, I HAVE ARRANGED FOR YOUR TRANSPORTATION--



--HERE, ON MY ISLAND, YOU MAY SIT OUT THE FIGHTING. FOR THIS, I ASK NO FEE--

--BAR A SMALL DEVOTION, AN OBJET OF UNIQUENESS I MAY VALUE IN MY GRAND SECLUSION. NOW, BRING THESE ITEMS FORTH...





HERE  
MARWOOD, ROGUE  
AND DILETTANTE  
OF INTERNATIONAL  
ILL-REPUTE--

DO I SPY  
TEMPLAR TREASURE  
FOR MY  
AMUSEMENT?

HERE,  
VARNEY--

THE SHROUD OF  
THE WICKED THIRD EMIR  
OF PALESTINE - STITCHED  
FROM THE SKIN OF TEN  
VANQUISHED  
CRUSADERS!



AH, MISS  
SABINE SMITTING,  
ACTRESS. COURTESAN  
TO THE CROWNED HEADS  
OF EUROPE - ALL FIVE,  
I BELIEVE--

AND  
THEIR SONS.  
WHAT BRING  
YOU?

THE PANTS  
OF THE PAPACY.  
THERE'S A LABEL  
INSIDE--

DON'T  
ASK. I WON'T  
TELL.



CANON  
AELFRIC PINCOCK,  
WHOSE PUBLIC ZEAL ONCE  
EXTENDED TO ADVOCATE  
THE BURNING OF  
SUFFRAGETTES--

THIS  
AWFUL CENTURY.  
EVEN THE SYNOD FROWN  
ON NECROMANCY  
NOW.

THE  
COLLECTION PLATE  
OF THE ABBEY OF  
THELEMA, NEAR  
CEFALU--

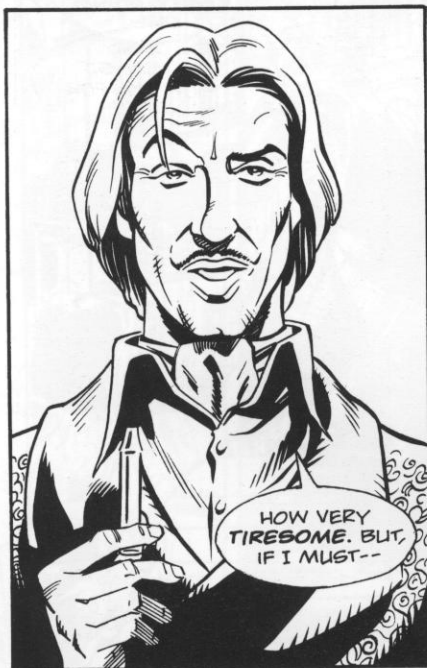
METHINKS  
CROWLEY WILL  
BE MOST  
ENRAGED.



A TIN-  
WHISTLE, MS  
TRUSCOTT-  
SADE?

I EXPECTED  
GREATER THINGS OF  
THE ALLEGED LEADER OF  
THE UNDERGROUND SALON  
AESTHETIC...

TRUSCOTT-  
SADE WILL ALONE  
SUFFICE, VARNEY. AND  
I SUGGEST YOU BLOW  
ON IT BEFORE YOU SEND  
ME BACK TO MISTER  
HITLER AND HIS  
TEUTON  
HORDES.



HOW VERY  
TIRESOME. BUT,  
IF I MUST--



PHEEEP!



EH?





HELLO?

DID  
SOMEONE  
CALL?

I BRING YOU THE  
DOCTOR, A BEING FROM WORLDS  
UNKNOWN, IN HIS SPACE AND  
TIME CONTRAPTION.

O, BUT HOW  
MARVELLOUS!



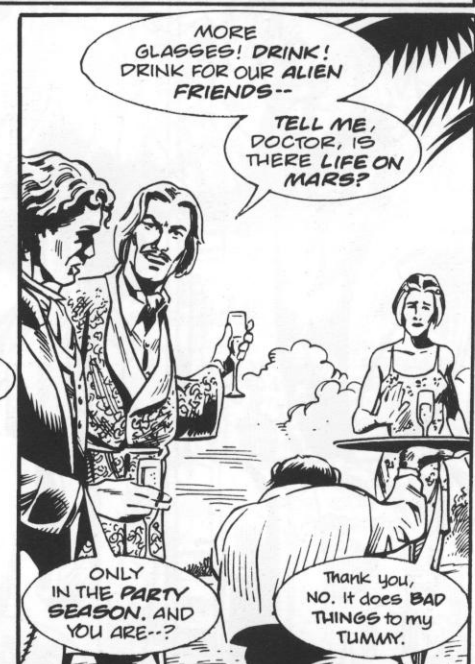
FEY  
TRUSCOTT-SADE!  
I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE  
THAT STICKY BUSINESS  
WITH THE PSYCHIC WEASELS  
OF RUSSELL  
SQUARE...

FEY,  
IZZY, IZZY,  
FEY--



--ART--  
DETECTIVE AND LOVER  
OF BEAUTY. CHARMED,  
I'M SURE.

OO-ER.



MORE  
GLASSES! DRINK!  
DRINK FOR OUR ALIEN  
FRIENDS--

TELL ME,  
DOCTOR, IS  
THERE LIFE ON  
MARS?

ONLY  
IN THE PARTY  
SEASON, AND  
YOU ARE--?

Thank you,  
NO. It does BAD  
THINGS to my  
TUMMY.



I AM  
VARNEY, A HUMBLE  
HERMIT. MY LITTLE PILGRIMS  
ARE GATHERED FROM THE  
CONTINENT, AND WE SHALL  
REVEL 'TIL THE COMING WAR  
BE DONE. BUT ENOUGH  
OF THIS--

TO THE  
HOUSE! THE  
MAIDEN DUSK WILL  
SHORTLY WRAP HER  
STURDY ARMS AROUND  
THE SUN. WE WILL DINE  
HUGELY, AND I WILL  
SHOW YOU MY  
EPHEMERA...



COME!  
COME!

IS IT  
ME, OR IS THAT  
MARWOOD?\*

HIS  
GRANDFATHER,  
PROBABLY. BUT THAT'S  
NOT ALL. I GAVE FEY  
THAT STATENHEIM  
SUMMONER AS A  
FAVOUR IN CASE OF  
EMERGENCY--



"ART  
DETECTIVE"; MY EYE.  
SHE'S AN AGENT OF THE  
CROWN AND SHE'S WORKING  
UNDERCOVER--

--AND  
I CAN'T WAIT TO  
FIND OUT WHAT'S  
REALLY GOING  
ON!

\*SEE ENDGAME, DWM 244-247.





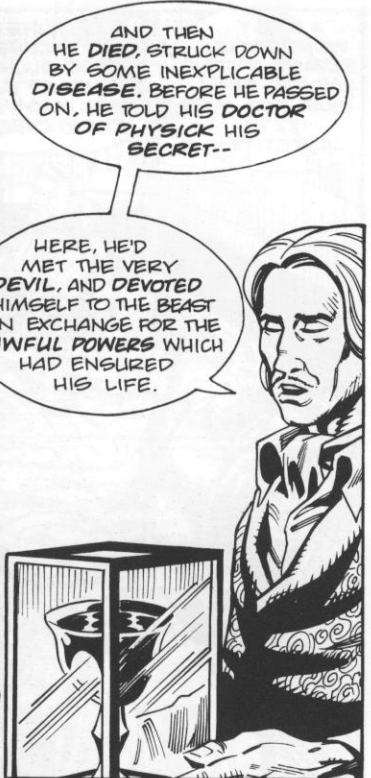


"HE WAS SHIPWRECKED HERE, ON THIS ISLAND. HERE, HE CHANGED. HE WAS NEXT HEARD OF FIVE YEARS LATER--"



"HE'D BECOME A FEARED PIRATE, THE LEADER OF A HELLISH CULT OF BUCCANEERS. HIS BITE, IT IS SAID, COULD ENSLAVE THOSE HE CHOSE--"

"HE GREW RICH ON BOOTY AND PLUNDER, FAT ON THE FLESH HE'D CRAVED SINCE HIS TIME ON THE ISLAND. HERE, HE BUILT THIS HOUSE, HIS XANADU."



AND THEN HE DIED, STRUCK DOWN BY SOME INEXPLICABLE DISEASE. BEFORE HE PASSED ON, HE TOLD HIS DOCTOR OF PHYSICK HIS SECRET--

HERE, HE'D MET THE VERY DEVIL, AND DEVOTED HIMSELF TO THE BEAST IN EXCHANGE FOR THE AWFUL POWERS WHICH HAD ENSURED HIS LIFE.



BUT THE DEVIL HAD GRANTED HIM ONE FINAL, DREADFUL CHANCE--

THIS CHALICE CONTAINS HIS BLOOD. IT HAS NOT DRIED IN THE CENTURIES SINCE HIS DOCTOR LEECHED IT AS HIS DYING REQUEST--

WHOMSOEVER SHOULD DRINK OF IT, HE VOWED, WOULD BE POSSESSED OF VARNEY'S SPIRIT. THE FIEND WOULD LIVE AGAIN.



LATER...

YOU'RE SCOWLING, IZZY. WHAT'S THE MATTER?

THAT MARWOOD WAS PLAYING FOOTBIE ALL THROUGH THE CHEESE BOARD-- AND JUST NOW HE TOLD ME THAT HE'D HAD A MIND TO "SPOIL ME" WHATEVER THAT MEANS.

DON'T LAUGH.



YOU NEVER KNOW, MAYBE YOU'LL TURN OUT TO BE THE OTHER MARWOOD'S NAN...









NEXT: BLOOD AND IRON

'TIS THE WEE  
SMALL HOURS--

--AND THE DEVIL  
IS AFOOT.

IT SEEMS,  
DEAR FRIENDS,  
THAT ONE OF OUR  
NUMBER HAS CHOSEN  
TO DRINK DEEP  
OF PLEASURES  
PROSCRIBED...

MY CUP  
RUNNETH OVER--AND  
LIKEWISE THE JUGULAR  
OF POOR LYCETT  
HERE--

O! WHO  
WOULD HAVE THOUGHT  
THE BOY TO HAVE HAD  
SO MUCH BLOOD  
IN HIM?

I GENSE  
THE BAD CAPTAIN  
VARNEY LIVES  
AGAIN--

SO,  
TELL ME,  
COMRADES--

WHICH OF  
YOU HAS DONE  
THIS THING?

# Tooth and Claw

PART TWO

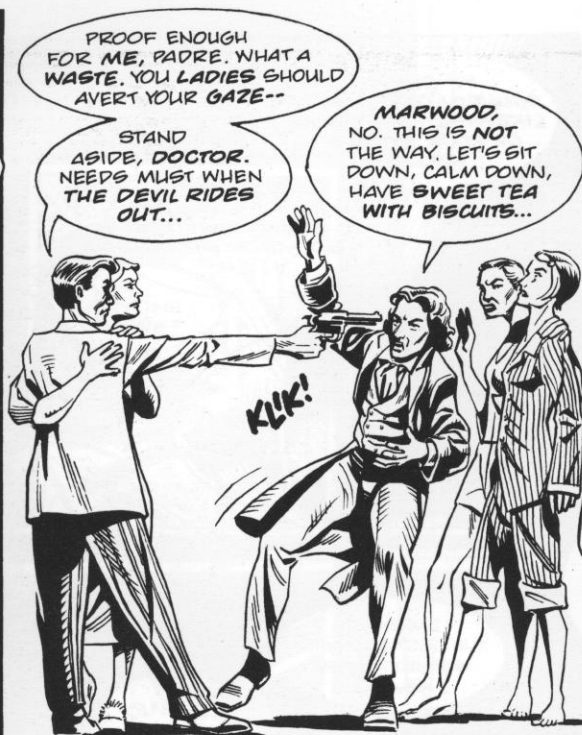
STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY  
INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ELITTA FELL  
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY





EASILY RESOLVED, VARNEY. MISS IZZY'S CHOICE OF READING MATTER CLEARLY INDICATES A DEMONIC BENT--

--AND WE ONLY HAVE HER WORD THAT THE BODY WAS "DISCOVERED"!



PROOF ENOUGH FOR ME, PADRE. WHAT A WASTE. YOU LADIES SHOULD AVERT YOUR GAZE--

STAND ASIDE, DOCTOR. NEEDS MUST WHEN THE DEVIL RIDES OUT...

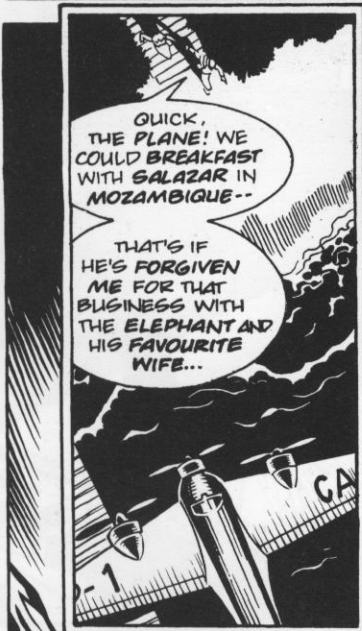
MARWOOD, NO. THIS IS NOT THE WAY. LET'S SIT DOWN, CALM DOWN, HAVE SWEET TEA WITH BISCUITS...

KLK!



PSHAW! NEVER DID THRILL TO KILLING MUCH.

YOU I TRUST, MISS SNITCHING. I HEARD YOU A-BED. LET'S LEAVE THESE OTHERS TO THE BEAST--



QUICK, THE PLANE! WE COULD BREAKFAST WITH SALAZAR IN MOZAMBIQUE--

THAT'S IF HE'S FORGIVEN ME FOR THAT BUSINESS WITH THE ELEPHANT AND HIS FAVOURITE WIFE...



EEEE!!

GAAH!!



NO-ONE'S GOING ANYWHERE TONIGHT. INSIDE AT ONCE, YOU FOOLISH MAN--

WE'VE GOT COFFEE AND PANDA RASHERS ON THE GO...

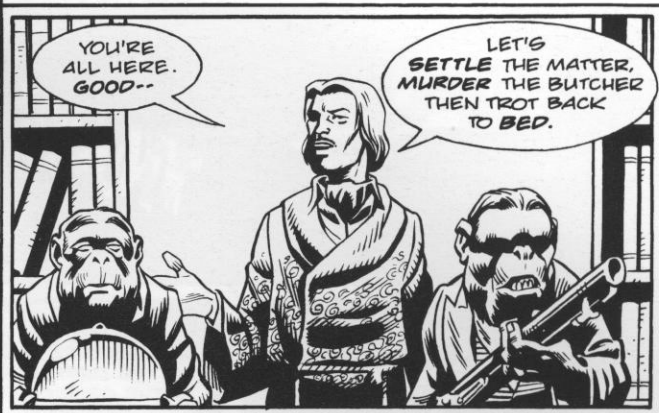


AND SO--

THE TARDIS KEY HAS GONE FROM MY POCKETS. AND SOME OF THE WOUNDS ON LYCETT WEREN'T CAUSED BY TOOTH OR CLAW, BUT BY A METAL IMPLEMENT--

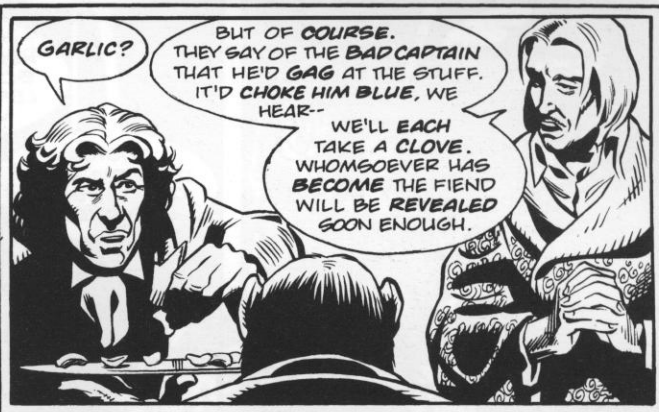
TALK TO ME, FEY. WHEN WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON?

WHEN I FIND OUT, DOCTOR. NOW ISN'T THE TIME.



YOU'RE ALL HERE. GOOD--

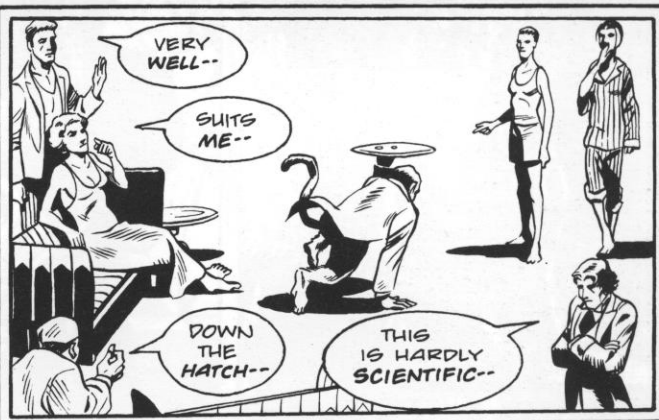
LET'S SETTLE THE MATTER. MURDER THE BUTCHER THEN TROT BACK TO BED.



GARLIC?

BUT OF COURSE. THEY SAY OF THE BAD CAPTAIN THAT HE'D GAG AT THE STUFF. IT'D CHOKE HIM BLUE, WE HEAR--

WE'LL EACH TAKE A CLOVE. WHOMSOEVER HAS BECOME THE FIEND WILL BE REVEALED SOON ENOUGH.



VERY WELL--

SUITS ME--

DOWN THE HATCH--

THIS IS HARDLY SCIENTIFIC--



NOT KEEN TO JOIN US, MISS? I WONDER WHY...

I CAN'T. I'VE GOT AN ALLERGY. I'LL GO ALL RED--

YOU KNOW, LIKE YOU DO WITH SHELLFISH.



HOW VERY CONVENIENT.

NO-NO-NO! THIS IS ARCANE AND PARANOID AND STUPID AND I DON'T LET THINGS GO ON LIKE THIS!



QUELLE DOMMAGE.

SHOOT THEM BOTH.



HEY!  
WHO TURNED  
OUT THE--

OW!

THUMP!

NEEK!

SORTED.  
HAS ANYONE  
GOT A--









HMM. THE POWER LINE'S BEEN NEATLY CUT. SOMEONE WANTED THAT BLACKOUT--

HOLD ON. I'LL FUSE IT BACK TOGETHER.



THERE. THAT'S BETTER--

OOOH!

SABINE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



SORRY. I FELT QUITE FAINT FOR A MOMENT--

FAINT AND HUNGRY...

YES. NOW YOU MENTION IT, I FEEL A LITTLE STRANGE MYSELF...



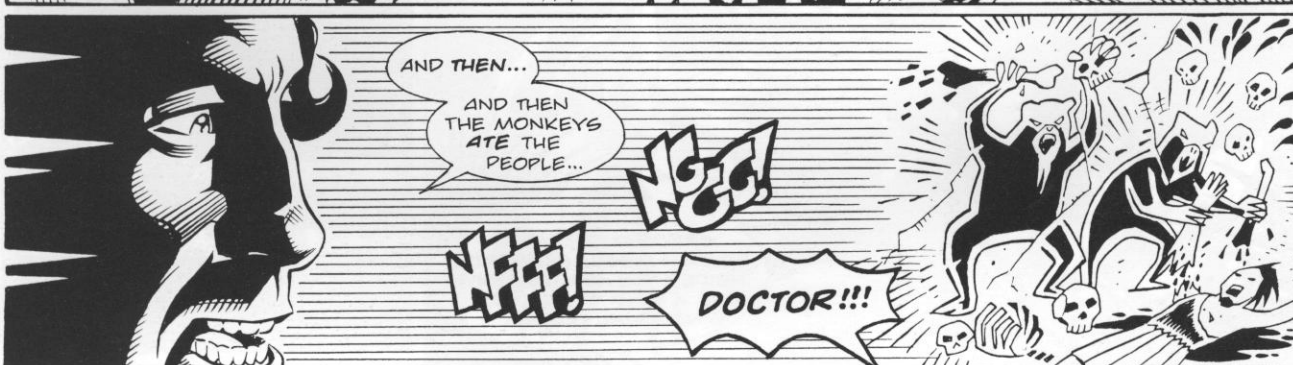
LOOK AT THESE! FASCINATING--

THERE WERE PEOPLE ON THE ISLAND ONCE. THEY LIVED IN THE CAVES, DREW THESE. LOOK AT THIS...



ONE DAY A DEMON ROSE UP FROM INSIDE THE VOLCANO. AND IT TAUGHT THE MONKEYS HOW TO HUNT AND KILL--

D-DOCTOR...



AND THEN...

AND THEN THE MONKEYS ATE THE PEOPLE...

NFF!

NFF!

DOCTOR!!!



NEXT: BLOOD  
AND WINE





# Tooth AND Claw PART THREE

STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY  
INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ELITTA FELL  
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT AND SCOTT GRAY



ELSEWHERE--

GO ON,  
I DARE YOU.  
SAY IT--

SAY  
"EEK".

COME  
OUT, COME OUT,  
WHEREVER YOU  
ARE...

EEK!

I KNOW  
YOU'RE HERE, MISS IZZY.  
YOU LEFT THE FRENCH WINDOWS  
OPEN TO FOOL ME, BUT I  
HEARD YOU CREEP  
DOWN HERE--

BAD CHOICE,  
GIRL. THERE'S NO WAY  
OUT. I'VE HAD MY FEET UP  
WITH A COGNAC THIS  
LAST HALF-HOUR--

AND  
NOW IT'S TIME  
TO DIE!

KONK

GAAH!

BLOOD?  
NO, VINTAGE  
CLARET--

CUNNING  
VIXEN! I'LL HAVE  
YOU YET!

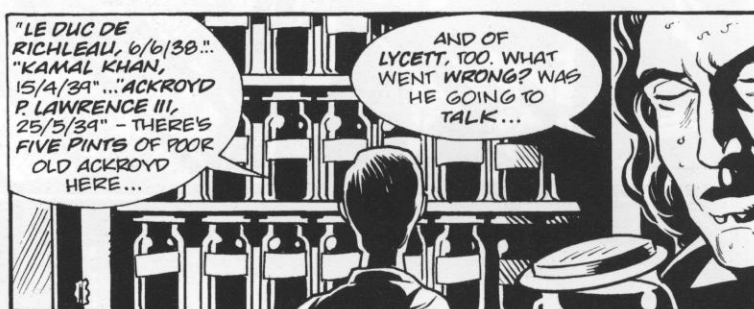
GIVE  
THE EVELYN WAUGH  
BANTER A REST,  
MARWOOD. NO-ONE'S  
IMPRESSED--

WHAT'LL IT  
TAKE TO CONVINCE YOU  
I'M NOT LUCRETIA BORGIA?  
ANOTHER DEATH?

AWEEEEEE!

UNCANNY.

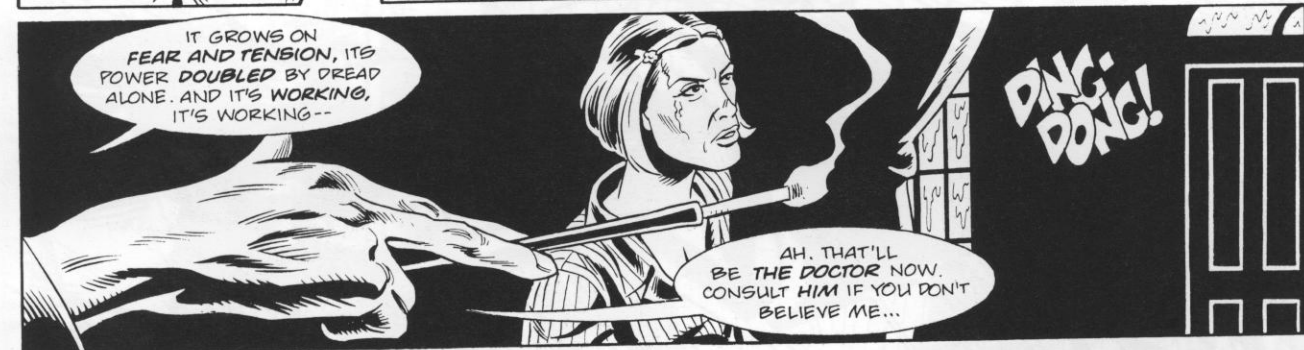
















NO-ONE IS  
SAFE  
ANYMORE.

NEXT: BLOOD AND THUNDER.

DAWN, THE MONKEYS HAVE GATHERED UP A FEW OF VARNEY'S MOST TREASURED THINGS (A SIGNED JUSTINE, SICKERT SKETCHES, ARABY SILKS AND MORE) --

AT THE VOLCANO...



GET THE MIX RIGHT, YOU FOOLS! I MUST HAVE THE PROPORTIONS EXACT--

THERE'S MORE BLUE BLOOD IN THOSE TWO SHOULD YOU NEED IT...

-- AND SET FIRE TO THE HOUSE, FOR ITS MASTER WILL NEVER RETURN.



AH, DOCTOR. HOW GOES YOUR FAST? IT'S BEEN HOURS SINCE YOU FIRST BROKE OUT--

NO HUNGER PANGS? NO LUST FOR BLOOD? I'M SURE MISS ISZY WOULD MAKE A TASTY SNACK--



VARNEY, IF YOU'VE KEPT ME ALIVE JUST TO WATCH ME DEGRADE MYSELF, YOU'RE MUCH MISTAKEN--

BACK HOME, MY FATHER SCARED ME WITH TALES OF UNDEAD KILLERS, OF THE BOWFLEETS WHICH HUNTED THEM DOWN. I AM THE DOCTOR. I WON'T BE A MONSTER--

**I WILL NOT SUCCUMB!**



# Tooth AND Claw

PART FOUR

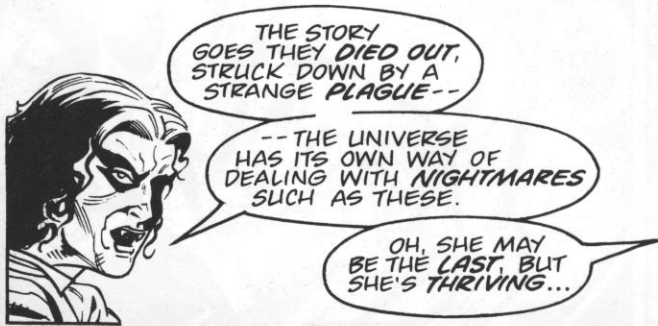
STORY ALAN BARNES PENCILS MARTIN GERAGHTY  
INKS ROBIN SMITH LETTERING ANNIE PARKHOUSE  
EDITORS GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY

PAH, DENY ME MY GLOAT, THEN. SEE IF I CARE--

WATCH ON AND WEEP AS MY PLAN COMES COMPLETE!









"MY ANCESTOR, HOWEVER, WAS AN INTELLIGENT MAN. HE AND THE GOD ACHIEVED A DEEP COMMUNION--"

"IT FILLED HIS HEAD WITH WORDS AS YET UNCOINED - BIOCHEMICAL TERMS, SCIENCES LIKE MAGICK. AND SO HE SET ABOUT THE CREATURE'S RESTITUTION..."



"MONKEY BLOOD'S TOO CRUDE TO BECOME THE FUEL THE CREATURE REQUIRES. IT NEEDED BOTH HUMAN HOSTS AND THE APPLICATION OF SCIENCES UNKNOWN TO THE AGE."

"HENCE THE BAD CAPTAIN: PLUNDER FROM PIRACY ENABLED MY ANCESTOR TO SET UP A PRIMITIVE LABORATORY--"

"IT ENSURED A READY SUPPLY OF EXPERIMENTAL SUBJECTS, TOO."



WE VARNEYS HAVE LABOURED ONE-AND-A-HALF CENTURIES TO BRING ABOUT THIS DAY. THAT QUEST NOW ENDS WITH ME --

AND AT SUCH A FORTUNATE HOUR. MY BLOOD IS WELL DILUTED. I'M NOT THE CREATURE'S SLAVE. THERE'S A TURBULENT NEW WORLD WHICH I'M READY TO EXPLOIT...



"WHEN I'D FOUND THE FORMULA, I MADE A FEW DISCREET CONNECTIONS. THE SHIP MIGHT BECOME A TERRIBLE WEAPON--"

"THE NAZIS OFFERED ME IMPERIAL DOMINION OVER THE AMERICAS - ONCE I'D HELPED THEM CONQUER IT. THE YANKEES WANT MR FORD'S PRODUCTION LINES TURNING OUT THE CREATURES EN MASSE."



D'YOU NOT SEE? WHEN THE COMING WAR ERUPTS, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER I AM GOING TO MAKE A KILLING.

IT'S FRIGHTFULLY GAUCHE, I KNOW.

AND NOW?



I'M MOVING OUT. IF EVEN THE BRITISH, MR TRUSCOTTSIDE, CAN TRACK ME DOWN, I'M SAFER IN ANOTHER LAIR. THE CREATURE'S TANKS ARE FULL ENOUGH --

I'LL SIT TIGHT IN A HIDEY-HOLE ELSEWHERE.

THERE'S JUST ONE THING YOU'VE FORGOTTEN, YOU GHASTLY LITTLE MAN...





-- YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH IT!



OH, BUT I AM.

AHH. *BACILLUS Q.* YOU STUMBLED UPON MY LITTLE SIDELINE WHILE PILLAGING MY LAB, I PRESUME?

WELL, IT HELPS PAY THE RENT. TELL ME, IS THIS HOW DEAR *MS SNITCHING* MET HER UNTIMELY END?



IT WAS ACCIDENTAL--

"SABINE BLUNDERED INTO A RACKFUL OF THAT FILTHY CONCOCTION IN A BLOOD FRENZY. SHE DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE--



"ONLY A CRIMINAL LUNATIC WOULD EVEN CONTEMPLATE GERM WARFARE. YOU BREED BACTERIUMS AS A COTTAGE INDUSTRY!"



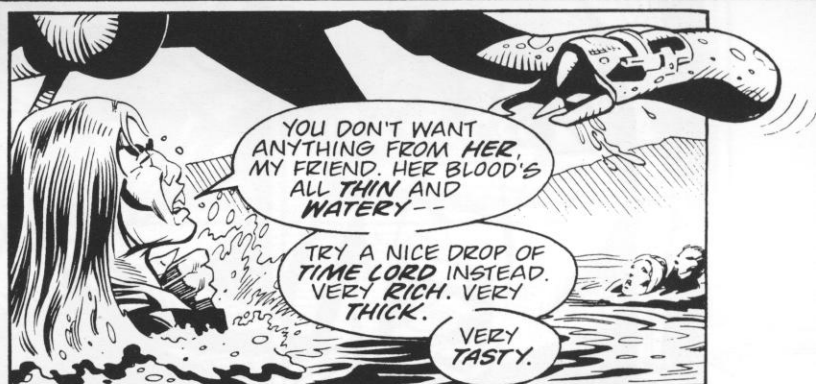
YAWN. FRIEND CECIL--

THE LEVER, IF YOU PLEASE.

CHUP!



SPLASHH!







INSIDE THE CUCURBITE'S TANKS, A NEW, DEADLY ELEMENT MAKES ITS PRESENCE FELT.

THE BACTERIUM REPLICATES INSTANTANEOUSLY, INVADING THE CELLS ALL AROUND. A FINE BALANCE IS SUDDENLY, HORRIBLY UPSET--

SYSTEMS  
CLOT.

THE EFFECT IS  
CATASTROPHIC.

KAKA-BOOOON!

GOD IS DEAD. A  
LONG, LOW WAILING  
FILLS THE AIR--

THE MONKEYS  
BEGIN TO KEEN.

D-DOCTOR?

HE'S HUMAN—  
I MEAN, NORMAL—  
AGAIN...

WE BOTH ARE. THE  
CREATURE'S EFFECT IS  
FADING, BUT VARNEY'S  
TOXINS WILL KILL  
HIM—UNLESS...

IZZY,  
D'YOU HAVE  
A KEY  
FOR THE  
TARDIS?

"THERE'S A SPARE,  
SMALL CUBBYHOLE  
ABOVE THE 'P'..."

"GOOD. CAN  
YOU PILOT  
THE THING?"

"N-NO."

"WELL, WE'RE  
GOING TO HAVE  
TO LEARN--"

"WE'VE GOT TO  
TAKE HIM HOME--"

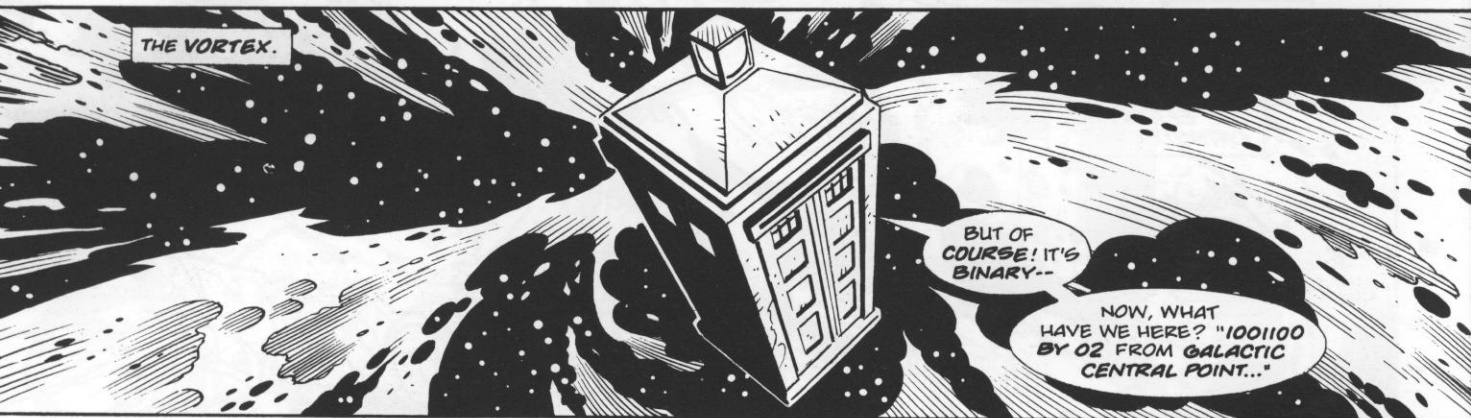
"WE HAVE TO GO  
TO GALLIFREY."

VWORP!  
VWORP!

CONTINUED IN DWM 262...



THE VORTEX.



BUT OF  
COURSE! IT'S  
BINARY--

NOW, WHAT  
HAVE WE HERE? "1001100  
BY 02 FROM GALACTIC  
CENTRAL POINT..."



WELL,  
THANK HEAVEN  
FOR THIS MANUAL.  
WE'VE A GOOD  
TEN MINUTES  
YET--

ABLUTION  
TIME, I'D  
SAY.

DESTINATION  
GALLIFREY  
LOCAL DATELINE  
10639.5  
RASSILON ERA

29 MILLION LIGHT  
YEARS AWAY--



IS THERE  
NO CHANGE,  
IZZY?



NO,  
FEY.

NO  
CHANGE.



O-OVERSEER  
LUTHER? THAT TIME  
CAPSULE IMMINENT - THE  
TYPE 40, SIR...

WE'VE  
BACKTRACED THE  
REGISTRY. ALL HAVE BEEN  
STAMPED "WITHDRAWN,  
DE-ACCESSIONED AND  
JUNKED"--

ALL BAR  
ONE, SIR. CAN  
THE STORIES BE  
TRUE?

GALLIFREY'S  
HISTORY IS BUT A  
COLLECTION  
OF TOLD TALES,  
UNDERWARDEN...

ON DAYS  
LIKE THIS, WE  
REWRITE THE TALES  
TO FIT THE  
FACTS.



ATTENTION!  
ATTENTION!

CHANCELLERY  
GUARDS TO  
MATERIALISATION ZONE  
IN BETA QUADRANT NINE!  
UNAUTHORISED TRANSDUCTION  
VERIFIED--

KACHUD!

# THE FINAL CHAPTER

Part One

STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY  
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UNAUTHORISED  
TRANSDUCTION  
CONFIRMED!





WE HAVE TO -OOF- CONTACT THE AUTHORITIES RIGHT AWAY...

I DON'T THINK THAT'S GOING TO BE NECESSARY, FEY--

MY NAME IS CASTELLAN TENION. I AM THE AUTHORITIES, AND YOU ARE TRESPASSING. SO STATE YOUR BUSINESS--

OR LEAVE.

MY NAME IS FEY TRUSCOTT-SADE, AND I AM AN AGENT OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GEORGE VI. THE GIRL HERE IS IZZY SOMEONE OF STOCKBRIDGE--

THE OTHER IS THE DOCTOR, A HERO OF GALLIFREY. HE'S DYING, SO HELP HIM. AND PLEASE DO IT NOW.

WOOF!

--NEW ARRIVALS WERE TRANSPORTED TO THE MORTAL COIL TODAY UPON THE INSTRUCTION OF CASTELLAN TENION.

COULD THIS REALLY BE THE FABLED 'DOCTOR'--?

WITH ME IS ELUCIDATOR ZIGGI, AUTHOR OF 'DOCTOR WHO?': IN SEARCH OF THE OLD TIMES FRAUD'. ZIGGI--

'THE DOCTOR': FACT OR FICTION?

NO-NO-NO-NO-NO...

THE DOCTOR IS REAL...

BAH! IS FICTION, FICTION--

'ZE DOCTOR' IS A FIGMENT OF ZE MYTHIC IMAGINATION, A CONFIJIENT HERO FIGURE WHO PLUG ZOSE GAPS IN OUR UNDERSTANDING OF ZE PAST--

ZIS YUN MAN IS SUPPOSED TO HAF LAUNCHED ZE HAND OF OMEGA, KILLED A GREAT PRESIDENT, FOILED ZE SONTARAN INVASION--

'ZE DOCTOR' WAS NEFFER REAL. HE IS MADE-UP STORY FOR CHILDREN!

THE DOCTOR IS FACT!



THE MORTAL COIL.

SO HE'LL BE ALRIGHT?



PERFECTLY. THE CATATONIA WAS DUE TO THE BACILLUS INFECTING HIS LIFESTREAM\*. WE HAVE PURGED IT FULLY--

BUT TO BETTER ASSURE HIS RECOVERY, HIS MIND RESIDES WITHIN THE MATRIX.

THE WHAT?

\*SEE DWM 257-260.



THE MATRIX IS A BRAINSCAPE OF AWESOME SCALE WHERE ALL TIME LORD INTELLIGENCE EXISTS--

COOL.

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM?

"I THINK HE'S INSIDE SOME KIND OF DREAM SEQUENCE..."

AH, DOCTOR...

HOW GOOD TO SEE YOU ONCE AGAIN.

MY LORD RASSILON. AN HONOUR INDEED. DAKON THEKA AND THANE OF KORDAR I KNOW-- LIKEWISE MORVANE AND BEDEVERE--

BUT I CONFESS MYSELF SURPRISED TO FIND A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE ORDER OF THE BLACK SUN SAT AT A COUNCIL OF HIGH EVOLUTIONARIES...





TIME HEALS ALL WOUNDS - YOU, DOCTOR, SHOULD BE AWARE OF THAT. OUR CONFLICT WITH GALLIFREY OUGHT NEVER TO HAVE HAPPENED--

NOW, I, DEMOISELLE DRIN, AM HONOURED TO TAKE THE PLACE OF MERLIN THE WISE.



BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY. DOCTOR, YOUR ARRIVAL AT THIS TIME IS MORE THAN OPPORTUNE--

A DARK SHADOW IS FALLING OVER GALLIFREY. MY FRIEND, I NEED YOUR HELP.

ONE MOMENT, MY LORD--



--WE HAVE UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO DISCUSS. IT CONCERNS A GROUP KNOWN AS THE THRESHOLD--

AND A BOX WHICH BORE YOUR SEAL\*.

\*SEE DWM 251-255.



WELL, MY LORD?

HAVE YOU NOTHING TO SAY?



THE REAL WORLD--

HO THERE, GUARDS! I HAVE SOMETHING TO IMPART--



SO SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU--

BUT I HAVE TO SEE THE DOCTOR!

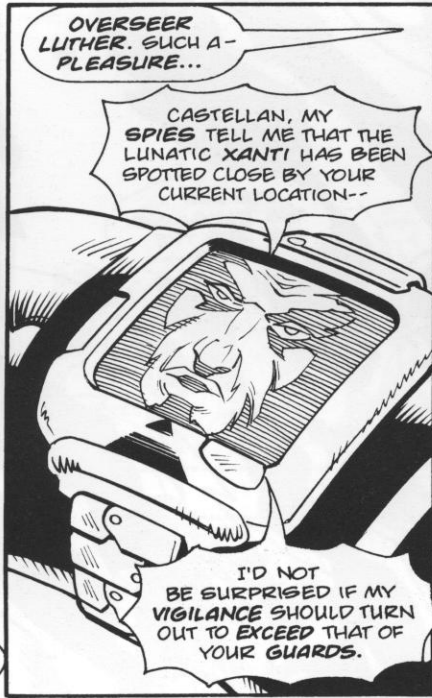
FREEZ!



INSIDE...

TENION,  
HOW MUCH  
LONGER MUST  
WE--

EXCUSE  
ME--



OVERSEER  
LUTHER. SUCH A  
PLEASURE...

CASTELLAN, MY  
SPIES TELL ME THAT THE  
LUNATIC XANTI HAS BEEN  
SPOTTED CLOSE BY YOUR  
CURRENT LOCATION--

I'D NOT  
BE SURPRISED IF MY  
VIGILANCE SHOULD TURN  
OUT TO EXCEED THAT OF  
YOUR GUARDS.



WHO WAS THAT?  
CHRISTOPHER LEE?

OVERSEER LUTHER. HE  
RUNS PUBLIC REGISTER  
VIDEO, TRAFFIC CONTROL,  
ENVIRONMENTAL  
MONITORING...

HE'S THE  
EYES AND EARS  
OF THE CAPITOL.  
I MUST--

DON'T  
MOVE.



I D-DON'T MEAN  
TO HURT YOU. I JUST  
WANT TO TALK WITH  
THE DOCTOR--

THE  
ELYSIANS  
ARE AFTER ME.  
ALL I WANT IS  
HELP!

XANTI,  
THERE ARE NO  
SUCH THINGS. BE  
A GOOD BOY AND  
PUT THE GUN  
DOWN.



UNNGH!

PROBLEM  
SOLVED.



SORRY ABOUT  
THAT. THE DOCTOR'S  
INDISPOSED. WHY DO YOU  
NEED HIS HELP?

NO-ONE  
ELSE WILL AID  
ME. BUT I'VE  
ALWAYS BELIEVED  
IN HIM--

I-I JUST  
KNOW THAT  
HE'LL BELIEVE  
IN ME.



THE BOY'S  
DELUDED...

HE'S AN  
ACADEMY DROPOUT, A  
KNOWN TROUBLEMAKER. HE  
THINKS HE'S BEING STALKED  
BY SOME STRANGE  
SECT--

CAN  
YOU SMELL  
SOMETHING?

SOMETHING  
LIKE--

SULPHUR...?





WE ARE  
THE ELYSIANS.  
WE ARE THE  
FUTURE--

--AND THE  
FUTURE COMMANDS  
THAT THE DOCTOR  
MUST DIE.

**NO!!**

NEXT: "A PANTHEON OF ALL THINGS VILE!"

GALLIFREY.

FOR THE  
SAKE OF THE  
FUTURE--

THE DOCTOR  
MUST DIE!

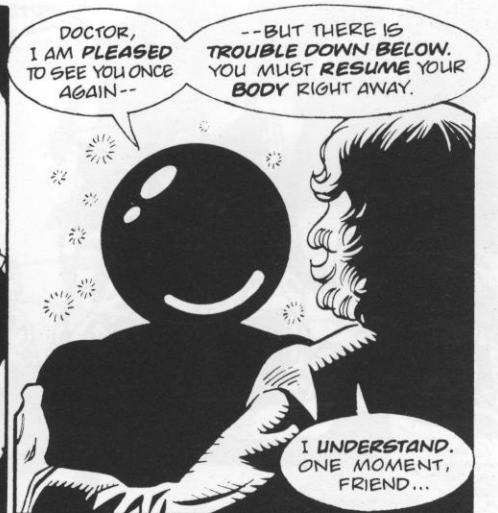
# THE FINAL CHAPTER

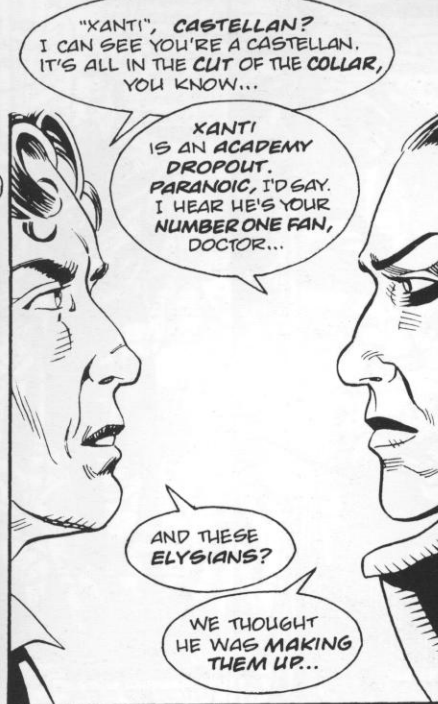
Part Two

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LETTERING: ELITTA FELL  
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT +  
SCOTT GRAY



















THE QUANTUM OF SOLACE...





NEXT: "SEE THE  
SWINE FROM THE  
RETINUE BURN!"





# THE FINAL CHAPTER

Part Three

STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY  
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THE  
SUN'S GONE  
OUT!

THAT CAN  
ONLY MEAN TUBAL  
CAIN HAS CUT OUR BODIES  
FREE OF THE  
DREAMSCAPE--

IT SEEMS  
YOUR MINDS ARE  
STUCK IN HERE  
WITH ME!



I'VE NOT  
HAD VISITORS IN  
THREE HUNDRED YEARS.  
WHAT BRINGS SUCH NICE  
YOUNG PEOPLE INSIDE AN  
OLD MAN'S MUDDLED  
HEAD?

WE MET  
YOUR GREMLINS UP  
IN THE CORPOREALITY.  
THERE, THEY CALL  
THEMSELVES  
ELYSIANS--

THEY'VE  
ABDUCTED  
YOUR SON,  
XANTI.



XANTI.  
I'VE NOT HEARD  
HIS NAME SINCE  
I HAD MYSELF  
COMMITTED.

OH, WOE.  
MY GREATEST  
JOY. MY  
GREATEST  
SHAME,  
TOO.

THE ELYSIANS  
WERE A SECRET SOCIETY  
I JOINED BACK AT THE ACADEMY.  
WE REJECTED THE OLD LABELS--  
PATREXES, PRYDONIANS--AND  
FANCED OURSELVES THE FINAL  
CHAPTER--

WE WERE SICK  
OF RASSILON'S GREAT  
SHIBBOLETH: NON-INTERVENTION  
IN THE AFFAIRS OF OTHER  
PLANETS. "OURS IS THE OLDEST  
CIVILISATION," OUR LEADER  
WOULD SAY. "WE ARE  
THE GODS--

--WE SHOULD  
BEHAVE LIKE  
THEM, TOO."



"OUR LEADER'S AMBITION REQUIRED  
THE ELYSIANS--UNREGISTERED  
CLONE CHILDREN WHO WERE TO HELP  
SEIZE GALLIFREY IN A COUP.

"THE FIRST, XANTI, WAS GROWN  
FROM MY OWN BIO-DATA IN A VAT  
IN THE ACADEMY CELLARS. WHEN  
I COULD, I HELD HIM IN MY ARMS--

"MY ZEAL, MY ANGER DISAPPEARED.  
MY SON WAS NO ELYSIAN, NO  
REVOLUTIONARY TOOL."

I REGISTERED  
XANTI AT A CHAPTERHOUSE,  
AND FEIGNED INSANITY. I WAS  
LOCKED UP HERE--

IGNORED  
BY THE ELYSIANS'  
LEADER.

HIS  
NAME,  
URIEL--

WHAT  
WAS YOUR  
LEADER'S  
NAME?





"LUTHER. HIS NAME WAS LUTHER..."

THESE ARE MY STORMTROOPERS, XANTI, GROWN FROM YOUR BASIC GENETIC DATA. IT WAS SIMPLE TO RESTART THE PROJECT WHEN URIEL WAS LOCKED AWAY--

BUT YOU WERE ALWAYS MORE THAN A MERE TEMPLATE. CARVED UPON YOUR NUCLEI IS A UNIQUE CODE--

YOU'LL FIND OUT WHAT IT'S FOR UPSTAIRS. COME--

THE FINAL CHAPTER IS ABOUT TO UNFOLD!

MEANWHILE--

WHAT THE DICKENS--

COME ON NOW, URIEL. WE KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. GIVE THEM THE DEVICE AND LET'S GET ON WITH IT!

WHAT DO THEY INTEND TO DO?

THEY MEAN TO TORTURE ME.

THEY ARE MY DARKEST THOUGHTS. THAT'S HOW THEY KNOW ABOUT MY DEVICE.

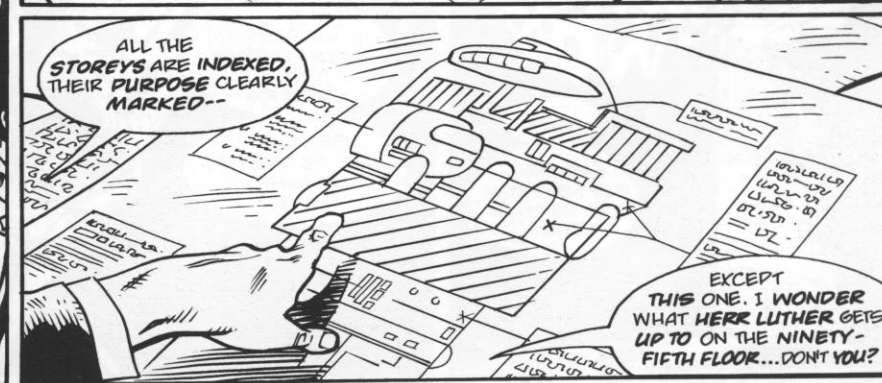
THIS TRANCE BREAKER WILL OPEN A GAP IN THE MINDSCAPE AND RETURN YOU TO YOUR BODIES.

I DEvised IT BEFORE IN-CARCERATING MYSELF. I THOUGHT THAT ONE DAY I MIGHT WANT TO GO BACK--

BUT I'M HAPPIER ALONE HERE WITH MY GUILT--

THIS WAY, I DON'T HAVE TO BEAR THE SHAME.

FWIPP!









DOCTOR, WHEREVER HAVE YOU BEEN? I HEAR IT'S NOT LIKE YOU TO MISS THE NICK OF TIME--

THIS TIME, OLD MAN, YOU HAVE.



IZZY, HAVE YOU BEEN HARMED?

IT'S XANTI, DOCTOR--

LOOK WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO XANTI!



OH, SPARE US THE TEARS. DON'T YOU SEE THAT THIS IS WHAT HE WAS MADE FOR?

IT'S IN HIS NUCLEII, GIRL. XANTI'S VERY GENES WERE GROWN IN ACCORD WITH MATERIAL EXTRACTED FROM THE GREAT EYE OF HARMONY ITSELF!



POWER DUCTS ARE VENTED, OVERSEER.

EXCELLENT. BEGIN THE PROCESS!



AND THE LIGHTS GO OUT OVER GALLIFREY. ALL OF THE CAPITOL'S ENERGY IS POURING THROUGH MY TOWER NOW...

CAN'T YOU FEEL IT, DOCTOR? IS IT NOT GREAT?

IF YOU'RE DOING WHAT I THINK YOU ARE...

STOP IT. STOP IT NOW. HAVE YOU ANY IDEA OF--



BUT I DO. OUR COURSE IS SET, OUR DESTINATION IMMUTABLE. NOW THE JOURNEY BEGINS!

YEAR ZERO  
RASSILON ERA

WHAT'S HE DOING?

THE UNTHINKABLE, FEY--



THE WATCHTOWER IS  
THE CENTRAL COLUMN  
OF A TARDIS THE SIZE  
OF A PLANET--



XANTI IS  
CHANNELLING ITS  
POWER SOURCE, THE  
EYE OF HARMONY--THE  
COLLAPSED STAR WHICH  
RASSILON USED TO  
GIVE ANCIENT GALLIFREY  
MASTERY OVER  
ALL TIME.

NOW THE  
WATCHTOWER IS  
ENERGISED, WE'RE  
ALL BEING TAKEN  
BACK--

BACK TO THE MOMENT  
WHEN RASSILON  
ACTIVATED THE EYE OF  
HARMONY. I WILL  
MATERIALISE THIS  
GALLIFREY AROUND  
THE OLD--



I WILL BE  
GALLIFREY'S GODHEAD,  
THE LORD OF ALL SPACE  
AND TIME. MY GALLIFREY  
WILL BE ALL THAT THERE  
WAS, IS AND EVER  
WILL BE--

AND NOW  
IT CAN'T BE  
STOPPED!



NEXT: "IT'S TIME TO MEET YOUR GOD!"

MY  
APOTHEOSIS IS MERE  
MOMENTS AWAY. AN INFINITY  
OF HISTORIES WILL BE MINE  
TO REWRITE AS I  
CHOOSE--

LORD OF  
TIME, YOU SAY? PAH! LET  
ALL THE WORLDS TREMBLE,  
AND RASSILON BE  
DAMNED! WAKE UP,  
UNIVERSE--

--IT'S  
TIME TO  
MEET YOUR  
GOD!

LUTHER'S WATCHTOWER  
HURTTLES THROUGH THE  
VORTEX. ITS DESTINATION:  
GALLIFREY, YEAR ZERO--

WHORP!  
WHORP!

ITS OBJECTIVE: TO  
SNUFF OUT TIME  
LORD HISTORY AT THE  
POINT OF ITS  
INCEPTION, DEPOSING  
RASSILON HIMSELF--

AND ENSHRINING  
FOR ALL ETERNITY  
A MANIAC'S REIGN!

# THE FINAL CHAPTER

Part Four

YOU'LL  
BE PLEASED TO HEAR,  
DOCTOR, THAT MY TEMPORAL  
TAMPERINGS START WITH  
YOU--

I SHALL  
ELIMINATE THAT LITTLE  
ACCIDENT OF YOUR BIRTH.  
"THE GREATEST LOVE STORY  
NEVER TOLD", I HEAR--

OH, I'VE  
HAD MY FILL  
OF THIS--

THUNK! THUNK!

YOU'RE  
A COMMON  
SCOUNDREL,  
LUTHER--

--AND  
IT'S TIME YOU GOT  
THE THRASHING YOU  
SO THOROUGHLY  
DESERVE!

GLURK!  
GUARDS!











WH-WHAT  
HAPPENED?

LUTHER'S  
TRIDENT SHORT-CIRCUITED  
THE WATCHTOWER. TIME HAS  
JAMMED AT THE POINT OF ITS  
MATERIALIZATION--

BUT THERE'S  
TIME LEAKAGE HERE.  
SEE WHAT IT'S DONE TO  
POOR XANTI...



SO IT'S  
OVER?

NOT BY  
A LONG CHALK. THE  
TRIDENT IS DECAYING. WHEN  
IT'S FINALLY CONSUMED, THE  
WATCHTOWER BECOMES  
CORPOREAL--

IN JUST  
A FEW MINUTES, OLD  
GALLIFREY WILL BE UTTERLY  
DESTROYED.

IT'S ONLY  
A TRIDENT. CAN'T  
YOU BYPASS IT, OR  
SOMETHING?



I CAN FEED  
THE WATCHTOWER NEW  
CO-ORDINATES, SEND IT  
BACK WHERE IT CAME  
FROM--

BUT  
THE DEVICE MUST  
BE POWERED BY A  
LIVING TIME  
BRAIN.

YOU-  
YOU DON'T  
MEAN--



HEADS  
UP, CHUMS -  
WE HAVE  
COMPANY.

SHAYDE.

IZZY,  
FEY - INTO THE  
TARDIS. DON'T  
ARGUE.

MY MASTERS KNOW WHAT  
YOU MEAN TO DO, DOCTOR.  
COUNTLESS BILLIONS  
ACROSS COUNTLESS  
CENTURIES WILL OWE YOU  
THE GREATEST DEBT--

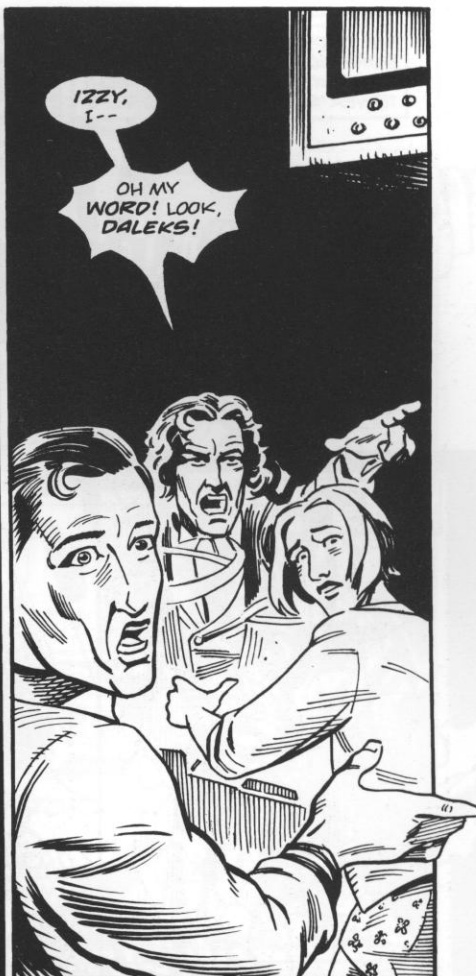
RASSILON  
IS PROUD OF YOU.  
ALL GALLIFREY,  
TOO.

IF I  
WERE GRANTED A  
PERSONA, I WOULD  
LEARN TO CALL YOU  
"FRIEND"--

DOCTOR,  
MUST IT  
REALLY END  
THIS WAY?

AND YOU,  
SHAYDE?







THE TRIDENT IS ALMOST GONE,  
BURNED UP IN THE  
INEVITABILITY OF THE WATCH-  
TOWER'S PROGRESSION.

HE CAN ONLY SET IN NEW  
CO-ORDINATES, ONLY  
POSITION HIMSELF IN THE  
HEART OF THE MACHINE--

ONLY WAIT FOR THE TRIDENT TO  
COLLAPSE, ONLY READY HIM-  
SELF TO TAKE THE STRAIN--

THE TRIDENT IS ALMOST GONE,  
BURNED UP IN THE  
INEVITABILITY OF THE WATCH-  
TOWER'S PROGRESSION.

HE CAN ONLY SET IN NEW  
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HEART OF THE MACHINE--

ONLY WAIT FOR THE TRIDENT TO  
COLLAPSE, ONLY READY HIM-  
SELF TO TAKE THE STRAIN--

ONLY HOPE AGAINST HOPE--

--ONLY CONNECT.

AAAAIIIEEEEEEE

ONLY HOPE AGAINST HOPE--

--ONLY CONNECT.

AAAAIIIEEEEEEE

SKLZ

RE-ENERGISED, THE WATCH-TOWER ROCKETS FORWARD IN TIME. ON A BILLION WORLDS HIGHER EVOLUTIONARIES FEEL ITS WAKE--

A NEW DAWN BREAKS. THE TOWER REAPPEARS IN THE PLANET'S RUINED PRESENT--

WOP! WOP!

--AND MOMENTS LATER, A WHEEZING, GROANING NOISE SOUNDS FROM DEEP WITHIN.

DOCTOR!!!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?! THIS ISN'T WHAT ANYONE WANTED, YOU STUPID OLD--

OH, IZZY. YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU WANT...

FEELS COLD NOW. WE'LL GO SOMEWHERE WARMER NEXT...

THE GRIM VISIONS CAUSED BY ITS PASSING CEASE. AT YEAR ZERO, RASSILON ACTIVATES HIS EYE OF HARMONY, AND THE LEGEND OF THE TIME LORDS BEGINS--


ALL IS AS IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN. ALL IS AS IT WAS.

IS HE--

I THINK ... I THINK HE--

I THINK HE'S CHANGING--





AND SO THE GREATEST OF  
ALL GALLIFREY'S MYSTERIES  
BEGINS ONCE AGAIN--

HE TURNS AWAY FROM THE  
WORLD OF THE DEAD,  
REACHES OUT FOR THE LIGHT--

AND EMERGES,  
RENEWED, IN THE  
LAND OF THE LIVING.

THERE,  
THAT'S BETTER. NOW,  
WOULDN'T ONE OF YOU PLEASE  
PUT THE KETTLE  
ON--

I COULD  
MURDER A NICE  
CUP OF TEA.

NEXT ISSUE: WORMWOOD



"EVERYONE TRAVELS IN TIME."

"'COURSE, MOST FOLKS'VE GOT THE GOOD GRACE TO DO IT FACIN' FORWARD, AND IN A STRAIGHT LINE."



"NOW, THE FELLA WHO OWNS *THIS* CONTRAPTION HAS GOT OTHER IDEAS. HE TAKES MORE TWISTS AND TURNS THAN AN ORNERY OLD RATTLESNAKE..."



"...AND HE'S JUST AS DANGEROUS AS ONE."

LOOK, DOCTOR, ALL I'M SAYING IS THAT PERHAPS WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT GALLIFREY IN SUCH A MAD DASH...



"...THIS 'REJUVENATION' OF YOURS -"

"REGENERATION."

REGENERATION, THEN. IT'S CLEARLY SOMETHING MAJOR. I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT...



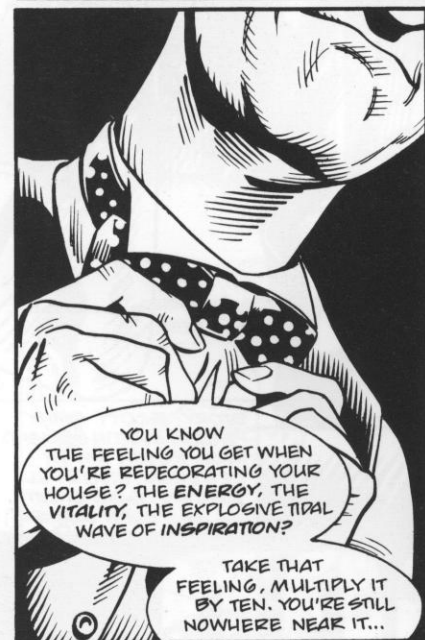
FEY, HUMAN BEINGS REGENERATE EVERY CELL IN THEIR BODIES EVERY SEVEN YEARS. TIME LORDS JUST MANAGE THE JOB A TRIFLE FASTER, THAT'S ALL...

A CRAVAT? WHAT POSSESSED ME TO WEAR A CRAVAT?!



I'M FINE! I FEEL LIKE A MILLION POUNDS! THE LAST PLACE I WANT TO SPEND MY FIRST NEW DAY IS DUSTY OLD GALLIFREY!

NO-NO-NO, THESE SHOES DON'T FIT AT ALL...



YOU KNOW THE FEELING YOU GET WHEN YOU'RE REDECORATING YOUR HOUSE? THE ENERGY, THE VITALITY, THE EXPLOSIVE TIDAL WAVE OF INSPIRATION?

TAKE THAT FEELING, MULTIPLY IT BY TEN. YOU'RE STILL NOWHERE NEAR IT...



EVERY NEURON I OWN IS TINGLING. EVERY NERVE FIBRE IS SHOUTING, "WAKE UP, DOCTOR, TIME FOR A CHANGE!"

PLUS ÇA CHANGE, PLUS C'EST LA MÊME CHOSE...



I'M MY OWN BEST CREATION. I'M A NEW MAN, AND IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF...





...QUITE  
A STYLISH  
ONE.

WOULDN'T  
YOU AGREE?

STORY: SCOTT GRAY  
PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY  
INKS: ROBIN SMITH  
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL  
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT  
and ALAN BARNES

# WORMWOOD

Part One







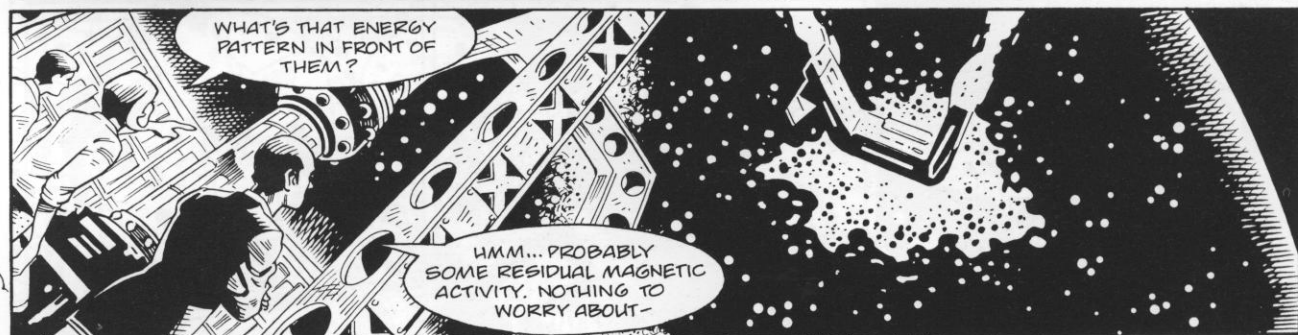


PHILISTINE!  
MALFEASANT! SUNDAY  
DRIVER! WHY DON'T YOU  
WATCH WHERE YOU'RE  
GOING?!

DID YOU SEE  
THAT?! TELLESIAN CRUISE  
LINER, CAME BARRELLING OUT  
OF THAT NEBULA, DIDN'T EVEN  
BOTHR TO INDICATE...



THINK  
YOU OWN THE  
SPACEWAYS,  
DO YOU?!



WHAT'S THAT ENERGY  
PATTERN IN FRONT OF  
THEM?

HMM... PROBABLY  
SOME RESIDUAL MAGNETIC  
ACTIVITY. NOTHING TO  
WORRY ABOUT-



OH MY  
GOD-

BRACE  
YOURSELVES!  
WHATEVER IT IS,  
IT'LL HIT US IN  
SEC-







I'D SAY WE WERE IN THE AMERICAN WEST. JUDGING FROM THE LADIES' APPAREL, AROUND THE 1880s.

ODD. NO-ONE SEEMS ESPECIALLY SURPRISED BY OUR ARRIVAL...



WHY IS THE MOON SO LARGE?

WELL, BECAUSE...

BECAUSE IT ISN'T THE MOON. THAT'S EARTH. WHICH CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING...



...WE'RE ON THE MOON.

NEIGH!!

HONK! HONK!

OUTTA MY WAY, FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS! HERE COMES THE FUTURE! HA-HA-HA!



HOWDY, FOLKS! NOW, CORRECT ME IF I'M MISTAKEN, BUT YOU'RE NEW TO OUR LITTLE TOWN, AM I RIGHT?

YES...THAT'S AN INTERESTING CAR YOU'RE DRIVING- THE MODEL T FORD WON'T BE BUILT FOR AT LEAST ANOTHER TWENTY YEARS, YOU KNOW...



SHOOT, THAT'S THE GREAT THING ABOUT PROGRESS, SON. IT CAN CREEP UP ON YOU WHEN YOU'RE NOT LOOKIN' - BUT IF YOU DO SPOT IT, THE OTHER FELLA'S AT QUITE THE DISADVANTAGE...

NAME'S ABRAHAM WHITE.

CAN I TAKE YOU FINE FOLKS FOR A RIDE?



I SUSPECT YOU ALREADY HAVE, MR WHITE.

HAH! I JUST CAN'T SLIP ANYTHING PAST YOU, CAN I, SON?



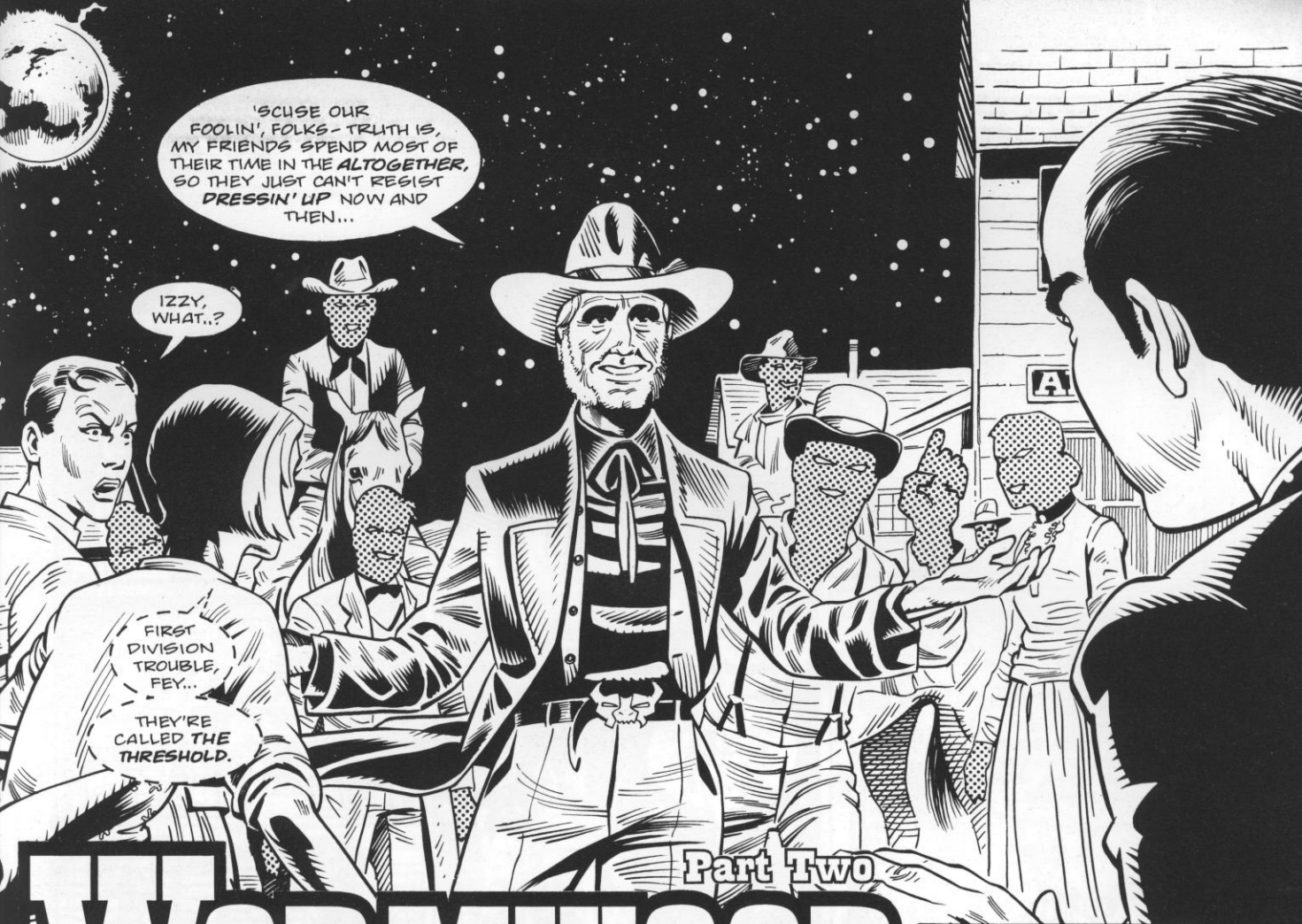
# ZZZAAAKKK!

WELCOME TO  
WORMWOOD, BRAVE TRAVELLERS  
FROM THE FOURTH DIMENSION. I  
SURE HOPE YOU LIKE IT, 'CAUSE YOU  
WON'T BE LEAVIN'.

I'M THE MAN  
WHO INVENTED  
THE TWENTIETH  
CENTURY...

...AND THE  
THRESHOLD.

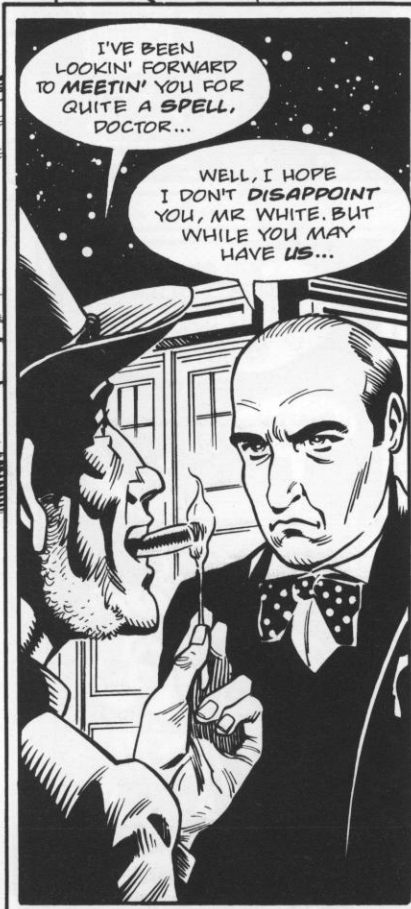
NEXT: "MORE FLESH FOR THE FEAST!"



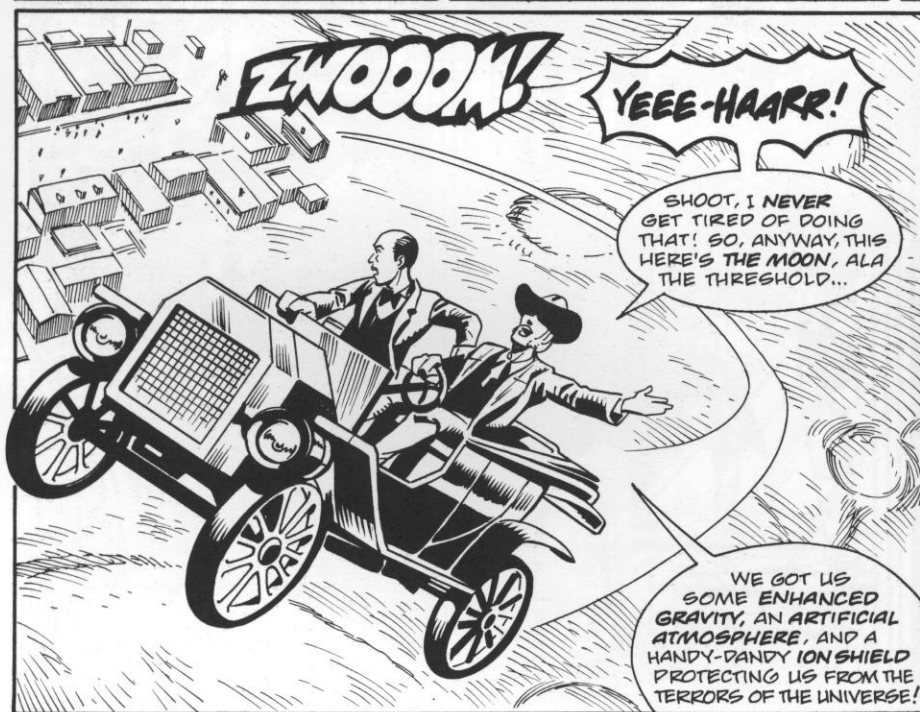
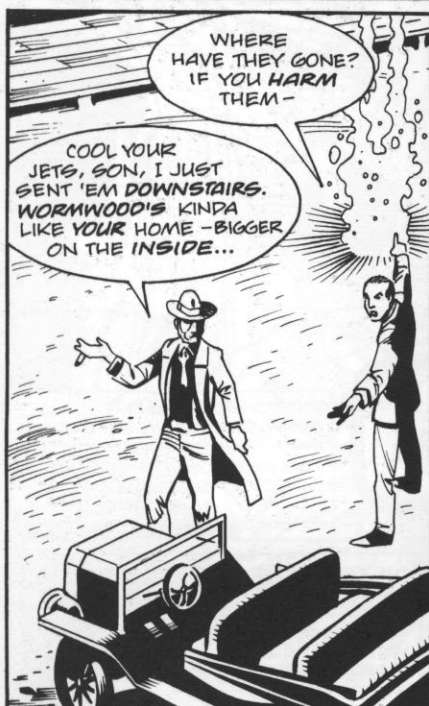
Part Two

# WORMWOOD

STORY: SCOTT GRAY  
PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY  
INKS: ROBIN SMITH  
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL  
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + ALAN BARNES









WHAT IS ALL THIS NONSENSE? IT LOOKS LIKE LAS VEGAS!

MY KINDA TOWN. BUT C'MON, SON, THESE ARE SOME OF MANKIND'S FINEST ACHIEVEMENTS!

THEY'RE ALL THE REAL MCCOY, TOO. I BROUGHT 'EM ALL UP HERE SO I COULD REMIND MYSELF HOW FAR WE'VE ALL COME...

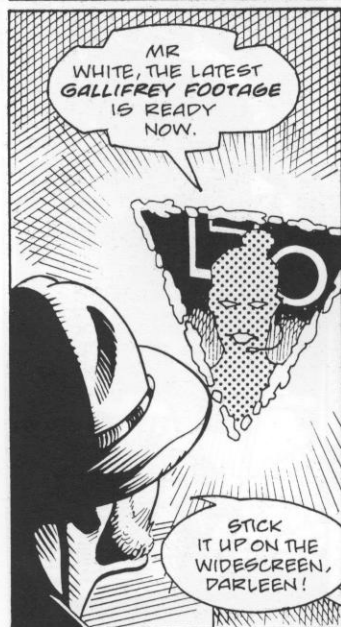
FROM THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA TO THE GOOD OL' EMPIRE STATE, MAN ALWAYS HAD TO LEAVE HIS FOOTPRINTS ON THE WORLD...



I GUESS YOU COULD CALL THE THRESHOLD MANKIND'S BABYSITTERS. LOOK AT 'EM, DOCTOR. THEY'RE MY PEOPLE. GOOD PEOPLE.

HELL, I NEVER SAID THEY WERE PERFECT.

THEY'RE SOULLESS MANIPULATORS WITHOUT A SHRED OF CONSCIENCE OR AN OUNCE OF COMPASSION.



MR WHITE, THE LATEST GALLIFREY FOOTAGE IS READY NOW.

STICK IT UP ON THE WIDESCREEN, DARLEEN!



OUCH! LOOKS LIKE YOUR COMPADRES ARE IN QUITE A STATE. THOSE ELYSIAN FELLAS MADE A REAL MESS OF YOUR HOMETOWN, HUH?\*

\*SEE DWM 265.



HOW DID YOU GET THESE IMAGES?! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! NOT EVEN THE THRESHOLD COULD INFILTRATE GALLIFREY!

OH, WE DIDN'T HAVE TO, SON. Y'SEE, WE HAD THE SERVICES OF A MIGHTY CLEVER SPY...



"...SHE EVEN MANAGED TO FOOL HERSELF."

THEY'RE EXPECTING YOU IN THE SURGERY, FOLKS. THIRD DOOR ON YOUR LEFT...

DON'T START PUNCHING ANYONE, FEY. LET'S PLAY ALONG FOR NOW...

IZZY... THIS PLACE...

MAD, ISN'T IT? I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE. I NEVER GUESSED IT WAS ON THE MOON...

I...DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW, IZZY...

BUT THIS PLACE IS FAMILIAR.

I DON'T DOUBT THAT, MY CHILD. WELCOME TO WORMWOOD.

WAIT A MINUTE - I KNOW YOU...

CHASTITY?!

YOU'VE PUT ON A TON!

AND YOU'RE STILL AS YOUNG AND PRETTY AS EVER, LITTLE IZZY. BUT THEN TWENTY YEARS HAVE PASSED FOR ME SINCE WE LAST MET..\*

I CAN'T WAIT TO CATCH UP ON OLD TIMES...

NOW, THE PYRAMIDS DIDN'T GET BUILT BY SLAVERY, DOCTOR. CONTRACT LABOUR MADE THOSE BABIES HAPPEN.

MAN HAD AMBITION; A COMPETITIVE DRIVE. AND THE WAY FORWARD WAS THROUGH BUSINESS, FROM DAY ONE...

\*SEE DWM 255.







THIS IS IT...  
WHERE IT ALL GOT  
STARTED. MENLO  
PARK.

THOMAS  
EDISON'S LABORATORY?  
WHAT DOES HE HAVE TO  
DO WITH ALL OF  
THIS?

I BELIEVE  
I'LL TELL YOU, DOCTOR.  
Y'SEE, THE UNIVERSE IS  
GONNA BE A DIFFERENT  
PLACE SOON...

IT'S  
ABOUT TIME THE  
THRESHOLD STEPPED  
OUT OF THE  
SHADOWS.

M  
P

NO-ONE'S LEFT  
ON EARTH. THE **SOLAR  
FLARES** WIPED THE PLANET  
CLEAN. BUT MAN'S OKAY.  
HE'S OUT THERE IN THE  
WILD BLUE YONDER  
NOW...

...I'VE USED  
ONE OF THESE RINGS  
TO FIND THE DOCTOR  
BEFORE. JUST CONCENTRATE  
ON HIM AND IT'LL OPEN  
UP A WINDOW IN SPACE  
THAT'LL -

**ZZAKK!**

...AND THE  
MEETING'S GOING  
TO BE SHORT, SWEET  
AND BRUTAL.

I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE  
PLANNED, OR WHY YOU'VE  
BROUGHT ME HERE...  
BUT I-I WILL...

ST-STOP  
Y...

YOU CAN'T  
EVEN FINISH  
A SENTENCE,  
SON...

WHAT WAS  
THAT ENERGY WAVE  
THAT HIT THE  
TARDIS?

A TRICK.  
ONE THAT'S TAKEN  
OVER THREE THOUSAND  
YEARS TO GET  
RIGHT.

I'M NOT  
INTERESTED IN THE  
DOCTOR, IZZY. ABRAHAM  
WHITE IS THE MAN I  
WANT TO SEE...

FEY,  
WAIT!

HOW ARE  
YOU GOING TO  
FINISH US?



**WHITE!**

YOU USED  
ME, MADE ME BETRAY  
MY FRIENDS! I'M  
NOBODY'S PAWN,  
WHITE...



WELL, WELL, WELL,  
WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE?  
MORE FLESH FOR THE  
FEAST?

ZZSSHHH!

OH, ABRAHAM,  
YOU'RE REALLY SPOILING  
ME...

NEXT: "ANY LAST REQUESTS?"



GOOD EVENING.  
PEOPLE CALL ME THE  
PARIAH. I'M A LIVING  
WEAPON.

NOW, CORRECT  
ME IF I'M WRONG, DEAR,  
BUT YOU JUST PUNCHED MY  
DARLING ABRAHAM IN  
THE FACE...

ANY LAST  
REQUESTS?

Part Three

# WORMWOOD

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY  
INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ELITTA FELL  
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + ALAN BARNES

NO?

SUIT  
YOURSELF.

FEY!!!

SHRIPPP

I'M... ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR. IT SEEMS  
OUR NEW FRIEND'S SENSE OF HUMOUR  
IS AS BLACK AS HER HIDE...

HAND OVER  
THE RING, MS  
TRUSCOTT-SADE.  
CAN'T HAVE YOU  
TRAIPSING ALL OVER  
WORMWOOD ON  
YOUR OWN,  
CAN WE?

GOOD  
GIRL.

YOUR  
SCENT SEEMS  
FAMILIAR,  
DOCTOR. HAVE  
WE MET  
BEFORE?

POSSIBLY.  
I'VE RUN INTO SO MANY  
VAINGLORIOUS MONSTERS, I'VE  
GENUINELY LOST COUNT...

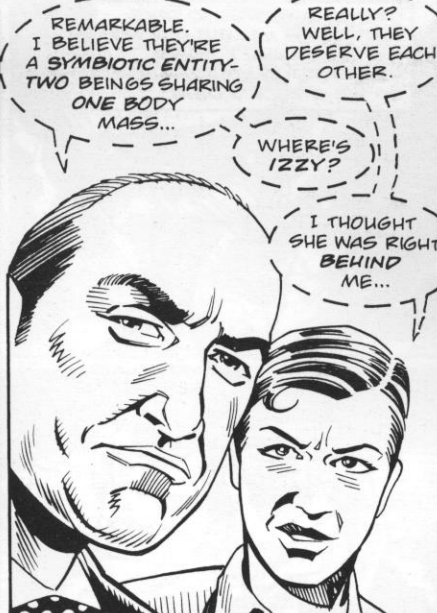
DON'T TEMPT ME,  
LITTLE MAN. I  
HAVEN'T KILLED A  
TIME LORD IN QUITE  
A WHILE, BUT I  
HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN  
HOW...

UH... HONEY?  
SWEETIE PIE?  
MAYBE I SHOULD  
JUST GO ON SETTIN'  
THE DOCTOR  
STRAIGHT ON A  
FEW FACTS...



OH, VERY WELL, ABRAHAM. HAVE YOUR FUN WITH THESE FOOLS.

I'LL BE JUST AROUND THE CORNER IF YOU NEED ME...



REMARKABLE. I BELIEVE THEY'RE A SYMBIOTIC ENTITY- TWO BEINGS SHARING ONE BODY MASS...

REALLY? WELL, THEY DESERVE EACH OTHER.

WHERE'S IZZY?

I THOUGHT SHE WAS RIGHT BEHIND ME...



IF YOU TWO'LL STOP YOUR WHISPERIN', I GOT A TALE TO TELL. IT'S A REAL RAGS TO RICHES YARN, AND YOURS TRULY IS THE STAR...

C'MON, DON'T YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW THE THRESHOLD BEGAN?



"IT WAS THE AUTUMN OF 1879, AND I WAS A YOUNG MAN TRAVELLING THROUGH ARKANSAS, PEDDLIN' GIDEON BIBLES TO THE TRUE BELIEVERS.

"RELIGION'S ALWAYS BEEN AN EASY SELL, THOUGH, AND I WAS LOOKIN' FOR A CHALLENGE.



"ONE BRIGHT EVENIN' I GOT A SIGN FROM THE HEAVENS. I FIGURED IT WAS A SHOOTIN' STAR, BUT I'D NEVER SEEN ONE HIT THE GROUND BEFORE...



"WHEN I GOT CLOSER, I FOUND A SPHERE SMOULDERIN' IN THE CRATER. IT WAS BLACK, AND CRACKED, AND SOMEHOW I KNEW...

"IT WAS DYIN'.



"I PICKED IT UP, AND A THOUSAND PICTURES SUDDENLY FLASHED INTO MY SKULL. I SAW WORLDS PACKED WITH MACHINERY I COULDN'T FATHOM, FILLED WITH CRITTERS STRANGER THAN THE CRAZIEST FREAK SHOW.

"IT WAS QUITE THE EXPERIENCE.





"CLEAREST OF ALL, I SAW A WORLD CALLED GALLIFREY, AND THE BUNCH OF FANCY-PANTS WHO RAN IT, THE TIME LORDS. AND THEN THE SPHERE SPOKE TO ME. IT (OR RATHER SHE) SAID:

"THESE ARE MY ENEMIES. THEY HAVE MADE ME A PARIAH. THEY WILL DIE BY MY HAND."



"THE PARIAH TRIED TO TAKE CONTROL OF ME, BUT SHE WAS TOO WEAK, AND I WAS A HEADSTRONG YOUNG BUCK. SO WE STRUCK A DEAL.

"WE'D BOND-SORTA FUSE TOGETHER. I'D CARRY HER INSIDE ME, AND SHE'D HELP ME MAKE A PROFIT OUT OF OUR SHARED KNOW-HOW.



"I WAS NO SCIENTIST, MIND, I WAS A SALESMAN! BUT I FIGURED IF ANY MAN ALIVE COULD HELP US, IT'D BE THE WIZARD OF MENLO PARK HIMSELF, THOMAS EDISON.

"WE ARRIVED AT HIS LABORATORY ON OCTOBER 21ST. TURNED OUT TO BE A MIGHTY IMPORTANT DAY...



"THERE WAS A PARTY GOIN' ON. EDISON AND HIS PEOPLE WERE CELEBRATIN' THE COMPLETION OF A MAJOR PROJECT...



"THE ELECTRIC LIGHT BULB.



"SO I REALISED OL'TOM WOULDN'T KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT SPACESHIPS AND TIME TRAVEL. MAN HAD BARELY BEGIN CLIMBIN' THE TECHNOLOGICAL LADDER.

"BUT ALBERT EINSTEIN WAS SEVEN MONTHS OLD...

"AND THE LIGHT BULB ON THE TABLE WAS NOTHIN' COMPARED TO THE ONE SWITCHIN' ON ABOVE MY HEAD.



"WE WENT LOOKIN' FOR THE SHARPEST MINDS WE COULD FIND: ALEXANDER BELL, NICOLAI TESLA AND RUDOLF DIESEL TO NAME A FEW. WE STEERED 'EM ONTO THE RIGHT TRACK. NOTHIN' TOO OBVIOUS, WE JUST GAVE HISTORY A LITTLE JUMP-START.

"THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WAS COMIN', AND HOMO SAPIENS HAD A LOT OF CATCHIN' UP TO DO.



"AFTER A WHILE, THE PARIAH GREW STRONG ENOUGH TO SWITCH PLACES WITH ME FOR A BRIEF TIME. SHE BEGAN TO GROW A NEW BODY FOR HERSELF.

"IN RETURN, I ONLY AGED REAL SLOW FROM THEN ON...



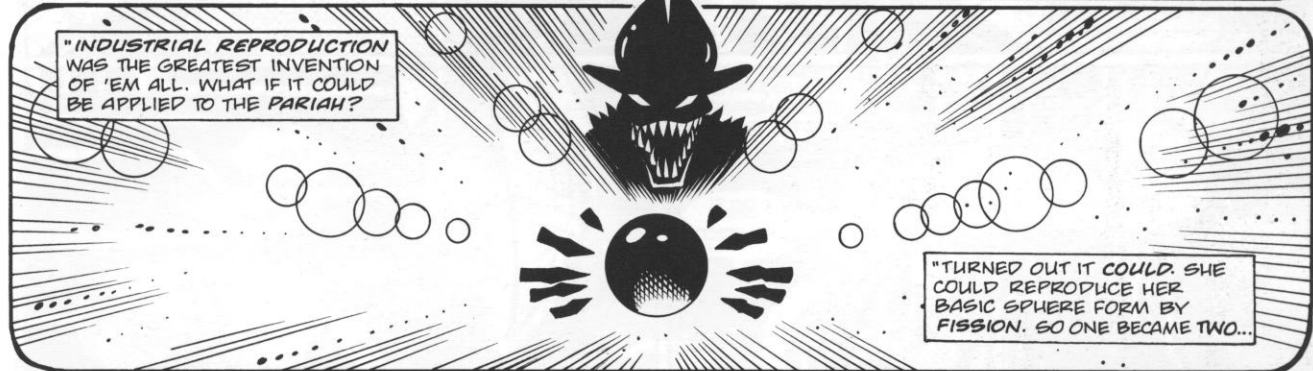
THOSE WERE  
WILD TIMES, DOCTOR. AMERICA  
BECAME A WORLD POWER AND I GOT  
RICH, INVESTIN' IN ALL THE PIONEERS  
OF THE AGE.

HENRY  
FORD OWED HIS  
FIRST FACTORY TO  
ME, Y'KNOW...



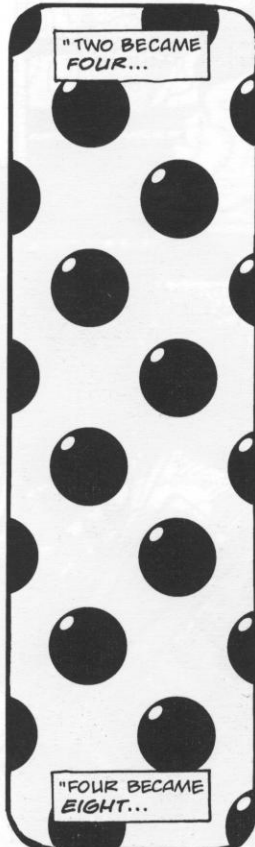
"IN 1908 I STOOD WITH HIM AND  
WATCHED THE FIRST MODEL T ROLL  
OFF THE PRODUCTION LINE. SIX  
MINUTES LATER AN IDENTICAL  
CAR JOINED IT.

"AND THAT'S WHEN I GOT  
THE BRIGHTEST IDEA OF  
MY VERY LONG LIFE...



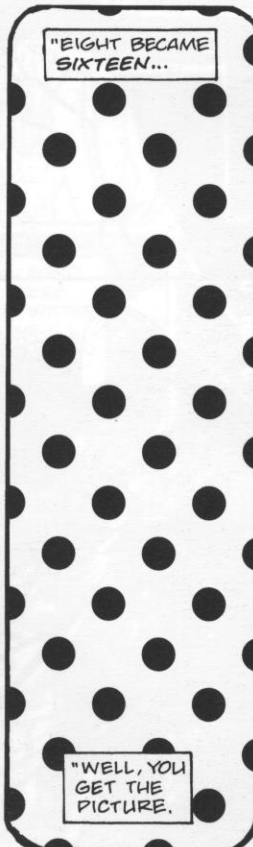
"INDUSTRIAL REPRODUCTION  
WAS THE GREATEST INVENTION  
OF 'EM ALL. WHAT IF IT COULD  
BE APPLIED TO THE PARIAN?

"TURNED OUT IT COULD. SHE  
COULD REPRODUCE HER  
BASIC SPHERE FORM BY  
FISSION. SO ONE BECAME TWO...



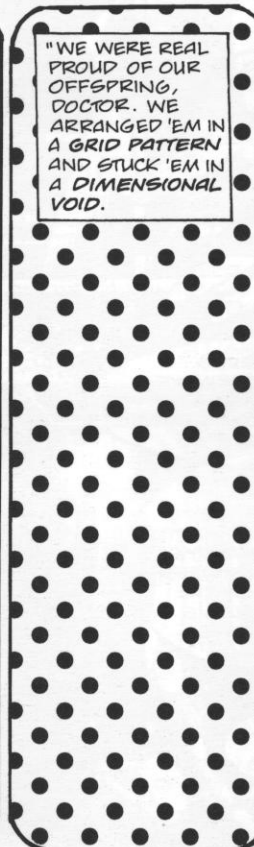
"TWO BECAME  
FOUR...

"FOUR BECAME  
EIGHT...

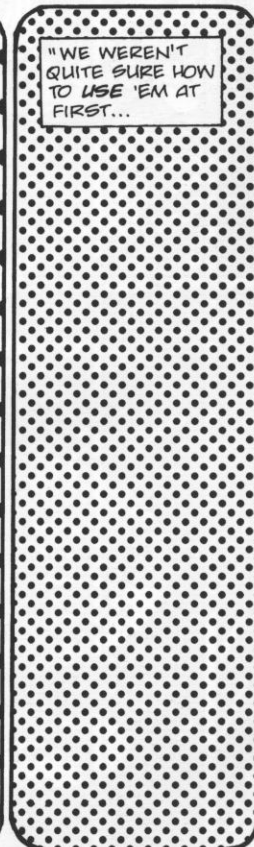


"EIGHT BECAME  
SIXTEEN...

"WELL, YOU  
GET THE  
PICTURE.



"WE WERE REAL  
PROUD OF OUR  
OFFSPRING,  
DOCTOR. WE  
ARRANGED 'EM IN  
A GRID PATTERN  
AND STUCK 'EM IN  
A DIMENSIONAL  
VOID.



"WE WEREN'T  
QUITE SURE HOW  
TO USE 'EM AT  
FIRST...



"...BUT WE CAME  
UP WITH THE  
ANSWER IN THE  
END."

WHAT'D  
YOU SAY YOUR  
NAME WAS?





GRACIE WITHERSPOON, SIR. I'VE JUST BEEN TRANSFERRED FROM THE MAIL ROOM.

FROM THE MAIL ROOM TO ION SHIELD CONTROL? WITHERSPOON, YOU MUST HAVE SOME SERIOUS DIRT ON SOMEONE IN PERSONNEL...

OH, NO, SIR! I JUST TRY AND DO MY BEST FOR THE COMPANY!

YEAH, SURE. TAKE THAT SUBTRACTION RELAY DOWN TO LEVEL SIX...



YES, SIR!

STUPID-STUPID-STUPID! HOW DID I END UP HERE?!



THIS STUPID RING MUST BE FAULTY! I CAN'T RISK USING IT AGAIN - I'M TRAPPED! NO FEY, NO DOCTOR - WH-WHAT DO I DO?! WHAT CAN I DO?!



CALM.

DOWN.

YOU'RE LARA CROFT. YOU'RE SIGOURNEY WEAVER. YOU'RE WONDER WOMAN.

YOU CAN HANDLE THIS.



LET'S SEE WHERE MS OUTLINE IS HEADING...



...THE SPHERES COULD CREATE DOORWAYS THROUGH ANY DIMENSION. WE DISCOVERED WE COULD TRAVEL ANYWHERE.

SHUCKS, I DIDN'T NEED A HOUSE TO FALL ON ME - I STARTED RECRUITING EMPLOYEES FOR A NEW BUSINESS VENTURE. ONLY THE BRIGHTEST AND THE BEST, OF COURSE...

OH, OF COURSE.

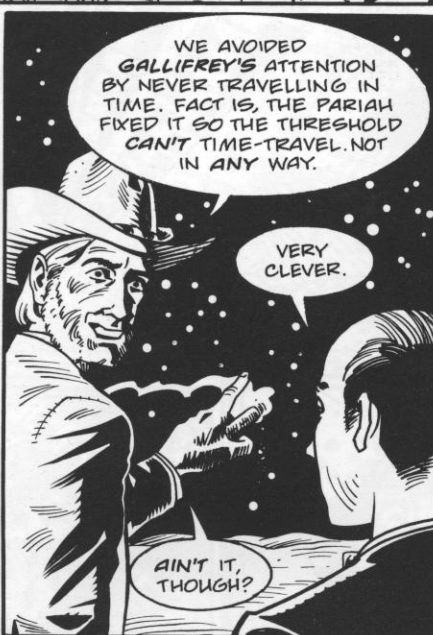


"I'M A GOOD JUDGE OF CHARACTER, DOCTOR. SOME PEOPLE AREN'T AFRAID OF POWER. THAT'S WHO I WENT LOOKIN' FOR."

"AND SO THE THRESHOLD WAS BORN. MY CHOSEN FEW WERE TRANSFORMED INTO LIVING GATEWAYS TO THE SPHERES, AND SHARED THEIR TALENTS..."



"WE STARTED TRADIN' OUR SERVICES IN RETURN FOR ALIEN TECHNOLOGY. WE WERE IN DEMAND RIGHT FROM THE FIRST DAY OF BUSINESS..."



WE AVOIDED GALLIFREY'S ATTENTION BY NEVER TRAVELLING IN TIME. FACT IS, THE PARIAH FIXED IT SO THE THRESHOLD CAN'T TIME-TRAVEL. NOT IN ANY WAY.

VERY CLEVER.

AIN'T IT, THOUGH?



"WE SET UP OFFICES ON THE MOON IN 1922. I CAN STILL REMEMBER WATCHIN' NEIL ARMSTRONG LAND FORTY-SEVEN YEARS LATER..."

"HAH! THAT 'GIANT LEAP' SPEECH BROUGHT THE HOUSE DOWN..."



"BUT WE WERE STILL FOND OF MANKIND; THEY WERE KINDA LIKE OUR DIM-WITTED OLDER BROTHERS. WE LOOKED OUT FOR 'EM WHEN THEY WERE IN TROUBLE..."

WHERE'S SHE GONE..?



"ONLY THEY DON'T NEED US NOW. WE CAN FINALLY GET BACK TO OUR OTHER PET PROJECT-SOMETHIN' I'VE HAD COOKIN' FOR A LONG, LONG WHILE..."

DOWN ONE OF THESE SIDE TUNNELS...



"TRUST ME, DOCTOR..."

"IT'S A HUNDINGER."





ALL SYSTEMS  
ON ZIGGURAT NOW  
FULLY OPERATIONAL. EYE OF  
DISHARMONY CHARGED AT  
OPTIMUM CAPACITY...

THIS IS  
NOT A DRILL, FOLKS...  
ALL PLATFORMS  
RETREAT TO  
DESIGNATED SAFETY  
MARGINS...

IGNITION IN  
FOUR  
SECONDS...

THREE...

TWO...



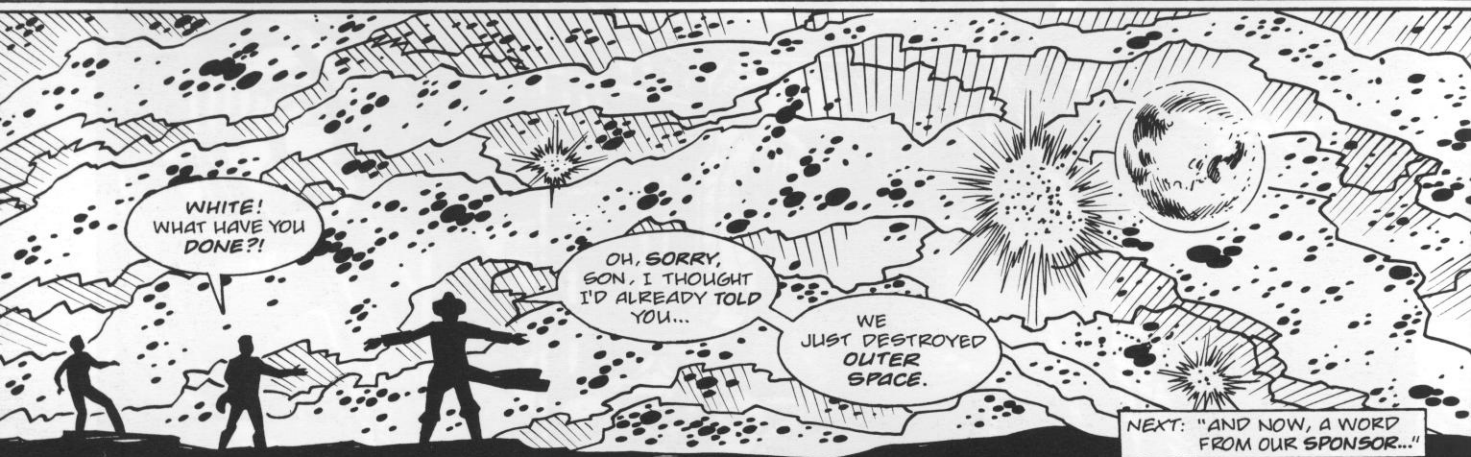
ONE...

THAT'S AS FAR  
AS YOU GO, YOUNG  
LADY!

GLMMPH!



ZZISHWKOW!



WHITE!  
WHAT HAVE YOU  
DONE?!

OH, SORRY,  
SON, I THOUGHT  
I'D ALREADY TOLD  
YOU...

WE  
JUST DESTROYED  
OUTER  
SPACE.

NEXT: "AND NOW, A WORD  
FROM OUR SPONSOR..."

"THE FIRST ANGEL BLEW HIS TRUMPET,  
AND THERE FOLLOWED **HAIL AND FIRE**,  
MIXED WITH **BLOOD**, WHICH FELL ON  
THE EARTH...

"THE SECOND ANGEL BLEW HIS TRUMPET,  
AND SOMETHIN' LIKE A GREAT **MOUNTAIN**,  
BURNIN' WITH FIRE, WAS THROWN INTO  
THE SEA...

"THE THIRD ANGEL BLEW HIS  
TRUMPET, AND A GREAT **STAR**  
FELL FROM HEAVEN, BLAZIN'  
LIKE A **TORCH**...

"AND THE STAR FELL ON A THIRD  
OF THE RIVERS, AND MANY MEN  
**DIED** OF THE WATER, BECAUSE  
IT WAS MADE **POISON**...

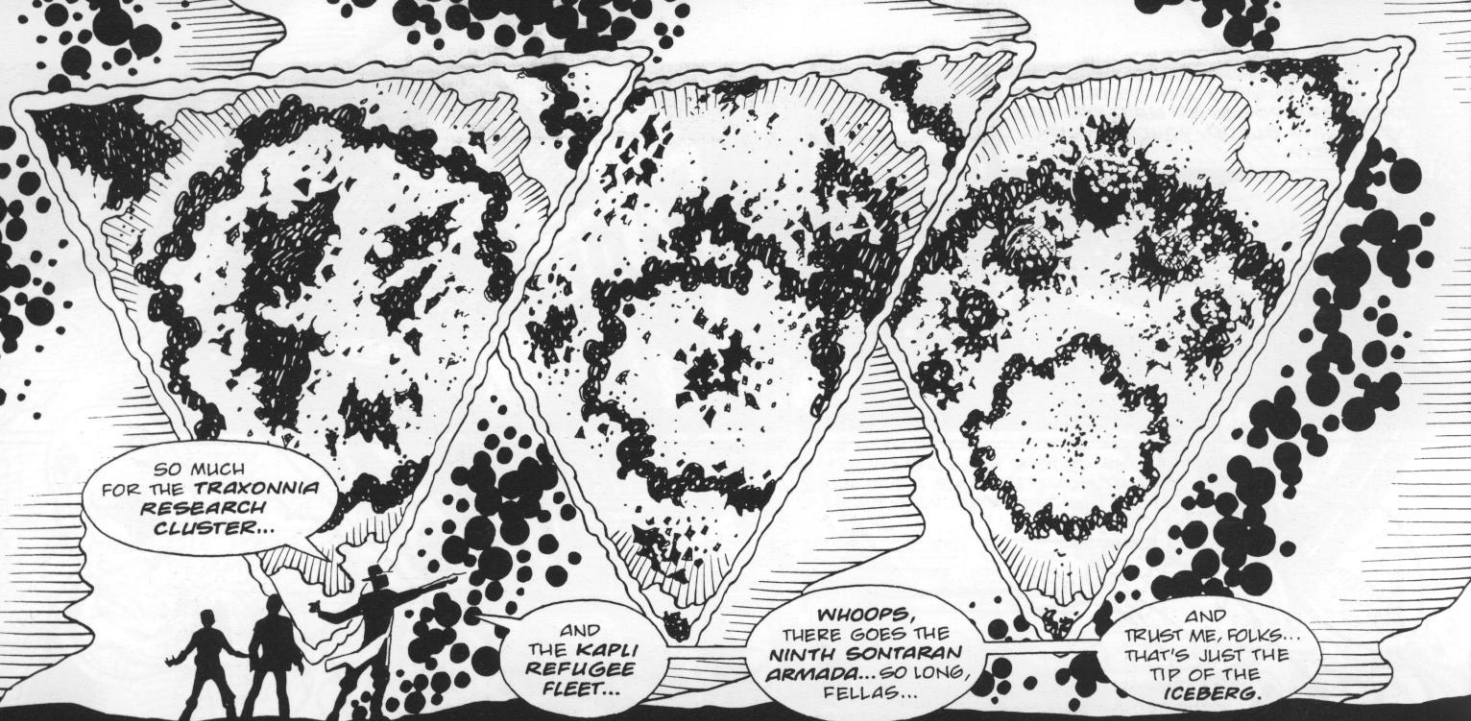
"AND THE NAME OF THE  
STAR WAS **WORMWOOD**."

# WORMWOOD

Part Four

STORY: SCOTT GRAY  
PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY  
INKS: ROBIN SMITH  
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL  
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT +  
ALAN BARNES





SO MUCH FOR THE TRAXONNIA RESEARCH CLUSTER...

AND THE KAPLI REFUGEE FLEET...

WHOOOPS, THERE GOES THE NINTH SONTARAN ARMADA... SO LONG, FELLAS...

AND TRUST ME, FOLKS... THAT'S JUST THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG.

LIKE I SAID, I'M NO SCIENTIST, BUT THE PRINCIPLE'S SIMPLE ENOUGH. JUST TAKE EVERY SPECK OF DARK MATTER, EVERY VIRTUAL PHOTON AND EVERY QUANTUM PARTICLE THAT EXISTS IN THE VACUUM OF SPACE...

TINKER WITH 'EM A LITTLE, SO THEY BECOME ENTROPIC HOLES THAT CONVERT ANYTHING THEY COLLIDE WITH INTO BASIC ENERGY...

AND VOILA! OUTER SPACE ITSELF BECOMES ONE GIANT MINE FIELD.



WHITE, IT'S THE FIFTY-THIRD CENTURY! THERE ARE MILLIONS OF STAR-FARING RACES IN THE UNIVERSE...

BILLIONS OF SPACE CRAFT...

COUNTLESS LIVES!



NOT ANYMORE, SON.

ANYONE UNLUCKY ENOUGH TO BE OUTSIDE A PLANETARY ATMOSPHERE JUST CASHED THEIR LAST PAY CHECK.

"THE DOOHICKEY THAT CAUSED IT ALL IS DOWNSTAIRS..."

I'M TOO LATE...

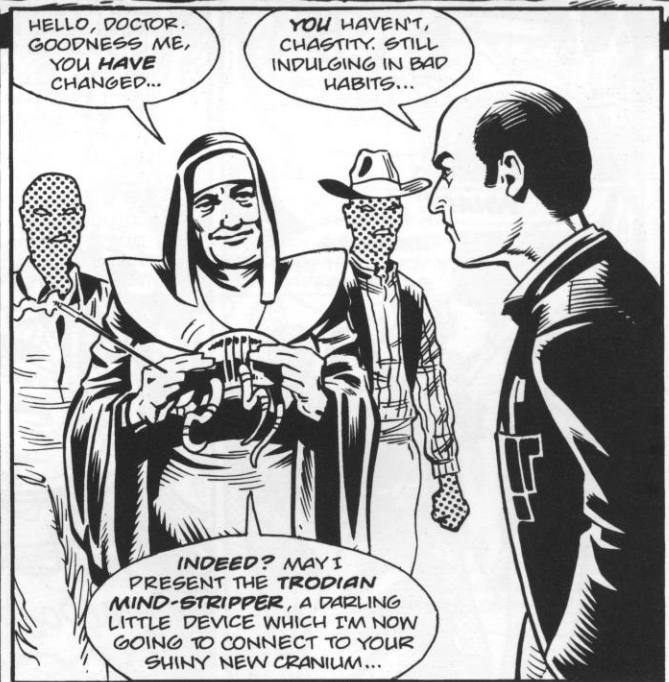
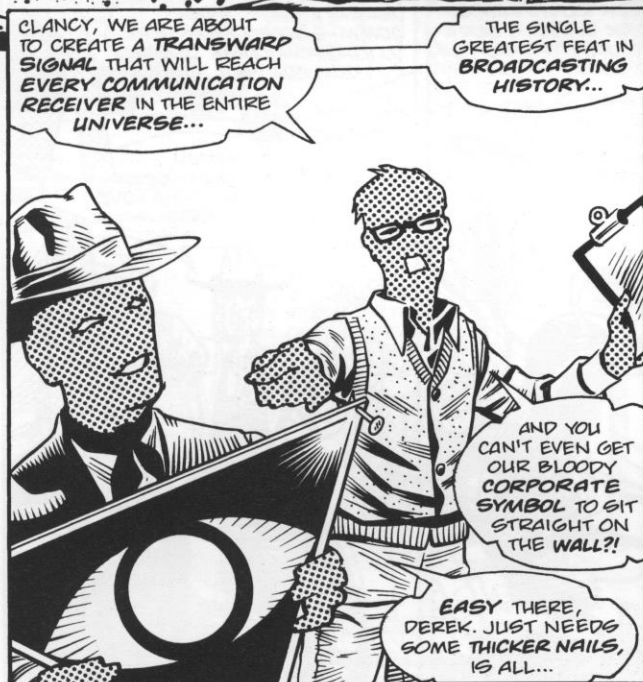
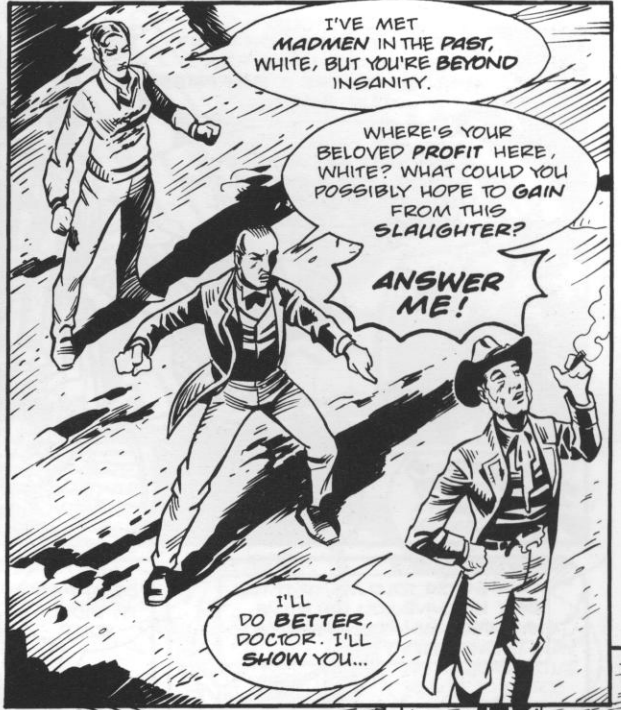


I'M TOO - UNGGH!!

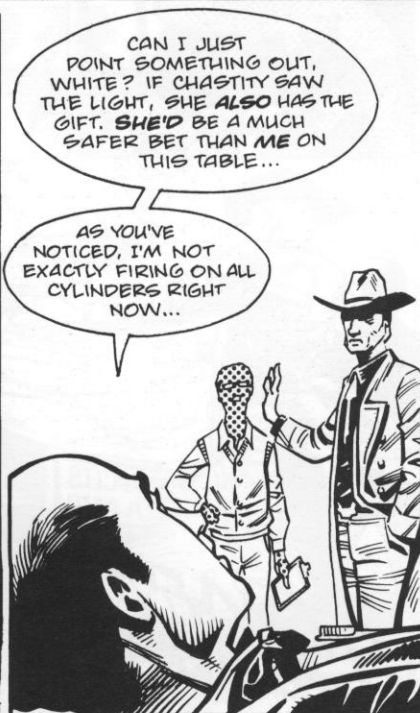


THWOCK!

GET OFF ME, GIRL! NOW!







"RIGHT NOW, ALL ACROSS THE UNIVERSE, THE APOCALYPSE PROPHESED IN EVERY CULTURE SEEMS TO BE TAKIN' PLACE. PEOPLE ARE SCARED. THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR SOMETHIN' TO BELIEVE IN..."

"AND THAT MEANS THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR SOMETHIN' TO BUY."



ATTENTION PLEASE. THE VACUUM OF SPACE HAS SOMEHOW TRANSMUTED INTO A DEVASTATING ENERGY FIELD. REPORTS INDICATE THAT EVERY STARSHIP IN EXISTENCE HAS BEEN ATOMISED BY THE EFFECT. THE LOSS OF LIFE IS INCALCULABLE.

PLEASE REMAIN CALM. THE EFFECT SO FAR SEEMS CONFINED TO OUTER SPACE.

AND NOW, A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR...



HOWDY, FOLKS. I'M ABRAHAM WHITE, MANAGIN' DIRECTOR OF THE THRESHOLD. I WISH I COULD BE SPEAKIN' TO Y'ALL UNDER HAPPIER CIRCUMSTANCES.

WE FACE A TIME OF CRISIS - A TIME OF TRAGEDY, BUT MAYBE SOMETHIN' GOOD CAN COME FROM IT...

MY COMPANY HAS BEEN DEVELOPIN' AN ALTERNATIVE ROUTE TO SPACE TRAVEL...



"THE LT 904 TELEPORT WINDOW IS THE STATE OF THE ART IN TRANS-DIMENSIONAL TRAVEL."



"IMAGINE STEPPIN' THROUGH A MAGIC DOORWAY THAT CAN TAKE YOU ACROSS YOUR TOWN - OR ACROSS YOUR GALAXY - IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE!"

"IT'S A GATEWAY TO INFINITE POSSIBILITIES. OUR WINDOWS CAN TRANSPORT FOOD TO THE HUNGRY, SHELTER TO THE NEEDY AND MEDICINE TO THE SICK..."

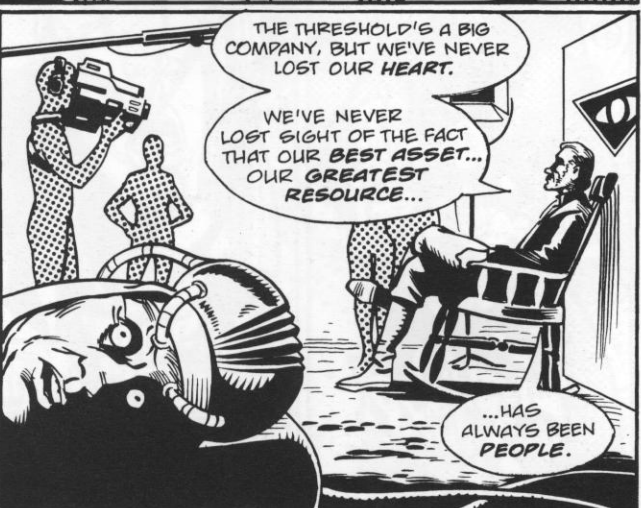
"...FOR A MODEST FEE."



THE THRESHOLD'S A BIG COMPANY, BUT WE'VE NEVER LOST OUR HEART.

WE'VE NEVER LOST SIGHT OF THE FACT THAT OUR BEST ASSET... OUR GREATEST RESOURCE...

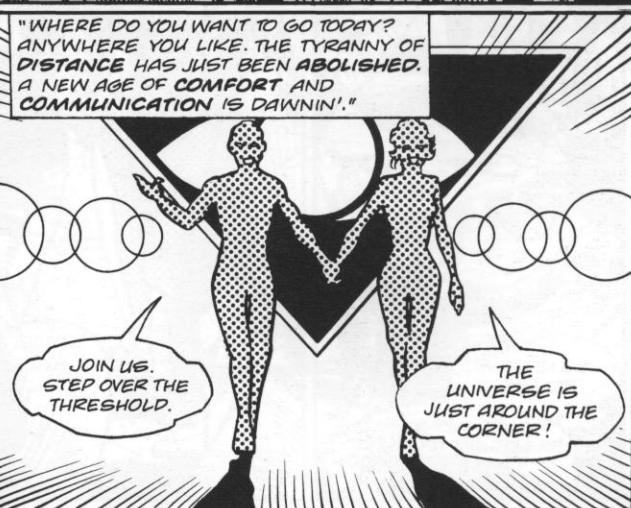
...HAS ALWAYS BEEN PEOPLE.



"WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO TODAY? ANYWHERE YOU LIKE. THE TYRANNY OF DISTANCE HAS JUST BEEN ABOLISHED. A NEW AGE OF COMFORT AND COMMUNICATION IS DAWNIN'."

JOIN US. STEP OVER THE THRESHOLD.

THE UNIVERSE IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER!







ANNND...  
CUT!

BRAVO,  
EVERYONE,  
BRAVO!

WRAP PARTY'S  
AT MY PLACE, 9.30.  
BE FASHIONABLY  
LATE...



SO YOU'VE  
ENGINEERED A **TOTAL  
MONOPOLY** OVER THE  
TRAFFIC OF THE UNIVERSE...  
AND YOU'RE PAINTING  
YOURSELF AS ITS  
**SAVIOUR?**

DO YOU  
REALLY THINK  
THEY'LL **BELIEVE**  
ANY OF THAT  
CLAP-TRAP?

RECKON  
THEY DON'T HAVE  
MUCH **CHOICE**, MS FEY.  
THE **THRESHOLD'S THE  
ONLY GAME IN TOWN,**  
NOW...

THEY GO TO **US**  
OR THEY DON'T GO  
ANYWHERE.



WHO...?

**GRACIE  
WITHERSPOON, SIR.**  
I FOUND **THIS ONE**  
WANDERING AROUND  
DOWN BELOW...

UM, MAYBE  
I SHOULD TAKE  
HER AND HER  
FRIEND TO A  
MORE **SECURE**  
LOCATION...?



WELL, THAT'S  
RIGHT KIND OF YOU,  
YOUNG L-

**NO!**

ABRAHAM,  
THIS GIRL ISN'T  
PART OF MY PROGENY!  
SHE'S AN  
**IMPOSTER!**

**PARIAH?**  
DARLIN', ARE YOU  
SURE?



UH-OH.

JUST SAY THE  
**WORD, BOSS, AND**  
WE'LL SCATTER  
HER **CARCASS**  
ACROSS THE  
**CRAB  
NEBULA!**

SETTLE DOWN,  
FELLAS.

YOU WANT  
TO EXPLAIN YOURSELF,  
LITTLE LADY?  
WE'RE ALL WAITIN'...



WELL, IT  
WAS WORTH A  
TRY.

OUT OF THE  
LINE OF FIRE, IZZY.  
**QUICKLY.**

**NO! I WON'T  
LEAVE YOU-**

**YOU WILL!  
GO!**



YOU  
CLEARLY ENJOY  
A GOOD  
**MASQUERADE,**  
MR WHITE...

I'M  
SURE YOU'LL  
APPRECIATE  
THIS ONE.

**ZISH-3  
WORD!**



I...

I DON'T  
BELIEVE  
IT...

DOCTOR?!?

FLINNY, FEY,  
THAT'S JUST WHAT  
IZZY SAID.

SORRY I'M  
LATE, TRAFFIC WAS  
MURDER. BUT WHY IS  
EVERYONE'S JAW  
SUDDENLY SCRAPING  
THE GROUND?  
HONESTLY...

YOU ALL LOOK  
LIKE YOU'VE SEEN  
A GHOST...



NEXT: "FINISH THE SUCKER!"





# WORMWOOD

Part Five

STORY: SCOTT GRAY  
PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY  
INKS: ROBIN SMITH  
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL  
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + ALAN BARNES







SO YOU'RE  
THE DOCTOR'S SERVANT  
NOW, SHAYDE? RASSILON  
WON'T BE PLEASED...

KREESH!

THE  
DOCTOR IS MY  
ALLY AND MY FRIEND.  
AND I HAVE A  
DUTY TO STOP  
YOU...

YOU WON'T  
DO IT BY RUNNING AWAY,  
SHAYDE. DON'T BOTHER  
PHASING...

THERE'S  
NOWHERE YOU  
CAN GO THAT I CAN'T  
FOLLOW...

HOW DARE  
YOU?! SHAYDE'S ONE  
OF US, AND YOU LEFT HIM  
WITH THAT MONSTER LIKE  
HE WAS JUST SO MUCH  
CANNON FODDER!

FEY, THE  
THRESHOLD HAVE  
TAMPERED WITH THE  
STRUCTURE OF THE ENTIRE  
UNIVERSE! WE HAVE  
NEVER BEEN SO CLOSE  
TO TOTAL  
EXTINCTION!

SHAYDE  
UNDERSTANDS HOW  
HIGH THE STAKES ARE.  
HE'S BUYING US  
TIME...

HOW DID  
YOU COPY THE  
DOCTOR SO WELL,  
SHAYDE? A PERSONA  
IMPRINT PULLED  
FROM THE  
MATRIX?

YOU COULDN'T  
HAVE GIVEN SUCH A FINE  
PERFORMANCE UNAIDED. YOU'RE  
A HOLLOW CREATURE,  
AREN'T YOU?

WE'RE CUT FROM  
THE SAME CLOTH. I WAS  
JUST LIKE YOU ONCE:  
FACELESS, SHAPELESS,  
DREAMLESS... NO WILL,  
NO IDENTITY...

PERHAPS I AM  
MERELY CONTENT TO  
BE WHAT I AM...

YOU'RE  
A WIND-UP TOY,  
SHAYDE. A CHEAP  
COPY OF ME.



BUT  
THE DAY CAME  
WHEN I REALISED  
I WAS ACTUALLY  
ALIVE. THE DAY  
I FIRST FELT  
PAIN.

I LEARNED  
TO BREATHE.  
I GAINED  
AMBITION.

I  
REBELLED.

RASSILON  
DIDN'T LIKE  
THAT...

THWANN!



...AND HE LIKED  
ME EVEN LESS AFTER I  
SLAUGHTERED A FEW  
THOUSAND TIME  
LORDS.

THUB! THUB! THUB!

PSYCHIC  
BULLETS? ARE THEY  
STILL USING THOSE ON  
GALLIFREY? HOW  
PASSÉ!



WITHOUT YOUR  
MASTERS' WILL-POWER  
TO BACK THEM UP, YOU  
MIGHT AS WELL BE THROWING  
PAPER DARTS.



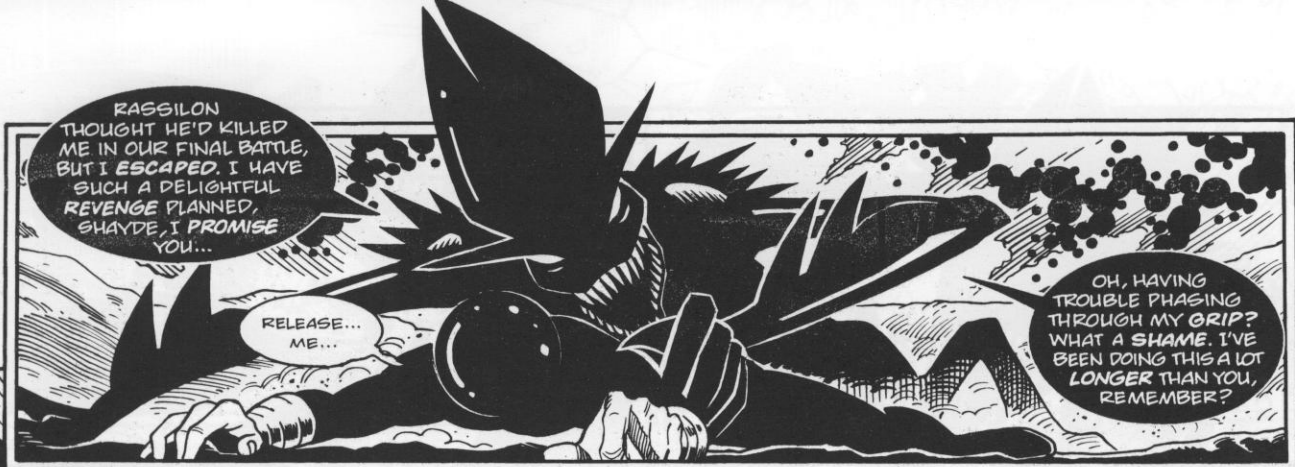
SKK-SHKROW!!



HEY!  
EASY ON THE  
ANTIQUES,  
HONEY!

QUIET,  
DEAR, I'M  
WORKING.





RASSILON  
THOUGHT HE'D KILLED  
ME IN OUR FINAL BATTLE,  
BUT I ESCAPED. I HAVE  
SUCH A DELIGHTFUL  
REVENGE PLANNED,  
SHAYDE, I PROMISE  
YOU...

RELEASE...  
ME...

OH, HAVING  
TROUBLE PHASING  
THROUGH MY GRIP?  
WHAT A SHAME. I'VE  
BEEN DOING THIS A LOT  
LONGER THAN YOU,  
REMEMBER?

AAHGGKK!!

CONGRATULATIONS,  
SHAYDE. YOU ARE  
ALIVE.

FOR THE  
MOMENT.



DARLIN',  
THERE'S NO  
PERCENTAGE IN  
SADISM. FINISH  
THE SUCKER.  
NOW.

ABRAHAM,  
MY LOVE, YOU  
KNOW I'VE ALWAYS  
HAD THE UTMOST  
RESPECT FOR YOUR  
BUSINESS  
ACUMEN...



BUT  
GO  
TO  
HELL.



THE OLD GIRL  
TOOK A REAL BEATING  
FROM THAT ENERGY  
STORM...THE FORCE  
FIELD'S IN A SORRY  
STATE...

COME ON,  
COME ON, IONIC  
PARTICLE SHIELDING  
...THAT'S THE  
KEY...



I KNEW HE WASN'T YOU. DEEP DOWN, I KNEW.

I'M SORRY I COULDN'T LET YOU KNOW THE TRUTH.



ENOUGH, DOCTOR, I WANT SOME ANSWERS! WHY DID YOU AND SHAYDE STAGE SUCH AN ELABORATE DECEPTION?

I KNEW SOMEONE WAS MANIPULATING YOU, FEY. IT WASN'T DIFFICULT TO DEDUCE WHOM.

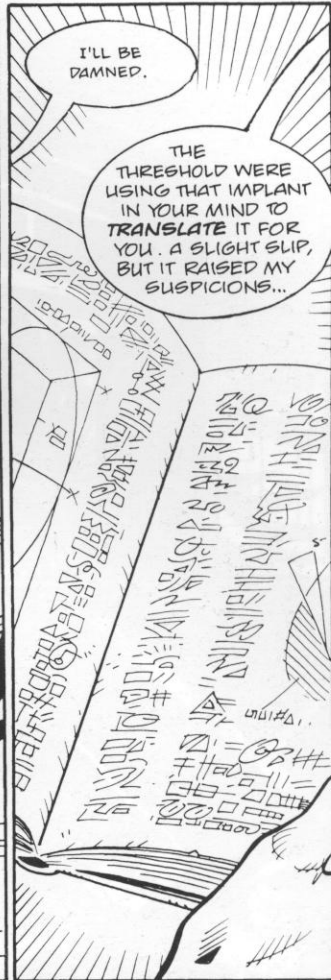


REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE ON GALLIFREY? WHEN YOU TOLD ME YOU HAD USED THE TARDIS MANUAL TO GET US THERE?\*

YES...

LOOK AT THE MANUAL NOW.

\*SEE DWM 263.



I'LL BE DAMNED.

THE THRESHOLD WERE USING THAT IMPLANT IN YOUR MIND TO TRANSLATE IT FOR YOU. A SLIGHT SLIP, BUT IT RAISED MY SUSPICIONS...



... AND SHAYDE CONFIRMED THEM. WE DECIDED TO GIVE THE THRESHOLD PRECISELY WHAT THEY WANTED: A VULNERABLE DOCTOR, NEWLY REGENERATED. SOMEONE WHO WOULDN'T GIVE THEM ANY TROUBLE...

SOMEONE WHO MIGHT MAKE THEM RELAX THEIR GUARD A LITTLE.



"I STAYED INSIDE THE TARDIS WHILE SHAYDE PILOTED THE WATCHTOWER BACK TO THE PRESENT. THE TRAUMA IT CAUSED GAVE HIM THE PERFECT EXCUSE FOR THE 'REGENERATION'..."\*

\*SEE DWM 265.



SHAYDE'S MASQUERADE GAVE ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO TAKE THE TARDIS AND, COURTESY OF THE PCC HE LENT ME, GO FOR A STROLL AROUND WORMWOOD AS 'GRACIE'.

HERE, IZZY, YOU'LL NEED THIS.

A BASEBALL BAT? WHAT, ARE WE GOING TO CHALLENGE THE THRESHOLD TO A GAME OF ROLINDERS?



THAT'S PLAN B. I HAVE SOMETHING ELSE IN MIND.







Part Six

# WORMWOOD

STORY: SCOTT GRAY  
PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY  
INKS: ROBIN SMITH  
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OH MY GOD... WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THEM?

TIME-TRAVEL... OF COURSE! THE ONE DIMENSION BARRED TO THE THRESHOLD WAS TIME! THE PARIAH HAD THIS PLANNED FROM THE VERY BEGINNING!

SHE'S DRAINING THEM ALL, FEEDING THE ZIGGURAT MORE ENERGY THAN IT CAN HANDLE!

NNNAARRGH!!

IT'S KILLING ALL OF THEM!

EVEN THEY DON'T DESERVE THIS. IT'S OBSCENE!

THE SITUATION ISN'T AS BAD AS I THOUGHT...

NO?

NO, IT'S INFINITELY WORSE. THE PARIAH IS A LIVING WEAPON - SHE'S LIKE A MISSILE THAT'S GAINED A MIND. SHE HAS A SENSE OF PURPOSE.

SO WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

A WEAPON ONLY HAS ONE PURPOSE, IZZY.

YOU STINKIN' CRAZY... THEY WERE OUR PEOPLE!

YOU KILLED OUR PEOPLE!

IT'S WHAT I DO, DARLING. REMEMBER? DID YOU REALLY THINK I'VE HELPED YOU FOR THREE THOUSAND YEARS JUST TO FURTHER YOUR PETTY BUSINESS INTERESTS?

DID YOU TRULY BELIEVE I WOULD BE CONTENT WITH SIMPLY DESTROYING GALLIFREY?

AT THE MOMENT THE ZIGGURAT IS DELICATELY POISED TO DISRUPT ONLY THE GREAT VACUUM. BUT IN A FEW MINUTES THAT WILL CHANGE...





PLANETS WILL BE DESTROYED AS WELL. SO WILL STARS. NOTHING WILL BE LEFT. ABRAHAM. NOT A SINGLE HEARTBEAT. NOT EVEN A VOID.

ALL

WILL

DIE!



JUST ONE THING, SON...

I WANT A DIVORCE.

AAAKKK!!



YOUR "ULTIMATE DESTINY", PARIAH? THE LITTLE WEAPON WHO GREW UP TO KILL EVERYTHING?

AH, DOCTOR.

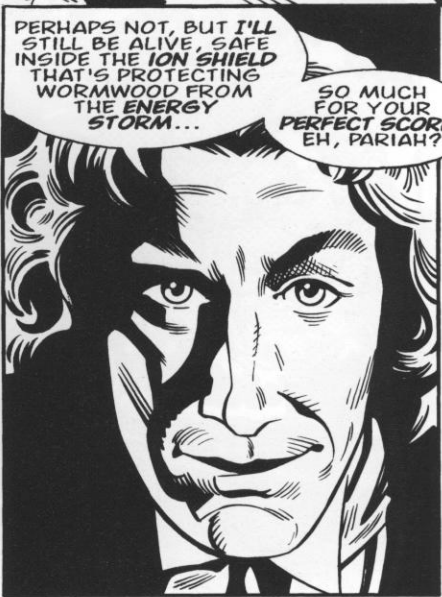
WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY TO THAT, WHITE?



N-NO!

WE... WE... WON'T LAST MORE'N A FEW MINUTES APART, DARLIN'...

CHEW ON THAT...



PERHAPS NOT, BUT I'LL STILL BE ALIVE, SAFE INSIDE THE ION SHIELD THAT'S PROTECTING WORMWOOD FROM THE ENERGY STORM...

SO MUCH FOR YOUR PERFECT SCORE, EH, PARIAH?







SHRIPP!

I ONLY WISH I COULD TAKE MY TIME WITH YOU, DOCTOR - BUT YOU WERE RIGHT: I DO HAVE A PERFECT SCORE TO MAINTAIN.

AAAGHH!!



SAY GOODNIGHT, "GRACIE".



YOU KNOW, I HAVEN'T UNDERSTOOD HALF THE CULTURAL REFERENCES BEING BANDIED ABOUT TODAY...

BUT I KNOW A CHEAP THREAT WHEN I HEAR ONE.

WHAT...?!



AS YOU SAID EARLIER, PARIAH... IT'S ALL A MATTER OF WILL-POWER.

TELL ME, DO THESE FEEL LIKE PAPER DARTS NOW?

THUB-THUB-THUB!

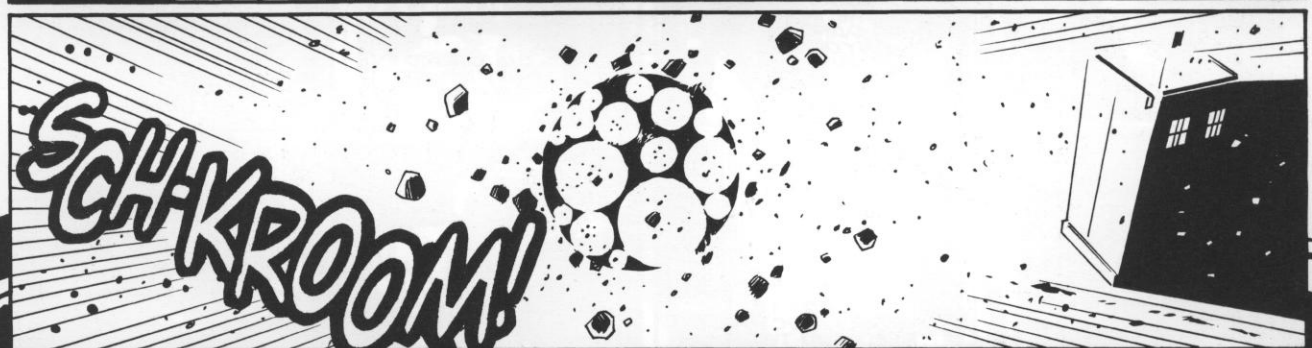
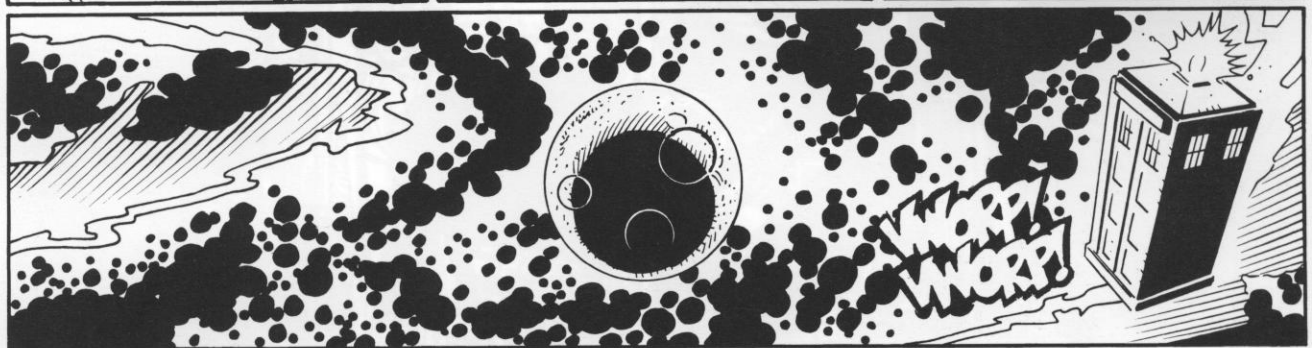
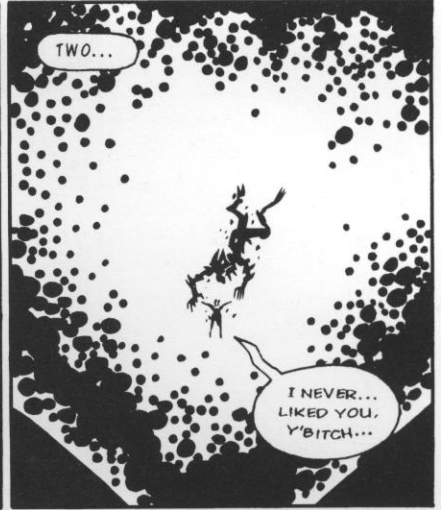
AAGHHH!!!



ION SHIELD FAILURE IN TEN SECONDS...

JOB'S DONE, DOCTOR!

MUSIC TO MY EARS! THE TARDIS, QUICKLY!







TOO MAD.

YOU KNOW, I THINK THAT BAT'S PREVIOUS OWNER WOULD'VE BEEN PROUD OF YOU...

I KNOW I AM.



SO THAT'S IT FOR THE THRESHOLD? THEY'RE REALLY FINISHED?

I BELIEVE SO. FUNNY... I THOUGHT I'D BE CELEBRATING...

BUT RIGHT NOW IT ALL SEEMS LIKE SUCH A WASTE.

YOU'RE NOT THE TYPE TO GO DANCING ON ANYONE'S GRAVE, DOCTOR.



AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, FEY? YOU'VE BONDED WITH SHAYDE, BUT IN A RATHER DIFFERENT FASHION TO WHITE AND THE PARIAH'S UNION. HOW DO YOU FEEL?

VERY... BALANCED. SHAYDE'S SLEEPING WITHIN ME FOR NOW. WHEN HE WAKES UP, WE'LL HAVE A GREAT DEAL TO DISCUSS.

I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO GO NOW...



BUT... FEY, YOU'VE JUST GOT HERE! AND EVERYTHING'S BEEN SO MANIC, WE NEVER EVEN GOT A CHANCE TO... WELL, TALK...

I... I KNOW, IZZY. I WANT TO STAY, BUT MY LIFE JUST BECAME CONSIDERABLY MORE COMPLICATED. I HAVE NEW RESPONSIBILITIES NOW.



I CAN HEAR RASSILON CALLING. HE'S IN FOR QUITE A SURPRISE, SO IS KING GEORGE. COME TO THINK OF IT...

GOODBYE.



DON'T BE A STRANGER, "FEYDE".

NOT TO WORRY, DOCTOR. IF I NEED YOU TWO I CAN ALWAYS WHISTLE, REMEMBER?



I'LL MISS HER. SHE'S QUITE A L-

HEY! WHAT'S THAT FOR?

JUST FOR BEING YOU. AND PLEASE... TRY STAYING YOU, ALRIGHT?



SCOUT'S HONOUR, IZZY, THIS BODY'S JUST GETTING WARMED UP!

NOW, THERE'S A TERRIFIC RESTAURANT ON SETATIUS IX I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TRY... I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I'M STARVING!

THE END.





THIS IS A STORY OF TWO WORLDS  
THE ONE WE KNOW AND  
ANOTHER WHICH EXISTS ONLY IN...



I MAKE THAT STEP  
NUMBER TWO HUNDRED  
AND FIFTY THOUSAND.  
EXACTLY. AND THAT'S  
FAR ENOUGH.

I MEAN,  
WHAT IF THEY  
DON'T LET US  
IN?

PSHAW.  
WHERE'S YOUR  
SENSE OF  
ADVENTURE?

I KNOW, AND I'M  
SORRY, BUT LOOK  
ON THE BRIGHT  
SIDE--

IT'S NOT EVERY  
DAY WE GO SOME-  
WHERE LIKE  
THIS!



IT DIED, DOCTOR.  
I DIED. YOU DIED. THE  
TARDIS DIED.

WE WERE IN  
THE VORTEX. THE CONSOLE  
BLEW UP. WE WOKE UP ON  
THIS STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN.  
IT'S ALL OVER. THAT'S IT.



SILENCE IN COURT!

HOPE  
YOU'VE BEEN  
A GOOD GIRL,  
IZZY--

TODAY IS  
JUDGEMENT  
DAY.

# A LIFE OF MATTER & DEATH

SCRIPT: ALAN BARNES. ART: SEAN LONGCROFT (& MARTIN GERAGHTY)  
LETTERS: ELITTA FELL. EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & SCOTT GRAY.

ATTENTION, JURORS OF  
THE LIMBO INBETWEEN!  
WE ARE GATHERED HERE  
TO DETERMINE THE FATE  
OF THESE TWO LOST SOULS.  
WILL THEY RESIDE  
UP ABOVE--

--OR BURN IN  
TORMENT DOWN  
BELOW? HEH HEH!

I'M STARTING TO  
GET A BAD FEELING  
ABOUT THIS...

YOU'RE  
NOT THE ONLY  
ONE.

WE SHALL  
JUDGE THE DOCTOR  
FIRST. WITNESSES FROM  
BEYOND WILL TESTIFY  
AS TO HIS TRUE  
NATURE--

CALL  
GENERAL  
IRONICUS!





AND SO...

I WAS BUT A LOYAL  
SERVANT OF THE GALACTIC  
ROMAN EMPIRE. MY IRON  
LEGION KEPT OUR WORLDS  
AT PEACE--

--UNTIL THE DOCTOR  
CAME! HE FERMENTED  
REBELLION! REVOLUTION! HE  
OVERTHREW THE EMPEROR  
ADOLPHUS CAESAR --AND  
SLEW HIS MOTHER, TOO! I  
BEG THE COURT--

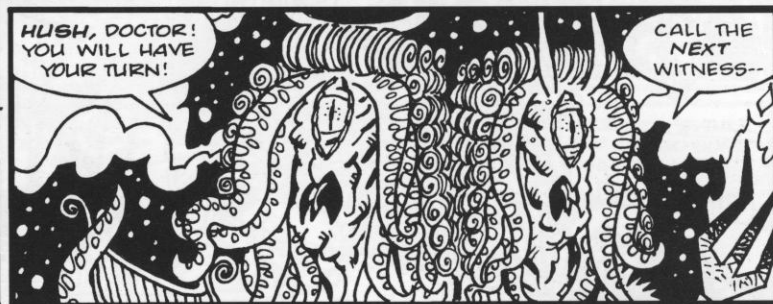


--SEND THIS  
ANARCHIST TO  
HELL!

OBJECTION!

DOCTOR,  
DON'T! THIS  
ISN'T CROWN  
COURT--

GOD, YOU  
CAN BE REALLY  
EMBARRASSING...



HUSH, DOCTOR!  
YOU WILL HAVE  
YOUR TURN!

CALL THE  
NEXT  
WITNESS--



"--CALL JOSIAH  
W. DOGBOLTER!"

ONCE I WAS THE  
CHAIRMAN OF 43  
COMPANIES! I WAS  
BUSINESS ALIEN OF  
THE YEAR! INTRA  
VENUS INC WAS  
BOOMING--

AND THEN  
THE DOCTOR MEDDLED  
IN MY AFFAIRS! IT STOCK  
EXCHANGES CRASHED!  
THERE WAS A RUN ON  
THE ALTARIAN DOLLAR!  
CHILDREN  
STARVED--

--EXCUSE  
ME--



BUY! BUY! SELL!  
BUY! SELL! SELL!  
BUY!

DOCTOR, IS  
ANY OF THIS  
TRUE?

OF  
COURSE NOT.  
DOGBOLTER AND  
IRONICUS CAN'T WAIT  
TO GET THEIR PITCH-  
FORKS INTO  
ME--

THEY'D  
SAY ANYTHING  
TO PUT ME IN  
THE OTHER  
PLACE!



"CALL BEEP  
THE MEEP!"

PLEASE, YOUR  
WORSHIPFULNESSES  
...I WAS BUT A HUMBLE  
AMBASSADOR, SENT TO PLANET  
EARTH TO FORGE A FRIENDSHIP  
BETWEEN OUR WORLDS...

BUT THE  
DOCTOR TURNED THE  
HUMANS AGAINST ME,  
SENT A SQUAD OF VICIOUS  
WARTH WARRIORS TO  
TRACK ME DOWN! IT  
MAKES ME SO...  
SO...



...ANGRY!

DIE, YOU DO-GOODING  
NONENTITY! DIE! DIE!  
DIE!

WAAAH!

RESTRAIN  
THAT  
MEEP!







YOU AGAIN!  
WHERE ARE WE?  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON?

I THINK I  
KNOW. WE'RE  
WHERE WE'VE  
ALWAYS  
BEEN-

INTER-  
STITIAL SPACE.  
AM I RIGHT,  
DEAR LADY?



BUT OF  
COURSE. YOU  
NEVER LEFT  
THE SHIP.

SO  
WE'RE NOT  
DEAD?

NOT  
EXACTLY,  
DEAR  
IZZY--

--BUT YOU  
ARE NOT QUITE  
ALIVE.

SEE?



ARE WE  
GHOSTS, OR  
WHAT?

AND JUST  
WHO ARE YOU,  
ANYWAY?

HUSH,  
CHILD. YOU'RE  
A MEMORY- AND  
YOU'VE KNOWN  
ME FOR SOME  
TIME...

"THE TARDIS WAS ATTACKED  
BY A CREATURE OF THE VORTEX-  
A PARASITE, OF SORTS..."

"IT PUNCHED ITS WAY IN, CAUSED  
MASSIVE SYSTEMS DISRUPTION.  
LIFE SUPPORT FAILED. THE DOCTOR  
AND IZZY COLLAPSED.

"IT TOOK ROOT IN THE ENGINE  
ROOM, BEGAN SUCKING THE  
LIFE FROM THE SHIP. THE  
TARDIS WAS DYING - BUT IT  
HAD AN IDEA..."



IT DREDGED  
UP THE DOCTOR AND  
IZZY FROM ITS OWN DATA  
BANKS. IT WAS TOUCH-  
AND-GO. THE BEAST HAD  
GOT INSIDE, AND HAD  
NEARLY CONSUMED ITS  
MEMORIES - YOU.

US?

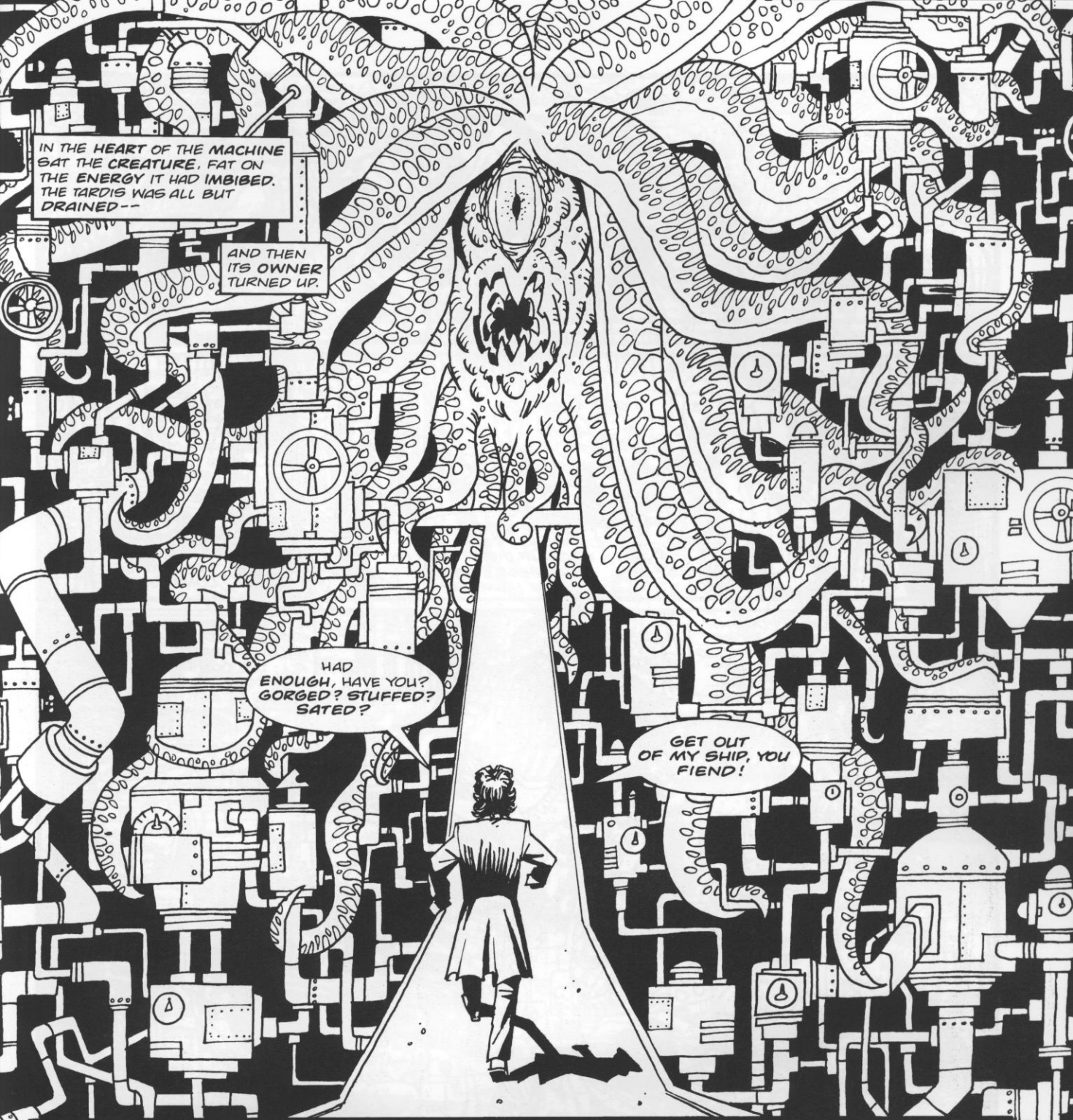


HURRY.  
YOU MUST DESTROY  
THIS PARASITE. YOU'VE  
LITTLE TIME. THE DOCTOR  
AND IZZY ARE DYING. THE  
TARDIS IS, TOO...

WEIRD. SO  
WHO'S THE GREY  
LADY?

HAVEN'T  
YOU  
GUESSED?

NEVER  
MIND. WE'VE  
GOT THINGS  
TO DO!



IN THE HEART OF THE MACHINE  
SAT THE CREATURE, FAT ON  
THE ENERGY IT HAD IMBIBED.  
THE TARDIS WAS ALL BUT  
DRAINED--

AND THEN  
ITS OWNER  
TURNED UP.

HAD  
ENOUGH, HAVE YOU?  
GORGED? STUFFED?  
SATED?

GET OUT  
OF MY SHIP, YOU  
FIEND!

YOU!  
I KNOW YOU.  
I NEARLY ATE  
YOU IN THE DATA  
BANKS--

PUNY  
THING. I'LL HAVE  
YOU NOW!

WILL YOU?  
ALL THIS IS A  
SIMULACRUM, AN  
ACORPOREAL  
MANIFESTATION  
CREATED BY THE TARDIS.  
YOU'VE ABSORBED SO  
MUCH DATA, YOU'RE  
PART OF THE SHIP  
ITSELF--

IF I  
DESTROY YOU ON  
THIS PLANE, I  
CAN EXORCISE YOUR  
PRESENCE FROM THE  
REAL WORLD!









THE CITY-STATE OF  
TOR-KA-NOM, 2708AD...

# By hook OR by Crook

MAGNIFICENT.  
EVEN BETTER THAN  
I REMEMBER...

WE'RE  
IN THE WRONG  
CENTURY, YOU  
KNOW...

...IF WE'D  
LANDED IN THE 14th WE  
COULD HAVE SEEN THE  
REBIRTH OF THE ORGANIC  
STATUES IN ES-KO-THOTH  
PARK...

WHAT ARE YOU  
READING?

"TOR-KA-NOM:  
A HISTORY OF A  
CITY-STATE." IT'S FAB!

PIFFLE.  
UNDER-RESEARCHED,  
OVER-INFLATED, UNADULTERATED  
PIFFLE. TAKE A LOOK AT  
THE REAL THING...

WHOA, TOO  
MAD! PROPER  
FRITZ LANG  
STUFF!

STORY: SCOTT GRAY  
ART: ADRIAN SALMON  
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL  
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + ALAN BARNES

COME  
ON, LET'S GO  
SEE THE  
SIGHTS...

HOLD ON,  
JUST GIVE ME  
FIVE MORE  
MINUTES TO  
FINISH THIS  
CHAPTER...

WHAT?!

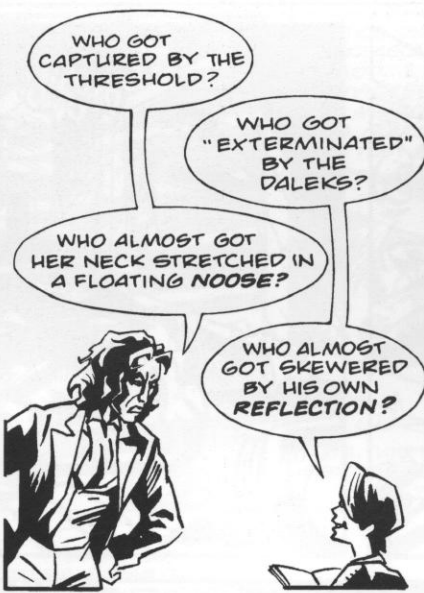
FIVE  
MINUTES, DOCTOR.  
PLEASE?

IZZY, WHY  
BOTHER READING ABOUT  
SOMETHING WHEN YOU CAN  
EXPERIENCE IT? WE'RE HERE!  
TIME'S TICKING BY! LET'S GO!



SIGHE YOU GO, SPEEDY GONZALES... AND TRY TO KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE...

ME KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE? NOW THAT IS RICH..



WHO GOT CAPTURED BY THE THRESHOLD?

WHO GOT "EXTERMINATED" BY THE DALEKS?

WHO ALMOST GOT HER NECK STRETCHED IN A FLOATING NOOSE?

WHO ALMOST GOT SKEWERED BY HIS OWN REFLECTION?



20 MAZUMAS SAYS YOU'RE RIGHT IN IT BY MIDNIGHT...

MAKE IT 50 AND YOU'RE ON!



HMMPH... "SPEEDY GONZALES"... WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

I NEED JAM... APRICOT JAM ALWAYS CALMS ME DOWN...



DING! DING!

GOOD EVENING, I WONDER IF YOU CAN--



--HELP ME...

I TRIED TO HELP HIM, BUT I WAS TOO LATE - THE JAM HAD CLAIMED HIM! IT'S WHISPERING TO YOU ALL... WHEN YOU'RE ASLEEP...

IT'S DRIVING YOU ALL INSANE!!!

AHHH... YES! ABSOLUTELY!

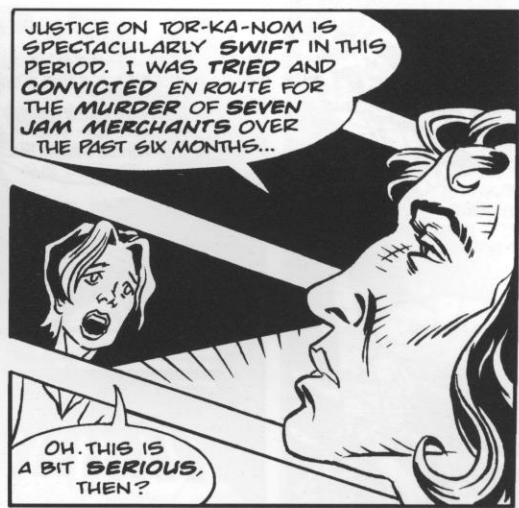
LOOK, WHY DON'T YOU LET ME HOLD THAT?

POK!

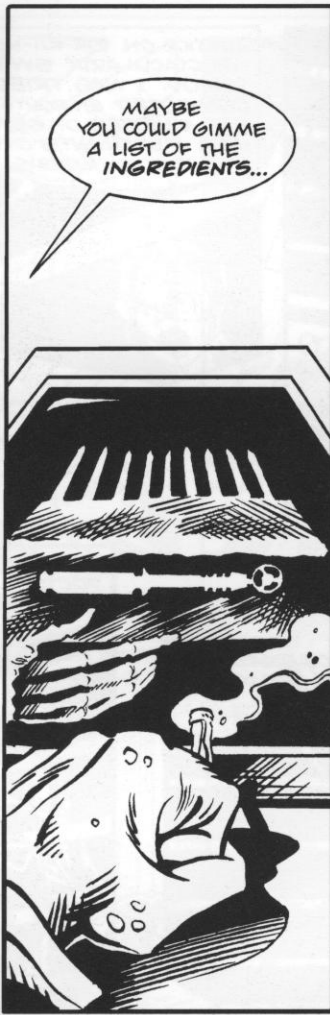
NO! NO! DON'T TOUCH MY HOOK! I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'VE BEEN!





























Above: Our first ever glimpse of Stockbridge in 1979's **The Iron Legion**.

Right and opposite: More detailed studies of Izzy by artist Martin Geraghty.

descendant of a clone child imprinted with the DNA of an executed alien criminal, the sorceress Myrwwiddin. The line has been gathering mass ever since the child was hidden on Earth centuries before by Myrwwiddin's acolytes – but the fated seventh daughter of the line, destined to be reincarnated as Myrwwiddin, has been born as twins. Izzy gets away, but is pursued by The Fell and an amorphous “giant, moving mouth” called The Shape – and is only saved when she bumps into the newly-arrived Doctor at the end of Part One: “Hello, I’m the Doctor. And when I say run...” Cue lots of chase-capture-escape jolliness, livened up by Stockbridge being ‘terraformed’ to resemble Myrwwiddin’s homeworld and the Doctor being swallowed whole by The Shape at the end of Part Two (the get-out being he makes it spew him out from inside its guts, a plot device I later offered to Clayton Hickman for the Big Finish audio *The One Doctor*). Anyway, Imogen and Izzy are combined to make up the new Myrwwiddin, and there’s a real cop-out ending involving some sort of antibody, stabilising the Imogen/Izzy hybrid. (In an epilogue, ‘Imozy’ is visited by an agent of the Threshold, promising her great things for the future. I can’t remember if we were actually going anywhere with this.)

It’s all good fun, but a bit inconsequential – which is probably why Gary Gillatt asked me to instead introduce the comic strip Eighth Doctor by pitting him against a past enemy. There’s a list of possibles scribbled on the back of my *Stockbridge Changelings* synopsis, in fact: the Rani, the Black Guardian, Morgaine (!!!) ... but the Toymaker, I recall, was chosen on the grounds that he’s one of the very few ‘big’, comic strip-style villains in the canon – you could just about imagine him taking on Adam West’s Batman. (Actually, maybe the thinking was ‘big villains... Batman... Alfred the butler... Michael Gough... Toymaker!’ I daresay that there was a laboured joke intended in giving the Toymaker a butler, or batman,

Dear Scott.

Just a couple of visuals of ‘Izzy’ as requested – the pose line gives her overtaken. Probably makes her look a little more statuesque and leggy than I intended but let me know what you think! -cheers.

M.

in Marwood, named after Paul McGann's *Withnail & I* character. But we're getting ahead of ourselves...)

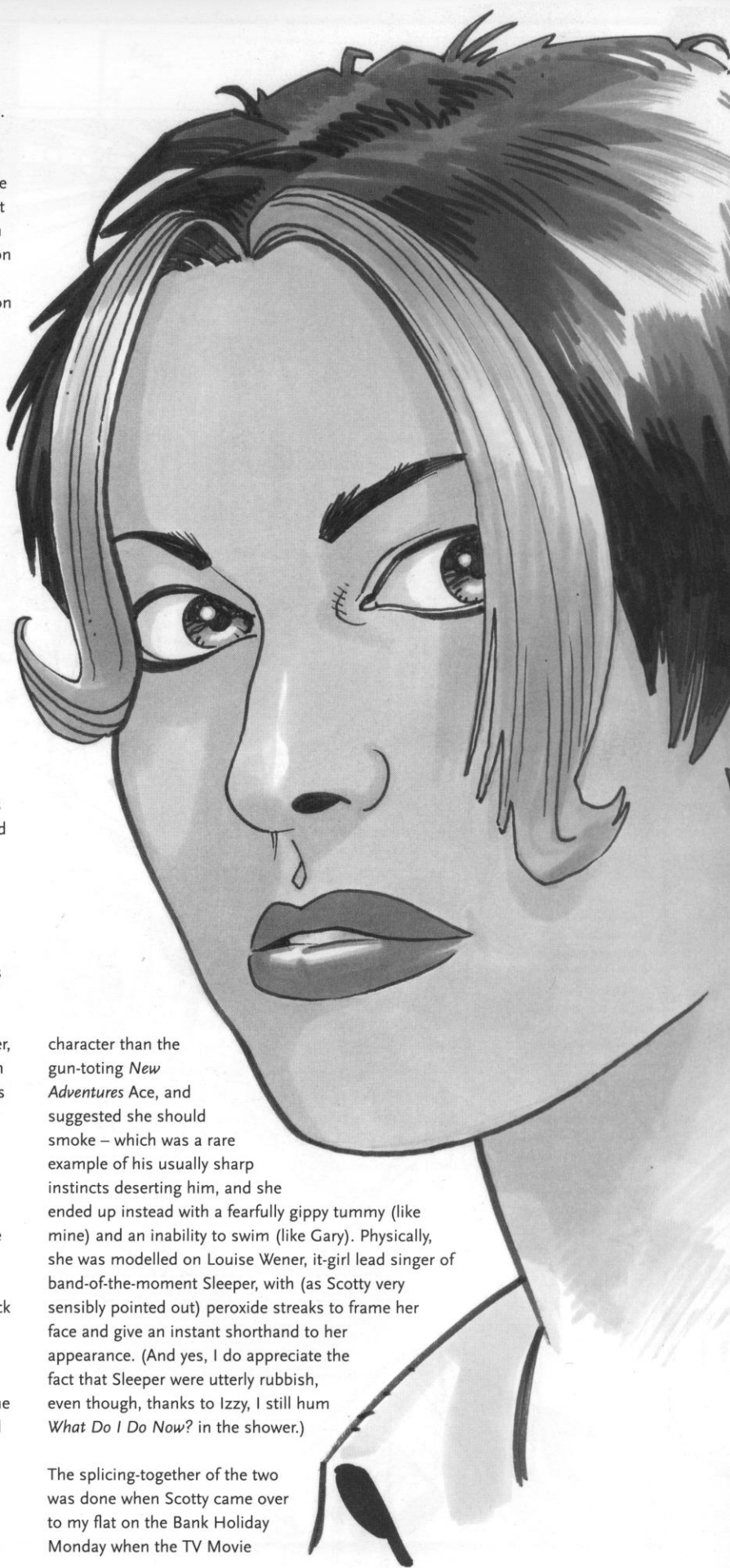
And so, *The Hand of God* – which really wasn't much cop. It started out in an English country house, in a real-life game of Cluedo (that's 'Clue' if you're American, and don't appreciate the pun). The Doctor arrives at the scene after the two of hearts gets played in a game of poker, but his TARDIS is stolen by giant Morph-style plasticene men covertly commanded by a crossword-solving Colonel, soon revealed to be the Toymaker. Cut to the Toymaker's "wild pop-art Celestial Toyroom", for some unfathomable reason located inside "a giant airship/blimp cruising through space". The Toymaker and his various 'playthings', including, for another unfathomable reason, a playboy Draconian Prince, is headed for a distant planet where some powerful McGuffin called the Infinity Crucible is supposedly located (and despite a full page's worth of exposition being devoted to it, I can't tell you what this Infinity Crucible actually does). Anyway, the Toymaker needs the time-sensitive Doctor to navigate the surface of the planet, which is governed not by cause-and-effect, but by chance. This is actually quite a neat idea, cos the Doctor would have rolled dice to determine his direction. (As I remember, a few pages would have been done in 'make your own adventure' style – you know, 'To go right, turn to panel 24. To go left, turn to panel 37. To die in a horribly unsatisfactory random manner, turn to panel 5', that sort of thing...) But the only important story points which made the finished *Endgame* were the crossword clues, ACME weapons and a lethal version of Hangman, in which a 'playbeing' is saved from execution when the Doctor calls out "Mercy". The thrilling airship-plummets-to-the-ground scenes, meanwhile, had to wait for another story, in another medium...

But by the time I sent this one in (yes, kids: less than ten years ago, we printed out stories and posted them – no, really!), Gary had been told that yes, we definitely could use the McGann Doctor. Since the Eighth Doctor is travelling alone at the end of the TV Movie, and knowing that his first book appearance wasn't going to be for another year or so (we couldn't have tied the lines together, even if we'd wanted to), we'd have to evolve a companion of our own. Out of the chaos of changing priorities, it was decided to use the girl (and setting) from *The Stockbridge Changelings*, with the villain and games-playing set pieces of *The Hand of God* grafted in.

Izzy's character, I guess, arose from a desire to be simply contrary: I thought it'd be fun to invert the 'new-companion-sees-inside-of-the-TARDIS-and-boggles' scene by having her disappointed that it's not more spacey (which is why I was rather amused when Rose Tyler complains that the Ninth Doctor can't give her more Spock in *The Empty Child*, but a greater mind than mine has thought alike). That, and the thought of reusing Steve Parkhouse's Maxwell Edison as a way to link to the Doctor's past led to the geek-girl stuff, 'cos sending up the then-huge *X Files* with Max and Izzy as a crap Mulder and Scully seemed irresistible. For contrast with the recent past, it was important that she was (to use the 1996 vernacular) mad for it – travelling with the Doctor was going to be fun, a total blast, with no Ace-style brooding in the bedroom. Gary wanted a more human, fallible

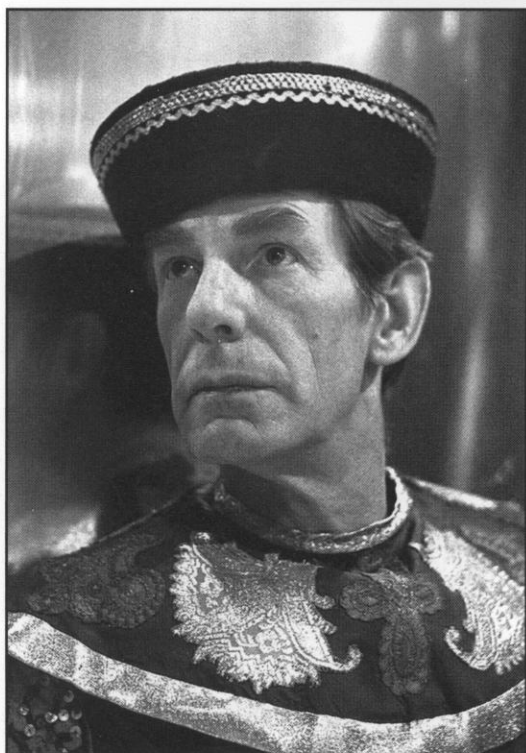
character than the gun-toting *New Adventures* Ace, and suggested she should smoke – which was a rare example of his usually sharp instincts deserting him, and she ended up instead with a fearfully gippy tummy (like mine) and an inability to swim (like Gary). Physically, she was modelled on Louise Wener, it-girl lead singer of band-of-the-moment Sleeper, with (as Scotty very sensibly pointed out) peroxide streaks to frame her face and give an instant shorthand to her appearance. (And yes, I do appreciate the fact that Sleeper were utterly rubbish, even though, thanks to Izzy, I still hum *What Do I Do Now?* in the shower.)

The splicing-together of the two was done when Scotty came over to my flat on the Bank Holiday Monday when the TV Movie









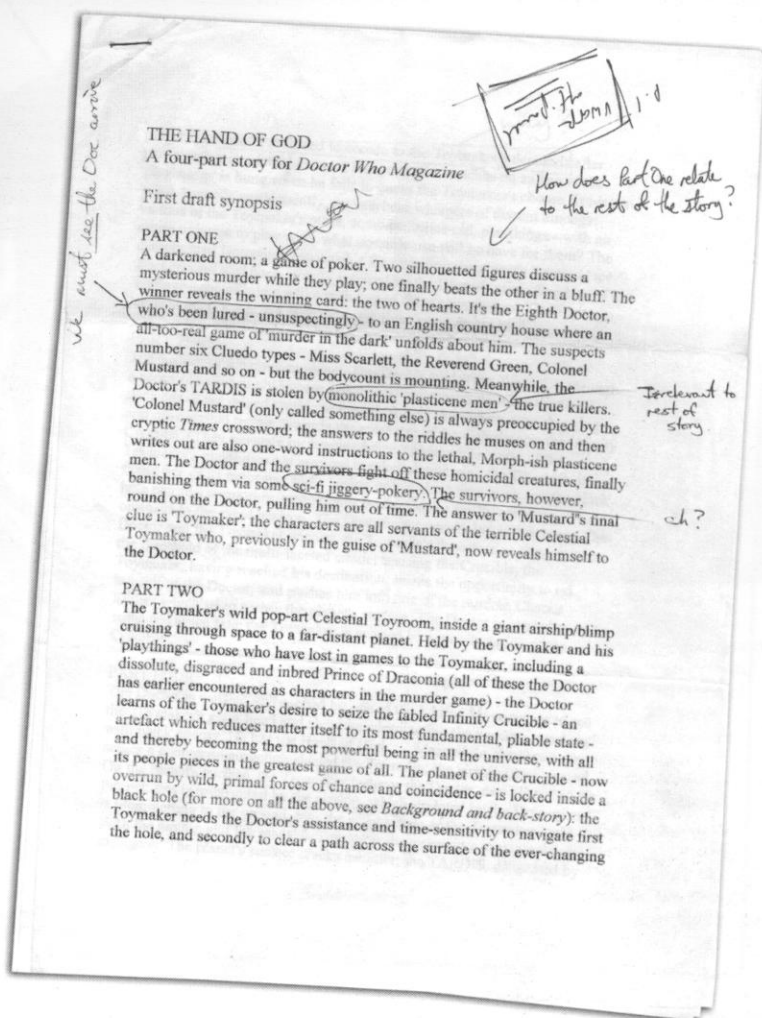
was shown, which rather illustrates how tight the deadline was. Despite the occasionally trippy ambience of the finished piece, I'd like to stress that we in no way got ripped to the tits on jazz cigarettes, then turned off the McGann film to watch *What's Up, Tiger Lily?* and dodgy 1930s talking dog shorts instead. (That would have been irresponsible and utterly wrong.) Anyway, Scotty came up with the exaggerated, playing-card style Imagineum-Doctor, and it's a shame we never used him again as we'd once planned to.

I'm terribly proud of the finished *Endgame*, which despite its rather tortuous coming-together, retains the freshness and excitement you get when you set yourself the task of showing something new on every single page, and stick to it. **AB**

## THE KEEP

by Alan Barnes

As soon as I'd finished *Endgame*, I was summoned down to Tunbridge Wells to be given the brief for the 'Daleks v Threshold' story which became *Fire and Brimstone*. The first draft storyline for that kicked off with a half-page explaining all about Crivello's Cauldron, over which Gary scribbled, despairingly, "When is all this explained? The Doctor can't know or look it up." And so we came up with the idea of trailing *Fire and Brimstone* with a discreet (and superficially discrete) two-part adventure to avoid having to load up the already-bursting *Fire and Brimstone* with heaps of establishing exposition... and 'cos Gary loved the way that, all those years ago, *Stars Fell On Stockbridge* had previewed *The Stockbridge Horror*. I couldn't quite pull off the trick of having *The Keep* function purely independently, as *Stars Fell On Stockbridge* does – but the closing page, where Marquez breaks Crivello's neck and tosses him off a cliff, is so shatteringly nasty that it more than makes up for it.



The storyline only went through one redraft, which came as a blessed relief. My original idea was to have the Cauldron-creatures attempting to communicate with the inhabitants of the Keep, only to kill them – any human who came into contact with them would be literally sunburned, aggressive melonomas growing to consume them in minutes. Gary suggested that cancer-causing monsters, however well-reasoned, strayed a bit beyond the boundaries of good taste, and I couldn't honestly disagree. Oh, and I'd thought that using a contemporary of Magnus Greel, and tying in some of the 51st century background established in *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, was all terribly exciting – but chose to underplay it, lest I be accused of fanwankery. I underplayed it way too much, I think, 'cos absolutely no-one seemed to notice! **AB**

Right: Martin Geraghty's pencils for the final page of *Endgame* Part 3.

Top left: Michael Gough as the titular villain in 1966's *The Celestial Toymaker*.

Top right: The outline for the rejected *Hand of God*.

Below: Alan's list of possible villains for *Endgame*. The Malus? Really?

## A LIFE OF MATTER AND DEATH

by Alan Barnes

In which, on the occasion of *DWM*'s 250th issue, Alan Barnes pays homage to his favourite film of all time that week. This one's pretty self-explanatory, and appeared unchanged from the synopsis, so I don't have much to add, other than to say that

Toy Maker  
Margaine  
The Beast  
The Malus  
The Black Guardian





## FIRE AND BRIMSTONE

A five-part story for *Doctor Who Magazine*, by Alan Barnes

### PART ONE

The Crab Nebula. AD 5396. A colossal metal object hangs in space: Crivello's Cauldron. This immense spheroid structure, exactly the size of the sun, was a thirtieth-century attempt to artificially engineer a star to replace the sun should the solar flares which threatened to devastate the Earth at that time erupt. It was to be the crowning achievement of the famed physicist Crivello; Crivello, however, got his calculations catastrophically wrong. Inside the structure is a boiling mass of unstable elements, virtually unchecked: were the cauldron to ignite, the galaxy would be utterly devastated by the artefact going 'ultranova'. (In short, this thing is a monumental cock-up; if it went off, half the known universe would burn up. Millions of different species on hundreds of different planets would be instantly extinguished: thousands more planets would spin off their axes. This is Not A Good Thing.) Solar engineers have managed to hold the thing in check; a series of satellite planetoids orbiting the object, connected to it by immense threads of steel, keep its contents locked in semi-permanent stasis. Until now...

The TARDIS materialises within Icarus Falling, one of these satellites; it's in a state of high emergency, besieged from within. The peoples of Icarus Falling - and each satellite has evolved its own distinct civilization (this one's pseudo-classical Greek) - have been struck by a hideous disease, a 'mad death' akin to rabies which is transforming placid individuals into rampaging orutes. Two others of the satellites have already fallen to the sickness; all contact has been lost with those. Only four remain. Without those two satellites maintaining the internal pressure of the Cauldron, its internal processes are beginning to speed up. Ominously so.

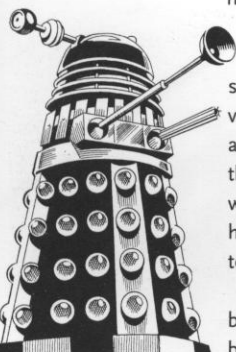
The Nexus - bridge - of Icarus Falling has been isolated, but the beasts are encroaching. It's a desperate situation; the Doctor and Lizzy have barely had time to evade the beasts and inveigle themselves into the Nexus before the creatures begin to break through. Simultaneously, an extra planet is observed transgressing the Cauldron's orbit (it's Skaro: 'Skaro' is merely a 'Dalek' term meaning 'here'). The homeworld may have been destroyed in remembrance; that in *Doctor Who*, however, is this. Daleks have, by now, detected the planet-size following technology suggested in *The Dalek*

PREVIOUS

↳ Mystery, nature of clues  
cracking placed for  
the Doctor - slight suspicion

Device/cauldron

↳ Also: Fire/Wind to universe



I liked the pay-off so much - "The TARDIS has shared all the Doctor's adventures. Sometimes he shares hers" - that it was one of the main ideas I brought to the table when Gary Russell and I put together the 40th anniversary audio *Zagreus*, hence the jealous, betrayed TARDIS gaining corporeal form. **AB**

## FIRE AND BRIMSTONE

by Alan Barnes

The Threshold, who'd manipulated the Doctor throughout the *Ground Zero* arc, had been a big hit with the readers - and Gary decreed that they'd next become embroiled in a Dalek storyline. There was a slight problem in that Scott, who'd created the Threshold, had so far revealed little of their motivation and nothing of their origins - and if he had a masterplan, he was keeping his powder dry for now.

I was also instructed to build the story around a cliff-hanger in which the Doctor is apparently exterminated - something that had worked to brilliant effect in the original version of the old Audio Visuals play *The Mutant Phase*, and which we all agreed was well worth nicking. Reasoning that the Daleks would only fake the Doctor's extermination with good reason led to the idea that they'd be concealing his survival from someone, which gave the Threshold a toehold on the story.

Just to muddy the waters further, I decided to end on a big beat in which it was revealed that the Threshold had been fulfilling a contract to destroy the Daleks - a contract

Aristotle shimmers, blurs; he reorients himself in the high-collared robes of a member of the Time Lords' Celestial Intervention Agency. The Doctor has finally fulfilled the mission he'd been sent on four incarnations before... "It's been a pleasure doing business with you," says the Threshold agent, demanding their fee from Aristotle: access to the Time Vortex. Which is denied: the Time Lord dismisses him. The Doctor rages against his peers; in conclusion, he renounces his Time Lord heritage, declaring himself an outcast once more - and vows to bring their entire empire down around their ears.

↳ This is not the Doctor!  
First draft synopsis 10.8.96

↳ He should be on the run.

↳ We've set up possibilities  
his enmity with the Threshold,  
don't need it with Time Lords as well.

Visited by Threshold agent

↳ Won't help... scared of Daleks himself

Needs to know if the Doctor has a plan  
↳ Doctor has, but can't save Lizzy as  
well, need Th to do that / sells soul  
(effectively). Sacrifices himself,  
saved by Th, who gives him back Lizzy

↳ doesn't expect to be

↳ but now he is in their  
debt.

↳ Must discover their secret  
soon.

↳ To Gallifrey for answers.

set them by the Time Lords: "It's been a pleasure doing business with you," says the Threshold agent, demanding their fee... access to the Time Vortex. Which is denied; the Time Lord dismisses him. The Doctor rages against his peers; in conclusion, he renounces his Time Lord heritage, declaring himself an outcast once more - and vows to bring their entire empire down around their ears." Now, I really liked the idea of giving the Doctor a crusade... but, er, no-one else did; it went down like the proverbial cup of cold sick. "This is not the Doctor!" Gary raged in green ink. "He should be on the run. We've set up his enmity with the Threshold, don't need it with Time Lords as well." So we ended up with a box of glowing Gallifreyan secrets, after Marcellus' suitcase in *Pulp Fiction*.

Another aspect which failed to meet the final cut was a manga chick named Aki, who ended up absorbing all the power of the Cauldron, or something, in the finalé. In Part Three, you see: "Aki is revealed by the Dalek Supreme, bound within the very heart of Skaro... The Daleks' plan is revealed: they are transforming Skaro into a planet-sized TARDIS powered by Aki. The time-sensitive Doctor's task is to navigate the machine, stepping sideways into a parallel dimension as they ignite the sunburst which will scorch all life from the universe - whereupon the Daleks will return, the sole remaining species reigning supreme." (Hence the title.) Much of this ended up being rejigged, but I managed to work several of the spare ideas (a giant TARDIS piloted by a genetically-modified kid) into *The Final Chapter* a bit later on. Which is one of the reasons why *The Final Chapter* is such a dog's breakfast, but I'm getting ahead of myself...



TOR-KA-NOMIAN  
MANIAC

The role of the "too weird" Aki, then, ended up being split between the new character of Marquez (who'd be needed to link the story to the prequel) and Ptolemy Muttonchops, named in honour of the magnificent sidies artist Martin Geraghty had given his Eighth Doctor (bless). **AB**

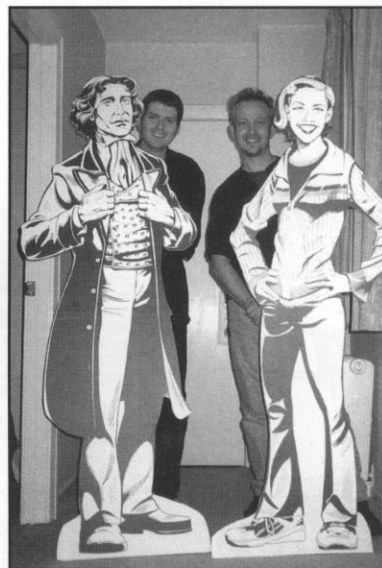
## BY HOOK OR BY CROOK

by Scott Gray

Or "The Silence of the Jams" as I kept threatening to call it. This started life as a western, believe it or not. The plot stayed much the same – the Doctor gets arrested for murder and Izzy saves him from the gallows with a book on the town's history. But I couldn't quite bring myself to believe that the Doctor wouldn't be able to escape a nineteenth century sheriff's cell, so I changed the setting to a futuristic alien city instead.

I've always enjoyed working with Adrian Salmon, he's one of the most original British comic artists working

SLIGHTLY  
REPTILIAN



Above: Artists Martin Geraghty and Adrian Salmon with life-size versions of the comic strip Eighth Doctor and Izzy.

Left: Adrian Salmon's first design for the murdering maniac in **By Hook or By Crook**. The design was later altered to something a smidge less terrifying!



OLD SHOPKEEPER GEEZER  
VERY WHIZENED.  
VERY DEAD!



More of Adrian's  
designs for the Tor-  
Ka-Nomians in  
**By Hook or By  
Crook.**



today. Ade's roots are in horror, so his first design for the serial killer was this brilliant, terrifying creature – but he was a bit extreme for a comedy, so we asked him to turn the bloke into an overgrown, demented manchild.

Sadly, poor Adrian was really hamstrung by an editorial directive here – in a moment of madness we asked him to add some crosshatching to the inks to make the art more “realistic”. He hated every second of it. Sorry, Ade! We

TYPICAL  
TOR-KA-NOMIAN  
QUITE REGAL  
AS THOUGH  
AN  
'ARCHITECT'  
RACE



COPS. LONG COATS ALA 30'S  
AMERICA.  
PEAKED CAPS.

learned our lesson and he forgave us – which was very fortunate, as a few months later he turned up with three pages of a *Who*-related story he had written and drawn purely for his own personal satisfaction. That mini-adventure ended up influencing the next two years of the comic strip's development.

But that, boys and girls, is a story for another day... **SG**

UNTITLED [sic]  
A four-part story by Alan Barnes

We start with a book - a small, leather-bound arcanum of runes borrowed from St Martins college library by Izzy during her half-term there. (The runes there depicted looked a bit like crop circles, which Izzy thought was smart.) It's been wedged inside her shoulder bag ever since, and is now covered by doodles of space monsters and bad poetry and stuff. The book is significant. The runes are the key to a gateway into a subdimension, disguised as a painting of a room with a locked door. Inside lurks a very ancient and very terrible secret...

UNTITLED NO 1

A big, poncey art gallery in London, now. Evening; only one gallery is open - the rest are darkened and deserted. The Doctor and Izzy are present at the unveiling of a series of new works by Hamish Dorian Ernst, whom Izzy had known during her term studying sculpture at St Martins. Once a hopeless and much-loathed Jarvis geek with a huge and unrequited crush on Izzy, Hamish is now, two years later, the brightest young bete noire of Britain's art establishment. He has a mentor, Herr Snitching - a stooped, leather-greatcoated German (Richard Harris via the Childcatcher...)

Hamish's new works - heavy runic symbols - strike some kind of chord with Izzy, already portentously vague as to why she insisted she and the Doctor come here. As they pass by, Herr Snitching sniffs the air - and, satisfied, instructs a couple of goons to follow the pair...

Meanwhile, Izzy and the Doctor are being observed by a second set of people - the androgynous, pipe-smoking, riding-cropped Fey de Truscott-Sade, his smirking coffee-coloured assistant and a third figure, stooped and cowed who makes naught but strange grunting noises (and whom the others discuss as if it were a dog). They intercept the Doctor and Izzy first, demanding the library book back (and here is where we set up the arcanum). The antique guns they produce do seem to be a bit needlessly heavy for an overdue library book - doubly so when Snitching's goons, who dress similarly to him, seize the book and Izzy for themselves after a brief scrap.

The Doctor gives chase through the deserted galleries as the goons drag Izzy away. As they exit a room containing a line of monstrous sculptures - Henry Moore through fleshy Damien Hirst - one throws what appears to be a Faberge egg in the Doctor's direction. It explodes (oddly) like a grenade, stunned and floored, the Doctor struggles to his feet only to see the sculptures coming to life and closing around him...

UNTITLED NO 2

The Doctor comes round to find Fey de Truscott-Sade and co standing beside him. It transpires that he's fallen victim to an hallucinogenic bomb devised to heighten and sharpen the higher senses. Fey suggests that the monsters he saw indicates a

particularly paranoid psychopathology; he thinks it's par for the course. Fey and company, it transpires, are part of a covert society of art-loving would-be Wildes, the Salon d'Aesthetique, who need to track down the arcanum before Hamish and Herr Snitching do...

Meanwhile, Izzy is taken by a series of bizarre routes across London to the disused Museum tube station - which lies between Holborn and Tottenham Court Road, beneath the British Museum [it really exists!] - where Hamish and Herr S are based in a garish HQ adorned with stolen art treasures [Mona Lisas with 'This is a fake' scrawled on the back, etc]. Central is a particular untitled Magritte-esque painting depicting a locked door stood alone in a wilderness; we learn (cutting to and from here and the Doctor and chums) that the painting was [a] stolen from the salon some months before, [b] that it is the product of an artist who sought to discover the single ensign, emblem or sigil that might command all men, the ultimate symbol of power, something that would operate on the higher senses to bind all men to the will of its wielder (something yet more powerful than the cross or the swastika) and [c] that the icon is thought to have been hidden in the painting itself, which is a gateway to a sub-dimension (rather as the TARDIS is). The painting is tied up with black Nazi science [as is the Faberge bomb], and exists on the frontiers of the highest science and art. So there.

Anyway, a sequence of runes scattered in various seditious pamphlets donated to various scholarly libraries need to be assembled and combined to create the key to open the door. Herr S, an art-sensitive, has trained himself to figuratively 'sniff out' art - just as the cowed figure in the Salon has, who turns out to be a straitjacketed, bug-eyed type. He follows the trail of the arcanum/pamphlet to Museum just as Herr S, Hamish, Izzy and some goons open the doorway with the arcanum. The Doctor and co race into the room - only to see Izzy and the baddies already inside the painting. They're too late...

UNTITLED NO 3

We're inside the painting, where the route to the symbol is guarded by three cog-like, clockwork robots, each of which takes its design lead from an art style - Picassoesque scrambled faces, Cubism and Futurism. Leaving Izzy, Hamish and goons at their mercy, Snitching sneaks ahead to open the monolith containing the Symbol...

The Doctor allows the sensitive art-hound to navigate the TARDIS across the barrier, crashing through into the painting where he, Fey and chums help Izzy and Hamish overcome the monsters. They proceed towards the monolith, where the symbol is contained within an Indiana Jones-style series of traps. Too late, for Herr S now commands the rune, a twisted artefact he holds aloft...

But the Symbol begins to infect him, corrupting him, transforming him into a huge and hideous living entity, a melange of art styles. The Doctor synthesises a few of the facts that we're aware of - that the Symbol is alive, that it has guided Izzy, Hamish, Snitching, Fey, the original artist [of whom we've learned more] and the others together - all those who have been touched by the various facets of itself [bit

## TOOTH AND CLAW

by Alan Barnes

... or 'Tooth C and Law', as the logo has it - a late replacement for an entirely different story, *Untitled* [sic], which attempted to send up Damien Hirst and the whole BritArt scene of the time (the pretension being that each episode would be named *Untitled No 1*, *Untitled No 2*... etc). Gary had wanted a contemporary London story, and the whole thing grew out of my joking that, like the girl in Pulp's *Common People*, Izzy had (very briefly) studied sculpture at St Martin's College. The plot revolved around a "Jarvis geek" called Hamish Dorian Ernst who's being manipulated by a German Childcatcher type called 'Herr Snitching' (ring any bells?) to release a monstrous alien force known as the Iconoclasm from the mysterious painting in which it's been imprisoned for centuries. Assisting the Doctor in his quest to release the captive Izzy from inside the painting is an androgynous 'art detective' called Fey de Truscott-Sade...

It was all a fairly blatant rip-off of Grant Morrison's *Doom Patrol* - specifically the 'Brotherhood of Dada' storyline - but that

nebulous and Fenric I know, but we'll make it work...]. It is no-one's to command. It is Iconoclasm itself, a destructive and un-knowable force which draws its strength from sucking creativity - sentient life - from those it touches. And, now with a host form and the doorway open, it means to get out into the world.

UNTITLED NO 4

The Iconoclasm thunders towards the doorway, assimilating the goons and Fey's assistant into its body as it does so, growing in girth; we see their heads in its bulk. The Doctor warns that once it gets out, it'll carry on assimilating people until it's the size of a planet. Despite Izzy's best efforts to distract it with spontaneous [bad] poetry, it passes the doorway and into our world...

Having already established that the painting was much like a TARDIS, the Doctor formulates a plan to entrap it within the [real] TARDIS and then casting off the machine's outer shell once it's inside. The creature will therefore be once again bound in 'nowhere'. [Symbolically, of course - and we'll beat the kids over the head with it, only by destroying the series' key icon - the police box - can this rampaging symbol be contained. They catch up with the creature, now enormous, as it storms through the British Museum, assimilating people - statues and icons calcifying and crumbling in its wake. Although more elegantly choreographed than described here, it's finally destroyed when Hamish, in the process of being absorbed, detonates one of the Faberge bombs within the maw of the creature; hallucinating, and caught in a fog of surreal and contradictory ideas with no meaning, the Iconoclasm becomes frozen, bound up within itself, whereupon the Doctor finds some suitably symbolic method to ensure its final despatch. We're left with the creature as a huge statue, gurning faces and bodies and so on: Hamish, so artless, is now art itself.

*What needs fixing: nebulous nature/creation of the Iconoclasm, link to Snitching [and there is one], precisely how Hamish and Snitching have got together/their relationship, give Doctor/Izzy more to do generally, Doctor's input needs to be educated [not intuitive], more elegant sequence of events in finale. Any bright ideas? [Be careful, 'cos ideas can kill...]*

26.5.97

This page:  
The full storyline  
for Alan Barnes'  
**Untitled** strip.  
Great Big Sulk  
not pictured...



8 pages  
 people  
 relative  
 what  
 system?



This panel  
 is being  
 re-drawn  
 so as not  
 to obscure  
 face so  
 much.

Pencils (and noted  
 corrections) by  
 Martin Geraghty for  
 Tooth and Claw.

wasn't the reason it never appeared: Gary and Scott felt it was all a bit pretentious and waffly, particularly with regard to the nature of the Iconoclasm itself. In my defence, I argued that that was exactly the point – that great art defies explanation, and that idea was going to be played with throughout the storyline. Rather than try to literalise 'surreality bombs' and the like, I threw a hissy fit and withdrew it altogether, leaving Scott to concoct a one-off filler (the very funny *By Hook Or By Crook*) while I

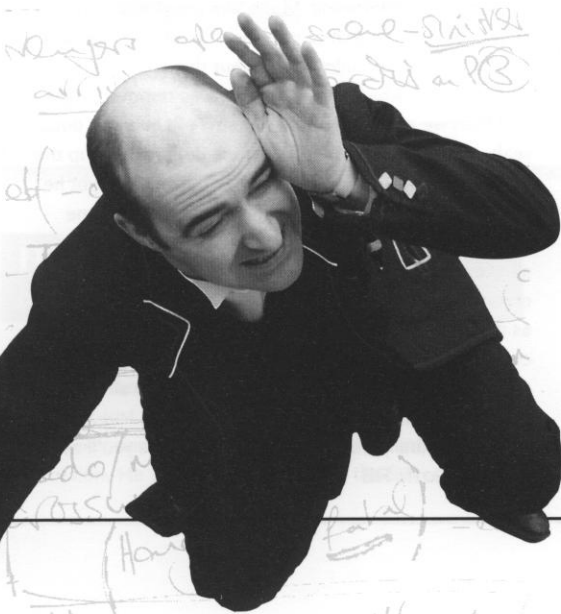
had a great big sulk.

During the course of that great big sulk, I consoled myself with videos of crappy old British horror movies... including *The Beast Must Die*, an Amicus job about a group of people gathered together on an island, one of whom is a werewolf. And had a lightbulb moment. My confidence having taken a bit of a knock with the whole *Untitled* ding-dong, it felt a lot happier to retreat back into horror pastiche, which, after *The Curse of the Scarab*



[DWM 228-230] I knew I could do well. I knocked out a first draft entitled *So Much Blood* in just a couple of hours, presented it to Gary and Scott the next day and, after a change of locale (from a craggy *Horror of Fang Rock* island in 1913 to the Indian Ocean in 1938), a change of monsters (from boring automata nicked off of Ken Russell's *Gothic* to monkeys with giant syringes) and a change of title ("Shakespeare phrases in titles is *Star Trek*, not *Doctor Who*," growled Gary), *Tooth and Claw* was born.

I'd retained Fey from *Untitled*, seeing as she was just about the only thing about it Gary and Scott had actually liked. And I'm very glad I did, 'cos she ended up playing a big part in the future direction of the strip – not the least of which was the first hint as to the nature of Izzy's sexuality. What with that, and the camper-than-a-row-of-tents Varney, the whole thing's all quite Benny Hill saucy, which is probably why it's such a favourite of mine – and, at last, I got the surname 'Snitching' through, appended to actress Sabine. It's very nasty in places, though – I remember Scotty 'whiting out' a load of the blood which Martin



— N. Madagascar 1938 Volcanic island  
Indian Ocean 1938 'Ruthven' - ~~island~~  
**SO MUCH BLOOD** inactive volcano  
A four-part story by Alan Barnes

**PART ONE** (left to Ruthven temples on island Native ritual etc.)

1913. A huge, Xanadu-like mansion/folly on a craggy island somewhere off the coast of England owned by noted art dilettante Varney Haggood, collector of curios. He is the Wildean head of the Salon Aesthetic - an informal circle of art-lovers, aesthetes and culture vultures. His vast, rambling mansion is decorated in a number of conflicting styles and stuffed to the brim with all manner of art treasures.

A foggy Friday evening; members of the Salon are brought across by ferry to the mansion, where they are greeted by Varney and his butlerish automata (pace *Gothic*; actually exhibited in Switzerland in the 18th century). Among them, the Doctor and Izzy; the Doctor, it transpires, had been present (in another incarnation) at the last meeting of the Salon, some six months previous - where each member of the circle had been required to bring an unusual or fascinating objet for the amusement of the company. The Doctor had been the objet brought by Fey de Truscott-Sade, a pipe-smoking androgynous who'd helped him out in a previous adventure. Other members of the circle include Canon Aelfric Pincock, a waspish cleric; Sabine Snitching, a vulgar American heiress; and Courtley Marwood, a disestablished member of a bad family (the Doctor and Izzy have, of course, encountered his grandson already).

The Doctor's presence has been especially and urgently requested, and he is at last following up the invitation he'd received at some other time, thinking that Izzy would be keen to meet some of the circle. However, as the full circle assembles for dinner, guzzling wine as they do so (only Izzy refuses), a huge explosion shakes the house; the automata have set fire to the boats and Snitching's biplane, next demanding with menace the TARDIS key from the Doctor. Varney apologises, but begins to explain his behaviour...

At the last meeting of the Salon, where each member was required to bring their curio, Varney had presented a chalice containing the powdered blood of Ruthven, a legendary warlord and mercenary of the Napoleonic wars (and former owner of the house...). Ruthven was an alien being with qualities we associate with the vampire (although noticeably different in certain respects, but I digress...). The morning after Varney had presented his objet - with the caveat that Ruthven's blood was thought to bestow immortality upon those

Geraghty had liberally splashed all over Part Three.

Oh, and you may notice that Izzy looks a bit different from here on in. It's now the summer of 1997, Louise Wener is now Louise... who? (hey, that's pop for you), and so Izzy has morphed into Kira (Luisa Bradshaw-White) from *This Life*, which was the new big thing. **AB**

## THE FINAL CHAPTER

by Alan Barnes

It began with the very best of intentions. We were going to do the *Tides of Time* Gallifrey – 'our' Gallifrey, as opposed to the arcane Looms and Houses of the *New Adventures* novel *Lungbarrow* – only bigger and better, all leading up to the Doctor (apparently) regenerating into Nick Briggs. It ended up being mistaken, by some, as some kind of politically loaded statement – but actually, it was all a case of our wanting to do a big, US comics-style Event, like *Crisis On Infinite Earths* or a wounded Bruce Wayne retiring in favour of Azrael or Superman changing his costume.

It was going to be five episodes long, like *Fire and Brimstone*. The first three episodes were more-or-less identical to the finished version; the last was pretty similar, too. In the planned fourth episode, after the giant Watchtower-TARDIS has caused the whole of Gallifrey to dematerialise into another dimension:

"The planet arrives in a white void. Black winds... resolving themselves into hideous humanoid shapes.

Top left: A rough sketch of the final panel of *Tooth and Claw* Part Three.

Top right: Alan's *Too Much Blood* synopsis, plus his own notes.

Left: Nicholas Briggs, the model for the 'fake' Ninth Doctor, poses for reference shots in a nearby car park. How glam!



## THE FINAL CHAPTER

A four-part story by Alan Barnes

### PART ONE

Using the TARDIS manual [which, although we don't see it, is written in undecipherable Olde High Gallifreyan], Fey sets a course for Gallifrey while Izzy tends to the still-comatose Doctor. They're ten minutes away.

Gallifrey's far future, still further along from the events of *The Tides of Time*: at the Watchtower, a new snow-capped construction above the highest peaks of Gallifrey's city, the TARDIS' imminent arrival is detected and reported to Overseer Uriel, the tower's Torquemada-like chief - whose forbidding image watches over the entire city on giant view screens.

The TARDIS materialises in a central landing area. Fey and Izzy drag the Doctor out, and are astounded to be greeted by a phalanx of dignitaries and Chancellery guards: "He's dying. Help him." The sick Doctor is rushed to the Mortal Coil - a huge building shaped like a DNA helix.

To the Time Lords, the Doctor is now a semi-mythical figure - a hero as distant from us as, say, the Scarlet Pimpernel, a gentleman rogue whose very existence is hotly disputed - and his coming is reported on the one news channel. In a dark, cavernous chamber, we see a shrouded figure react with astonishment to the news. Donning a cowl, the figure hurries out of the chamber - which we now see is a museum-cum-shrine to the Doctor and his exploits.

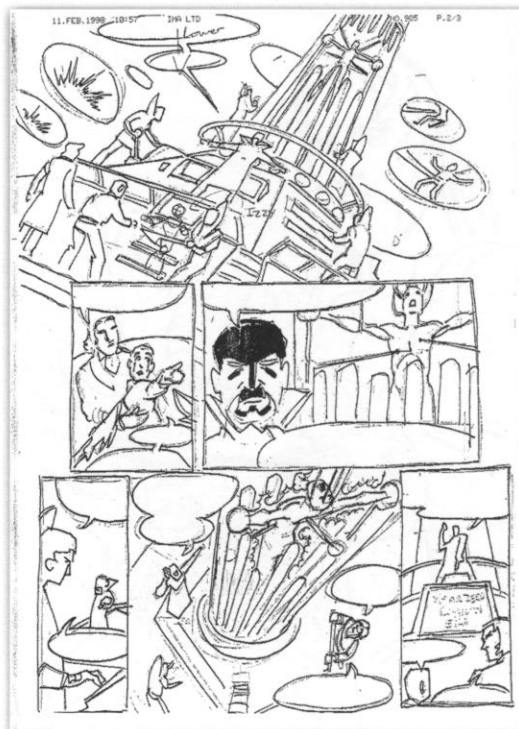
The cowed figure gains entrance to the Mortal Coil, stasering its guards unconscious. Meanwhile, Izzy and Fey watch the Doctor's condition stabilised. Fearing mental trauma, surgeons have the Doctor connected to the Matrix - the better to recuperate. In the Matrix, the Doctor finds himself standing before Rassilon and the Higher Evolutionaries: "A dark shadow is fallen over everything. Doctor, we need your help."

The apparently menacing cowed figure bursts into the Mortal Coil, and is revealed to be a very handsome and very demented Academy student who shakes the inert Doctor frantically, demanding to be told about "Luther", "Renfeld", "the Elysians". Realising that the Doctor is still comatose, he begins to despair. As Izzy persuades the boy, Xanti, to give up his gun, Fey smells sulphur - and three terrifying armoured shapes bearing electrified tridents materialise before them: "We are the Elysians, the children of Luther. And Luther commands that the Doctor must die."

### PART TWO

Shayde appears, eliminates the creature menacing the Doctor's body - but the two others seize Izzy and Xanti. They disappear - as does Shayde, leaving Fey to attempt to explain all to the newly-arrived and incandescent Overseer Uriel.

Shayde reappears beside the Doctor in the Matrix, interrupting a furious but



gaps. But it's a story without a point, a story which doesn't seem to go anywhere much - just clunkingly linear progression, interspersed with acres of exposition. By this time, I was spending most of my days in the *DWM* office, as the mag's assistant editor - and, with my freelance time reduced, the middle two episodes were written on the hoof at my desk in Tunbridge Wells, purely to feed a ravening Martin Geraghty with pages to draw. So I can't pin the blame entirely on Gary or Scott - my effort was sorely lacking throughout Two and Three, the choreography of which is horribly clumsy at times. But I can't say I bear a grudge - if the 'dissipated Time Lords plotting their revenge from another dimension' stuff had remained, I'd never have been able to turn it into one of the most popular Big Finish audios ever produced: *Neverland*.

All the same, Part Four's still pretty good, with some very nifty sleight-of-hand from Martin. The Doctor's 'dying words' reprise Ace's last gasp in *Ground Zero*, which we all thought was kind of neat. And Izzy's line, asking the Doctor if this isn't like the final reel of *The Wrath of Khan*, is the very definition of chutzpah.

Next came *Wormwood*. In the wee small hours in the sticky bar at some grim convention, Scotty told me and Martin and Adrian Salmon all about this idea he'd had for a sequence in which Shayde's head was removed, right, and then we pull back to see a matrix of Letratone dots, yeah, and they're, like, the Letratone dots making up the Threshold... do you see? And to think we all thought he was ripped to the tits at the time: that scene became crucial to the brilliant *Wormwood*, whose every panel showed just how hot my competition was. With too many of my waking hours occupied by regular *DWM* business as it stood, and after yet another apocalyptic ding-dong over a story synopsis of mine (called *The Worrying Kind*, and you've not missed much), we decided to all stay friends and leave the script-writing to Scott.

Which actually worked out for the best, as you'll see in Volume Two... AB

Above: The 'VERY FIRST DRAFT' of *The Final Chapter* by Alan Barnes!

Below: The TARDIS arrives on Gallifrey in *The Tides of Time*.

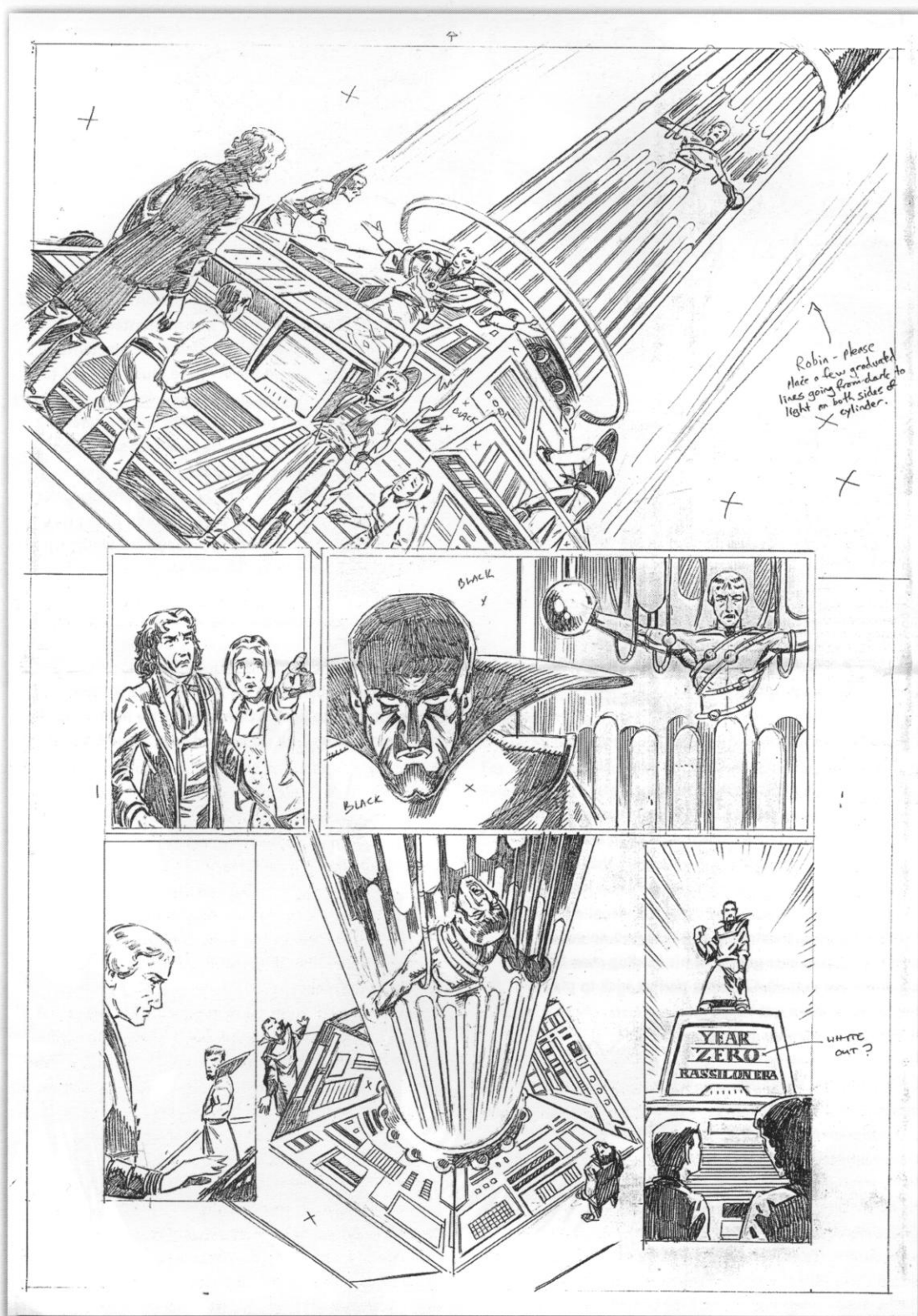


These are the most evil of the Time Lords, those who have been banished - vapourised - by Rassilon, and they take great delight in inflicting further havoc on Gallifrey. The worst of these... is brought down, like lightning, to the Watchtower... He has prepared a very special way to end the Age of Rassilon.

"The TARDIS materialises back on the devastated, nightmarish Gallifrey. On a view screen, the Doctor and Fey watch those members of the High Council who refuse to swear allegiance to Luther being executed by the Elysians. The Doctor, desperate to consult with Rassilon, goes into the Matrix... [where] a guillotine has been erected by Elysian children: Rassilon, who spared the Elysian children in the first place, is being led to it... Rassilon's head is placed on the block while the children laugh and cheer - "The blade comes down, and Rassilon's head comes flying off."

So far as I was concerned, this was the plot - Time Lords blasted out of existence attempting to bring about the destruction of the Rassilon era. I loved the visuals - planets dematerialising; wraith-like ex-Time Lords; nasty children decapitating Old Man Rass (rest assured, it was all an effort to break Rassilon's will, he survived) - and I was gutted to be told that the fourth part was rubbish, it wasn't necessary, you could lose it all and not miss a thing.

And so that's what happened, with the old *Fire and Brimstone*/Aki sub-plot pressed into service to plug the



Opposite top and above: The first rough layout sketch and finished pencils by Martin Geraghty for **The Final Chapter** Part Three, Page Six. You can see how it turned out on p 137.

## WORMWOOD

by Scott Gray

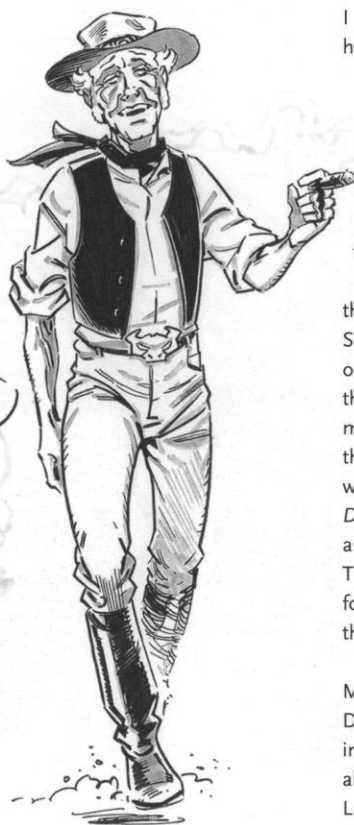
The fake regeneration was an idea I had pitched to Gary Gillatt when he arrived as **DWM** editor in 1994. It wasn't a solid story, just a basic premise. It centred around a Time Lord who envied the Doctor's lifestyle and wanted to replace him. He would have kidnapped the Sylvester

McCoy Doctor, acted out a phony regeneration, and worped off with Ace for a story or two. Ace (and the readers) would have been none the wiser until the Doctor escaped from his prison cell and made a dramatic reappearance. That was about it; just a fun stunt that would shock readers and get them talking about the strip.

Then the 1996 TV Movie happened and we had a genuine new Doctor to play with, so I forgot all about it – until Gary threw it back on the table. He decided the fake



Initial study for  
'ABE WHITE'



Doc should be based on Nick Briggs (Nick had played the Doctor in a series of fan audio stories, with a brief cameo in the 1991 strip *Party Animals*), which I thought was a great idea. This was a good example of a story that only the comic strip could do. Faking a regeneration in the books or audios wouldn't work – without the visual element, the change wouldn't be striking enough. And no sane TV producer would ever get rid of his leading man for four episodes like that. But it was a perfect trick to play in the comic and we got some hilariously venomous letters from readers who were taken in by it – absolutely everyone was fooled.

I don't have a surviving copy of my initial synopsis for *Wormwood*, but I remember the climax featured the Pariah tricking Abraham White into trying to destroy the space-time vortex. There was also a meeting of angry Threshold shareholders who were confronting White over something. In the best Blofeld tradition, White dispatched them all by shunting their boardroom a half-second into the future. Izzy was chased through the TARDIS by two Threshold agents (she dropped a stuffed Yeti on them). Gary, Alan and I all agreed that the plot needed some reworking, so I had a second crack at it. I was a lot happier with the "destroying outer space" scheme.

I had two moments of divine inspiration with this one. Alan's already described the first one: "So you see,"

I proudly said, one long evening in some Manchester hotel bar, "the Letratone dots are really Shayde heads!" (I waited for applause. I'm still waiting.) The second was that bloody Time Lord box the Threshold were so obsessed with in *Fire and Brimstone*. Alan had no idea what was inside it, of course. That little puppy gave me a few sleepless nights. I was one happy camper when the Time Lord universal translation gimmick finally surfaced.

The Threshold sprang from my lifelong addiction to all things Bondian. I wanted to give the Doctor his own SPECTRE; a ruthless mercenary operation which operated on a universal scale. But there was no master plan – the Threshold were initially intended to be an eternally mysterious presence, so I never gave much thought to their origin or ultimate goal. All I knew for sure at the start was that they couldn't time-travel. The most interesting *Doctor Who* monsters tend to be based on some dark aspect of human nature. The Daleks are xenophobes. The Cybermen are callous. The Sontarans are intergalactic football yobs. The Threshold were all about pure greed – they didn't want to conquer the universe, just own it.

The scene where White remembers observing the first Model T Ford production line was pinched from EL Doctorow's brilliant novel *Ragtime*, but the single biggest influence on the story was *You Only Live Twice* (which we all know to be the Greatest Movie Ever Made, yes?) – the Lunar cavern substituting for the Japanese volcano base, the countdown to destruction, the Doctor infiltrating the Threshold's ranks... all we needed were some Gallifreyan



This page: Martin Geraghty's initial character sketches for (above) Abe White and (right) the Pariah from *Wormwood*.

initial idea for Pariah. (not feminine enough ??!)



Dear Robin,  
The adventure continues!  
Nick Briggs (not  
Jack Docherty) is  
the Doctor!  
This is "Wormwood"  
Part One, by the way.  
Cheers,  
Scott.



ninjas to come sliding down on ropes at the end. Damn, why didn't I do that?

I recall being a tad disgruntled when Alan told me that Fey would be staying on in the TARDIS at the end of *The Final Chapter*. I felt a bit lumbered with this extra companion and even contemplated killing her off at the start of the story, if only to demonstrate that the Threshold weren't kidding around this time. Yes, I was a dolt! I fell in love with the delightful Ms Truscott-Sade as soon as I started the script. Hats off to Al – he gave us a wonderfully rich, complex character, and the only genuinely adult companion the comic strip has ever had. "Marrying" Fey and Shayde gave us the option of bringing her back in any setting we wanted. And eventually we did... SG ■

Above: Nick Briggs strikes a suitably expansive pose. Inset: Nick's first appearance in the DWM strip, in **Party Animals**. Plus a note from Scott Gray to inker Robin Smith about the identity of the 'new' Doctor!

Left: A later Pariah design from Martin Geraghty. Below: A Pariah sketch by Scott Gray.





COMING IN 2006



# THE GLORIOUS DEAD

A **panini BOOKS** GRAPHIC NOVEL

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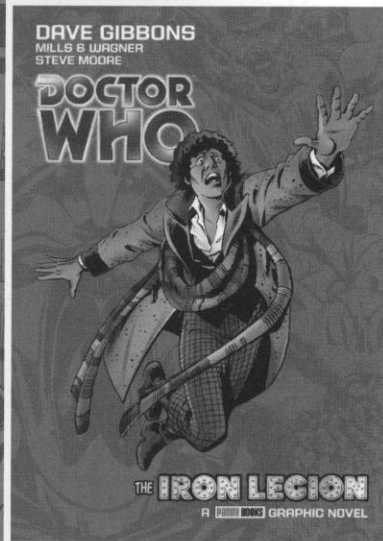
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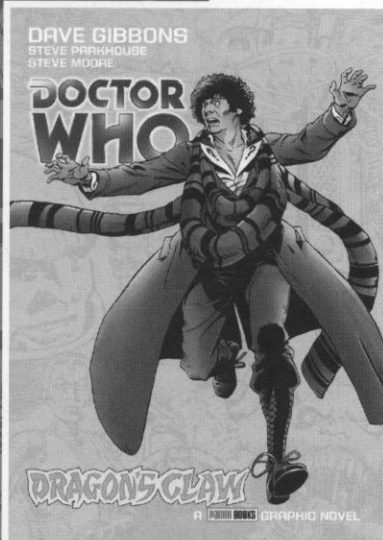
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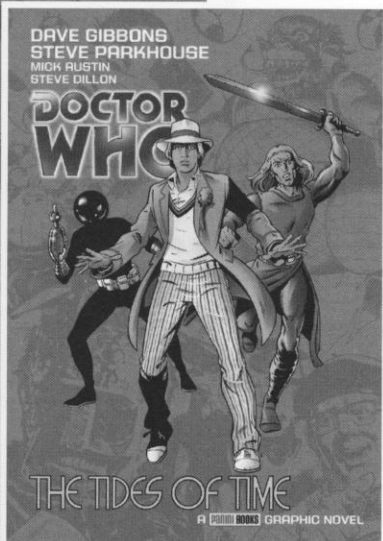
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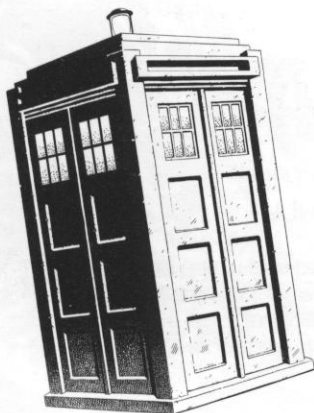
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# ABOUT THE AUTHORS

**MARTIN GERAGHTY** was four when he first started drawing *Doctor Who* monsters in crayon on scraps of paper, and nothing much has changed in the intervening 32 years. His first comic strip was commissioned by John Freeman in 1992 for Marvel UK's short-lived **OVERKILL** comic – so short-lived, in fact, that it folded before Martin's first finished strip could be printed in it! His **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE** début came in 1993 with *Bringer of Darkness* for the Dalek-themed Summer Special, and he's been proud to have been the regular artist for most of the Eighth Doctor's comic strip tenure. Away from comics, Martin works full-time in the advertising industry and, yes, he is ashamed of himself.



**ALAN BARNES** began his ascent up the greasy pole of **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE** with scripts for *THE CYBERMEN*, a back-up strip co-created with Adrian Salmon. This was followed by 30-odd episodes of the lead strip over 1995-1999, not to mention far, far too many features. **DWM**'s assistant editor from 1996, then joint editor from 1998, he finally clawed his way to sole editorship of the title in 2000 before taking charge of the UK's second-most popular comic, the **JUDGE DREDD MEGAZINE**, in 2002. He's also contributed extensively to Big Finish Productions' *Doctor Who* audio lines, and still knocks out *Fact of Fiction* features for **DWM** on a more-or-less regular basis. He is 109 years old, and looks it.

**SCOTT GRAY** wrote and illustrated comic stories for **RAZOR MAGAZINE** in his native New Zealand. In 1991 he sold a comic script to **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE** editor John Freeman. He promptly packed his bags and arrived in the UK just as the British comics industry imploded like a wet balloon. He became **DWM**'s assistant editor and was the comic strip's regular writer between 1998-2004. Gray is now the editor of Panini Comics' **MARVEL COLLECTORS' EDITION** line. He and artist Roger Langridge have collaborated on a Marvel comic, *THE FIN FANG FOUR*, which they're really hoping you'll buy and not just flip through in the shop.

**ADRIAN SALMON** recalls breaking down the doors to comicdom with **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE**'s *THE CYBERMEN*, whilst simultaneously tackling *JUDGE KARYN* for the **JUDGE DREDD MEGAZINE**. He then spent numerous years drawing Rugrats, superheroes and Action Man's garage for various Panini Comics titles. **DWM**'s editor Gary Gillatt recalled his cyber début and put him to work illustrating *The Time Team* – a lifelong project. Finally the computer age caught up with Salmon and he forged a career as a comics colourist – primarily on the **DOCTOR WHO** comic strip and various superhero titles for Panini. He then retired for a while and drew a graphic novel – *THE FACELESS: A TERRY SHARP STORY* (out now!). Currently he's looking for gainful employment whilst building on the Sharp empire, and continues to draw *Bernice Summerfield* CD covers for Big Finish.



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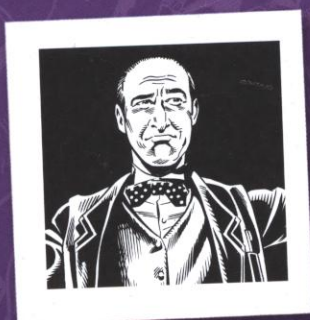
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